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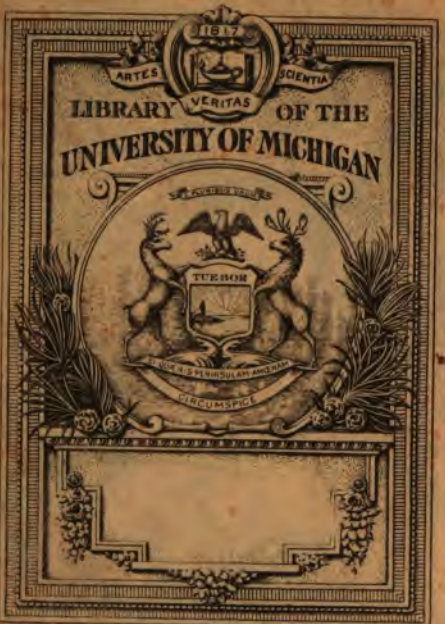
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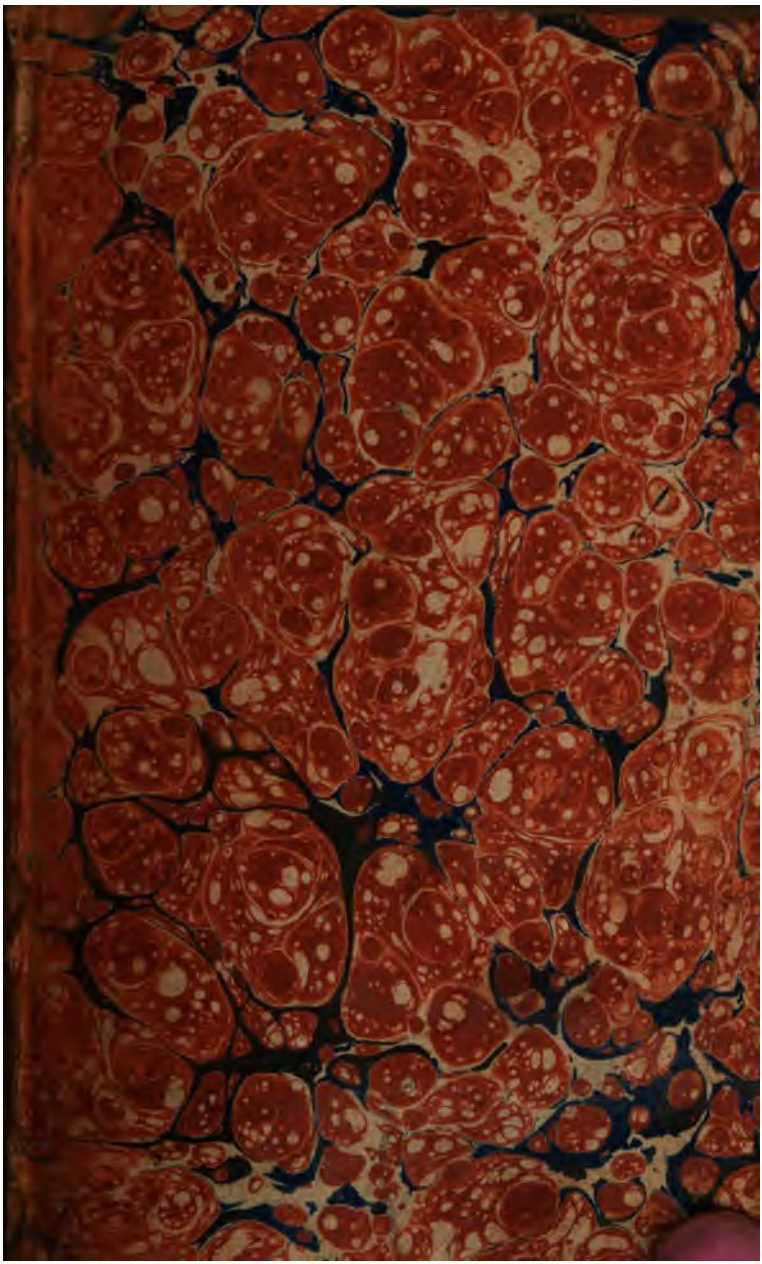

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THE WORKS OF PETER PINDAR, Esq. (pseud.)

VOLUME IV.

CONTAINING

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ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-SIX;

A SATIRE:

IN FOUR DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE THE FIRST AND SECOND.

BY

PETER PINDAR, Esq.

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes
Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum,
Tendunt extorquere poemata—quid faciam vis?
HORACE, Ars Poet.

PITT claps his paws on *something* ev'ry day;
A *hiss* at ROYALTY—a poor old PLAY;
Meetings near Mother Redcap's (harmless things!)
Jokes on *Court mummery*, smiles at QUEENS and KINGS?
Ere long, he leaps on PETER's *dove-like strains;*
And should the MUSE be *ravish'd*, what remains?

ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-SIX.

A SATIRE.

DIALOGUE I.

PETER.

AH, Tom! from ALMA MATER?

TOM.

Just imported,
FORTUNE a Jade, and ever'y Guinea sported,

PETER.

What! no rich father then has slipp'd his wind,
And left a hogshead of Bank-notes behind?
No good AUNT GRIZZLE, kind enough to die,
Left a long purse to soothe the mournful sigh,
And purchase PLEASURE's pretty recreations!

TOM.

I meet with no such kindness from *Relations!*
P-x on't, it now appears their cruel plan
To live as long and happy as they can;
To make their sons in slavery *watch* and *pray*,
Till TIME and disappointment turn them gray!

PETER.

True, TOM—when lively lads arrive at age
Dull fathers should be hustled off the stage,
And mothers (hiss'd to heav'n to find employ)
Yield up their jointures to oblige their Boy.
Sons with *less ceremony* us'd to treat 'em—
Tied them to trees, for wolves to come and eat 'em:
Are Parents *old*, with any thing to give?
'Tis really *sin* and *impudence* to *live*;
Gold should change hands—not sleep amid the chest—
Ye Gods, for Guineas what inglorious rest!
Gold on Newmarket's panting steed should fly,
And briskly circle with the rattling die.

TOM.

FRIENDSHIP! where art? in *books* and on the *tongue*;
Who mak'st, like LOVE, a *very pretty song*:
Too much a stranger to the *heart*, I ween!
Like Angels, *prais'd*, *admir'd*—but seldom *seen!*
Besides *myself*, no Comforter have *I!*
No hopes from Parents, and no Friend to die.
Sweet Friendship ev'n for animals I love—
A dog, a cat, a monkey, parrot, dove;
With ALEXANDER's spirit charm'd, of course,
Who built a town in honour of his *horse*.

PETER.

Now for the meaning of thy wild-goose chace:
What project, TOM? a pension, or a place?

TOM.

Full of my mighty *self*, from College down
I rush, to blaze a COMET on the town!
To tear from SLAVERY's neck the galling chain,
And raise a Nabob-Fortune by my *brain;*
On skins of hungry wolves, the Courtiers, thrive,
A NIMROD! leaving not a Beast alive!

V. 34. *Who built a town.*] The city of Bucephalus.

Tremble

Tremble thou RICHMOND, HAWKSB'RY, and thou PITT
Too tremble, at the faulchion of my wit.
Tremble thou PORTLAND, MALMSB'RY, ROSE, DUNDAS!
Stripp'd be the Lion's hide, that holds an *Ass*.
Roll my deep thunder round that REEVES's head,
Dark form! that stalking strikes a world with dread:
All eye, all ear, at Midnight's guardless hour,
To seize a subject for the jail or Tower.
Fierce with the lightning's blasting fire, my PEN,
Strike thou th' aspiring heads of impious men.
Drag thou, my ARM, black GUILT to open DAY!
Such are my projects!—how d'ye like them, pray?

PETER.

Nobly resolv'd! a pious resolution,
Would FORTUNE kindly crown the *execution*.
But PITT despis'd the execrating noise
Of men and women—hooting girls and boys!
Smil'd at the rude salutes of stones and mire
That *discampos'd* his curls and gay attire;
And fated, had he fall'n, his gang to cross,
PITT knew a simple life no public loss;
Knew that a *Name* but mock'd a vengeful stone,
Whose ghost-like popularity was *gone;*
And knew, *his* flow'rs of speech and breadth of soul
The State might find in many a dirty hole.
Safe 'mid the windings of his brazen tow'r,
Too well a MINISTER discerns his pow'r;
With high contempt he bids their fury flow,
And mocks the pop-guns of the WORLD below:
So deep in fat CORRUPTION's soil his roots,
The public blast but lops some wanton shoots;
The bullying *Trunk*, whose *members* brave the skies,
Firm in its hell-clad strength, the storm defies.

TOM.

I'll pour a broadside into Courts.—

PETER.

Forbear.
Court-folly charms, of all, the eye and ear:
Sink it, and SATIRE mourns his useless dart;
While RIDICULE, a bankrupt, breaks his heart.

TOM.

I'll spread my sentiments of Kings and Queens;
Truth guides my pen, and *Truth* the Poet screens.

PETER.

Oh! what an inexperienc'd thing is youth!
How very little knowest thou of TRUTH!
TRUTH for a very dangerous Dame believe!
Too often, TOM, the fairest forms deceive:
Mid WINTER's shiv'ring *scene* the simple hare
Finds in the purest snow a fatal snare:
Forth as she scuds, to feed at early day,
The treach'rous *softness* tells her winding way:
Where'er it feels her feet, the fair BETRAYER
Informs the treach'rous Poacher where to slay her.
The MUSE that tells plain truth, with edge-tools sports:
Go, deal in fiction, Man, and flatter Courts.

TOM.

Nor shall the pompous LAWN my lash escape,
That swelling lords it over simple CRAPE:
WHALES of the church, before my vengeance fly—
Devouring mangling the poor helpless FRY:
PRIESTS! how unlike your healing, humble MASTER!
HE, Gilead's *Balm;* but *you*—a *blister-plaster!*
Out with State-cancers! CAUSTIC, come, and KNIFE—
I'll gain FAME's *plaudit*, though I lose my life.

PETER.

Sweet is her song—divine, like BANTI's breath;
Yet dear's the ballad, TOM, whose note is *death!*

TOM.

TOM.

Perchance I venture on the *Hope-forlorn!*
Yet, He who Honour courts, must Danger scorn!

PETER.

Thus, when a breach is made in some fair Town,
The Volunteers, agog to gain renown,
Beg hard to enter first, to fall with glory,
And give Posterity a *beauteous story;*
While *wiser some*, averse to *making mould*,
Would rather *tell* the tale, than have it *told*.

TOM.

I'll pierce of Wimbledon the midnight scene,
Where Taxes spring and Riot's orgies reign;
Expose the two Dictators to the Isle—

PETER.

The world has mark'd them, and the Couple *smile*.

TOM.

What! is there not a blush?—a little glow,
To stain their marble countenances?

PETER.

No!
The Minister who bears a blushing face,
Poor Molly! is not fitted for his place.
With dog-like impudence, and dog-like stare,
To wonder, all the while he lays the *snare*,
"*That Gentlemen suspect a harmless plan;*"
Such is the *Minister*, and such the *Man*,
To dupe the State, and carry all before him!—

TOM.

So, then, my Bull of Satire cannot gore him?

PETER.

At ev'ry push the Man would only *laugh*,
And prove thy *bellowing Bull*, a *whining Calf*.

Rose,

ROSE, spite of ridicule, enjoys his place,
And grins at such as damn the want of grace;
While WYNDHAM, unabash'd, his heart unlocks,
And calmly meets the front of injur'd FOX.
ONE monosyllable, whose name is AYE,
Weighs more than all a hundred *Bards* can say;
ONE daring MEMBER of a rotten borough
Is found of late, to poor Old ENGLAND'S sorrow,
Full strong to give fair FREEDOM her death wound,
And hurl her heav'n-clad column to the ground.
MERIT may walk to grass, or munch the thistle:
For PITT, the VIRTUES all may e'en go whistle.
WORTH, like the worm beneath the cold hard stone,
Crawls forth, and courts the sunshine of a Throne:
But, lo, its rays on diff'rent *Reptiles* fall,
That wriggling, clinging, lick the foot of Baal.

TOM.

PORTLAND shall feel my scourge—

PETER.

Why so, poor MAN?
HIS GRACE is much the best of all the Clan.
Though *dup'd* to join with Knaves his luckless doom,
'Mid *Rooks*, a pigeon with unsullied plume:
His colleagues, when compar'd to *Him!*—a day
Of wolf-like WINTER, and the lamb-like MAY;
The lane's course pebble, and Golconda's stone;
The MEDICEAN VENUS, and a Joan.
His and their hearts are *opposition-things;*
Diff'rent as dove-like Saints, and Vulture-Kings;
CYNTHIA, the world's delight, and Lady MARY;
Fam'd BELISARIUS, and old BAMPYLDE CAREY.

TOM.

Die then the *Embassy* that shames the LAND.

PETER.

Lord! TOM, the French have kill'd it to thy hand;
Then reign thy fury—spare thy idle breath—

TOM.

TOM.

I'll fabricate the poetry of Death.
O'er many a neck my scymeter shall flame,
And HAVOCK's corses form my road to Fame;
On SATIRE's burning coals *this* villain fries,
And roasted *that* with skewers in his eyes:
I'll *match* the Knaves with tortures of all sorts,
And make a charming little *hell* for Courts.

PETER.

Heav'ns! TOM, be cooler; take advice—

TOM.

I won't—
"WILFUL will do't"—my soul is fix'd upon't.
Ah, PETER, you're a *courtier*.

PETER.

No such thing:
I never drank at ADULATION's spring.

TOM.

No! PETER never dealt in praise!

PETER.

I *have*.
There is a time ere *any* man's a knave—
Some start in youth, some sin at bald fourscore;
But known—the voice of Fame is heard no more.
VIRTUE's pure Robe with dirt I scorn to load,
Or offer incense to embalm a *Toad*.
True, I *have flatter'd*—yes, my raptur'd *tongue*
Has pleas'd a *mistress* oft—and oft a *song;*
Yet for no *baseness* I invok'd the Nine—
A lovely subject, and a harmless line.
Let talents, virtues, meet my happy eyes;
I ask not, truly, from *what soil* they rise.
If 'mid the lorn cold vale of WANT they spring,
The MUSE shall hen-like spread her fost'ring wing;

Or

Or GRANDEUR's sun-clad mountain, to their glory,
My verse, (though scarce-believ'd) shall tell the story:
Give me the riches, and I'll find the soul
To lead poor pining MERIT from her hole.
Friend to the ARTS, were GEORGE's millions mine,
What HEAV'NLY MAID in poverty should pine?
For lab'ring GENIUS, palaces should rise;
Not for Court-sycophants, the carrion flies:
These would I flay—and change at once the scene;
To taste the ATTIC NYMPH, restore her reign;
With RAPHAELS, TITIANS, the glad world renew,
And lead a second ANGELO to view;
Bid, for our Board of Works, PALLADIOS spring,
And cast a ray of glory round a King.
And, were I *King!* I solemnly protest,
That *Hardware-man*, that *Brazier*, MISTER WEST,
No more should copper poor old WINDSOR's walls;
Nor BACON's lifeless lumber load Saint PAUL's.
Then should yon nick-nam'd DOME (alas! how poor
In real merit) shut its sacred door
On *smugglers* in the trade, whom ART reviles;
Whose sole pretensions are—what? FOLLY's smiles.
Yet, is there ONE, whose bags with wealth run o'er,
Who loves the Arts, and *loves* to see them *poor*;
Proud of a lying, cringing Dedication,
That dubs him the MECÆNAS of the Nation;

V. 200. BACON's lifeless lumber.] Two statues *intended to adorn* St. Paul's Cathedral, and challenge the universe for Sculpture. They are said to be *meant* for Howard and Johnson. Much money has been given for digging the two miserable objects out of the stone, and they have been *put up*: when will the poor exposed figures, for the honour of our national taste, and their own credit, be *taken down?—Risum teneatis amici?*

V. 201. Nick-nam'd DOME.] How the Academy came to be baptized *Royal*, I cannot conceive; as not a *spangle* of ROYAL MUNIFICENCE ever threw a ray around its walls. Had it not been for the annual Shillings of the charitable PUBLIC, it must have died of *famine* long ago.

Lo,

Lo, there are Authors to proclaim his spirit,
And swear it ever in pursuit of merit.

TOM.

Curs'd be the period, whether verse or prose,
That round a worthless head a glory throws—
Yields MERIT's meed to tinsel stars and strings,
And *soul* to Mis'ry, though it dwelt with *Kings*.
Makes AV'RICE generous—the poor Ideot *wise*—
And lifts the Fool of Fortune to the skies.

PETER.

Yet are there knaves in these unblushing days,
To fabricate the lying song of praise!
What's strange—The flatter'd fools, so dead to shame,
Strut in stol'n plumes, and boast th' imputed fame.
Tell KNIGHT he beats, in rural scenes, the *world;*
Nought for the falsehood at your head is hurl'd!
Say that he feels a POET's genuine fire,
His palsied hand like MILTON's sweeps the lyre;
Not FLATT'RY's *self* can too much Fame allow;
For, lo, to PHŒBUS *self* he scorns to bow.
Swear TASTE a poor *lost sheep* before *he* came;
At once he hears MESSIAH in his name:
He sees the poor *full'n Creature* TASTE *restor'd;*
And, proud of Vict'ry, feels himself the Lord!

V. 221. Tell KNIGHT.] A *Gentleman* who scrambled to Parnassus as he crept into the borough of Ludlow; and who, obtaining the *alms* of CHARITY from a REVIEWER, informs the world it is the free and unsolicited donation of FAME. A *Gentleman* who fancies his poor *cracked post-horn* to be the *trump* of HEROIC POETRY; and, ashamed of being a contemptible *Mute* amidst his brethren of St. Stephen's, turns a roaring Bully amongst the *Muses*. Possessed of a school-boy power of mouthing a few Greek polysyllables, who most ridiculously deems himself an *Aristarchus*; and who, childishly arrogating to himself the character of a Legislator of Taste in Landscape Scenery, has received a severe and merited castigation, from Men of real abilities, for his presumption. A *Gentleman* who, despairing of a reputation, for *wit* equal to that of the famous or rather *in*-famous LORD ROCHESTER, has printed a work to prove that he is by far the Noble Earl's superior in rage for a subject of *obscenity*.

Say

Say WISDOM languish'd in barbaric gloom;
He sees *his* genius the wild waste illume.

PETER.

Thus, when a NIGHT. of shade involves the pole,
And clouds on clouds in murky masses roll;
SOL through the darkness bids his radiance flow,
And robes with golden light the world below!

TOM.

Call MASON, SHAKESPEAR; *Mister* HAYLEY, POPE,
Their jaws with sudden inspiration ope;
With fancied immortality they shine,
And all PARNASSUS thunders through their line:
No more the MUSES their lost fav'rites mourn;
In MASON's, HAYLEY's page again they burn!
Tell BANKS he fills with honour NEWTON's chair,
The weed-and-bird's-nest-hunter will not *stare!*
Aloud with NEWTON's fancied pow'rs he brays,
And struts with NEWTON down to distant days!
Call WEST, CORREGIO; on his cloth display'd,
Raptur'd he marks a breadth of *light* and *shade;*
His *copper* turns to *flesh* of loveliest hue,
And ev'ry Cherub-SWEETNESS charms his view.
Or grant him RAPHAEL's line and RAPHAEL's grace,
He will not fling his brushes in your face:
Pronounce like matchless CLAUDE's his landscape *clear,*
He sees the *brightest* clouds, the *purest* sphere;
Surveys DAME NATURE's forms with thrilling blood,
And counts a *thousand leagues* along the *mud.*
Inform that Witch—of ugliness the Queen,
Old SYCORAX, she beats in mind and mien
Fair OXFORD; how the wrinkled Hag will smile,
And stretch her approbation-mouth a mile!
Call PORTEUS gen'rous, PORTEUS will not cry,
With hands uplifted, "*Jesu what a lig!*"

No!

V. 261. Call PORTEUS generous.] Her MAJESTY's *own* Bishop, the economical BISHOP of LONDON; who, on his exaltation, sent circular

No! on his lip a smile approving springs,
Sweet as the simper when he bows to Kings.
Praise STRELITZ, SCHWELLENBERG will scream, "Mine
" Gote,
" England haf noting clevers as dat spote;
" Dere be de palace!—peepel's of high bert,
" And bestest Princes dat's in all de ert."
Praise BRU——LL's brain—what farce! the Man receives it!
Swear that his *head* is *human*—he believes it:
Swear B-LL-R honours the huge wig and gown,
By heav'ns, the Fellow will not knock you down;
Nor turncoat W——M, to no party true,
Deny *sincerity* to be his due.
Praise HAWKESB'RY for his sweet ingenuous heart,
The Man has not the decency to *start:*
Call GRENVILLE *humble*—will you *shock* the Peer?
No, no! he listens with *unwounded* ear:
CHATHAM, in naval matters, brisk and deep;
He drops the tortoise, and forgets his sleep.
Tell PITT, the PEOPLE *love* him—PITT will smile,
And deem himself the *Fav'rite* of the Isle:
Swear MODESTY no stranger to DUNDAS,
HAL feels the virtue on his *front of brass.*

PETER.

Thus, should SIR ISAAC (meanness to promote)
Form for some upstart wretch a handsome coat;
Lo, from the *Conquest*, lists of Sires appear,
And all the puddle of his blood runs *clear.*

circular letters to the clergy of his diocese, commanding them to inform him of the state of morality, religion, and the churches; at the same time, however, requesting that the answers might not weigh more than *one ounce*. Poor morality, poor religion, poor churches! What! not worth the *postage of a letter!*

V. 285. Thus, should SIR ISAAC.] SIR ISAAC HEARD, Garter King at Arms.

END OF DIALOGUE I.

DIALOGUE II.

TOM.

O For the soul of Leo to inspire
Our future Kings with Glory's genuine fire!
Then would the happy Painter, and the Bard,
Of simple merit reap the rare reward!
Then would the varied Field of Letters bloom,
Smile on the eye, and yield the heav'ns perfume.

PETER.

Poor Field! at *present* much like Hounslow Heath,
Whose chief production is the Wood of Death.

TOM.

How is fair Art, and Science, in disgrace!
What Patron meets them with a smiling face?
See, like a shadow, Genius, limping, poor,
In supplication at a Great Man's door!—
And see with insolence his *lacquey* treat him;
And were he *fat enough*, the *Dog* would eat him.

PETER.

O Taste, O Reason, to our Isle return!
Behold our Great for *littlenesses* burn!

V. 5. Hounslow Heath.] The comparison of the present barren Field of Literature to the Field of Gibbets is new, apposite, and ingenious. Literature now is as dangerous as Murder. Let Reeves be the Interpreter, and every line of every pamphlet, verse or prose, shall by this *Gentleman*'s sagacious commentary, smell of *treason* as strongly as the *whisper* of an Anti-*Pittite* proclaims *rebellion*.—The Editor.

Charm'd

Charm'd with his wit, and tricks, and nose, and hunch,
Not long ago, LORD PLYMOUTH purchas'd PUNCH:
And very soon, I ween, some *titled* NINNY,
Some moon-ey'd fool will buy the FANTOCCINI.
Th' alarming voice of WAR must not be heard—
There are no FRENCH to pull us by the beard—
Invasions! nonsense—What the pow'r of FRANCE;
What *Discord, Murder*, so the *Puppets dance?*

TOM.

This reddens my rough vengeance—fans my flame,
And goads my SATIRE's hawk to seek its game.
Yes! Yes! I stand resolv'd upon the matter—
Fry is the word, and brimstone be my batter!

PETER.

Gods! what a furious Saracen art thou!
But what says PITT? will PITT thy rage allow?
Believe me, TOM, the blunderbuss of Law
Makes a long shot—an engine form'd to *awe*—
By this has many a bird of Satire bled,
Be prudent, therefore, and revere the *lead*.
Think of thy banish'd *Namesake!*

TOM.

What! TOM PAINE?
I *like* the man—should boast to *hold his train:*
TOM PAINE speaks boldly out; and so I dare
Strike at Court Slaves, nor sex nor order spare;
Spread o'er my quarry VICE, my eagle wings,
Nor dread the conflict, though oppos'd by *Kings!*

PETER.

Lo, that rich hour of Liberty gone by!
GRENVILLE's and PITT's bold acts thy rage defy:
PITT claps his paws on *something* ev'ry day;
A *hiss* at ROYALTY, a poor old PLAY,

V. 44. A poor old PLAY.] Venice Preserved; condemned by AUTHORITY to oblivion on account of the numerous and violent *plaudits* bestowed on passages that seemed direct sarcasms on our present Rulers.

Meetings near MOTHER REDCAP's (harmless things!)
Jokes on COURT MUMMERY, smiles at QUEENS and KINGS:
Ere long he leaps on PETER's dove-like strains;
And should the muse be ravish'd, what remains?
Behold the COURT, of *Hist'ry* grown so sore,
I scarce dare mention—*Apple-dumpling* more,
Or MADAM SCHWELLENBERG and ambling JACK,
For fear the PALACE might be on my back;
And that's a *heavy load*, the world will own,
Enough to make the mighty ATLAS groan:
Nor WHITBREAD's Brewhouse, nor poor MOTHER JONES,
Nor HUNTING PARSONS, if I prize my bones;
LOUSE, BRICK-KILN, GARD'NERS, MUTTON, MOUSE-TRAP TOUR;
Such mention will not MINISTERS endure:
Though MINISTERS, as *blushing* HIST'RY shows,
Dar'd pull a goodly MONARCH by the nose;
Spat in his face, and threaten'd to dethrone him;
Roar'd out 'REFORM,' and fore'd themselves upon him;
Drunk with successes, seiz'd the old State-Thunder,
When uproar wild began, and Nation-plunder;
The "State's in danger," louder howl'd the storm,
Gagg'd ev'ry raven mouth that croak'd '*Reform*.'
Thus then it happens (save good MASTER REEVES)
The purest Patriots may be pick'd from *Thieves*.

PETER.

For ever sacred be the acts of Kings,
The founts of worship, honour, stars and strings!
Ev'n such as *Virtue damns*, the gentle MUSE
(So chang'd her nature!) shall not once abuse:
Peace to the ghost of NERO, great good man,
Beneath whose blade no blood in rivers ran!

V. 51. Ambling JACK.] The Ass on which the GREAT MISTRESS OF THE ROBES was wont to take her airings for health, through the Royal Gardens, which furnished much *misfortune* and *amusement*.

Whose

Whose heart in MERCY's tender mould was made!
Peace to DOMITIAN's—peace to RICHARD's shade!

TOM.

Who is this Lord High-Paramount, this PITT?
What are his mighty acts, his wisdom, wit?
What his huge feats, with all his wond'rous brags?
The Nation stripp'd, fair Liberty in rags,
With scarce a shift, gown, stocking, garter, sandal;
Put up at *Garraway's* by inch of candle.
A Booby who for vict'ries madly gapes,
And idly lab'ring brings us into scrapes;
Then bids us get ourselves, with phiz devout,
And fear and trembling, pray'r, and starving, *out!*
Thus, with an insolence a name that lacks,
He flings his own d-mn'd sins upon *our* backs.
Poor ENGLAND! to destruction he has brought it;
Then cries with ideot wonder, "Who'd have thought it?"
Away with fasts that *gormandise* and *quaff*,
And give ev'n sly HYPOCRISY a laugh;
Who will with lying impudence declare,
Nought fills his mouth upon that day, but Air?
What *Saints* the stomach's pinches will endure?
None! save their pious Majesties, I'm sure.
But grant we *fast*—are *fasts* of aught avail?
Behold the poor with fasting lean and pale;
And still the French, in lucky war employ'd,
Unlike Sennacherib's host, are not destroy'd.

PETER.

But, Tom; 'tis *Gentry* that must Heav'n implore;
G-d never listens to the ragged Poor.
When MINISTERS their blundering tricks betray,
'Tis *Gentry* only that must starve and pray.
Yet at their dread petition Heav'n will start,
Nor, cruel, run a Frenchman through the heart,
T' oblige a foolish Briton who shall cry,
I'm fasting, Lord; so let thy vengeance fly:

So far am I a *Quaker*, I must own,
And dare not thus address th' eternal Throne.
Heav'n is most merciful—inclin'd to *spare*,
And scorns to kill a neighbour for a *pray'r*.
Indeed, whate'er the Bishops may pretend,
In fast and pray'r we seldom find a friend:
Fasts will not wet French powder; nor will words
Of pious imprecation blunt French swords:
Nor sighs of *Saints* avert the flying ball:
The POPE must run from Rome, and Mantua fall.

TOM.

How at each solemn phiz the DEV'L must grin!
All sanctity without, and fraud *within!*
Put pray'rs before a Bishop, and a *haunch;*
Alas! he quits not, for the *soul*, the *paunch:*
Meat must be watch'd, and roasted in its prime;
Pray'rs for the Lord keep cold for any time.

PETER.

Thus, on a Sunday, pious PARSON MOSS,
Afraid a tyger-appetite to cross,
Left out good pray'rs, and stopp'd the organ's tongue,
That groaning meditated heav'nly song:
For, lo, too soon (to disappoint the Lord)
The JUDGE's venison smok'd upon the board!
Who can *resist* when APPETITE feels bold!
And what DIVINE would eat his ven'son *cold?*

TOM.

Well, since we must have this same idle day,
Shut up the shops, look dismal, starve and pray;
O give the Litany this supplication,
"Lord, kick two scoundrels from Administration!"

PETER.

Fie, fie, TOM—really you are too severe.

V. 126. Pious PARSON MOSS.] At the last Wells assizes, at the Cathedral, this ludicrous affair happened.

TOM.

TOM.

Who with a velvet lash would flog a Bear?

PETER.

Come, come—some merit must to PITT belong—

TOM.

I grant him *perseverance*—grant him *tongue*.
With *words* I own the fellow well supplied.
Bombast, and phrases ready cut and dried;
A formal, scowling, wisdom-aping face;
An awkward gesture, an affected grace:
Cavil and flimsy logic, to surprise,
And raise the whites of Country Members eyes.
When dead, what leaves this PITT to light mankind?
Not the dim lustre of a *snail* behind!
Grant from his dust the world *one* ray may pick;
What is't?—the glimmer of a rotten stick!
What has PITT done for SUBJECT or for PRINCE?

PETER.

Good heav'ns, I've said it, scarce a minute since!
Of screech-owl SATIRE, PITT has shorn the wings,
That hooting hover'd round the thrones of KINGS;
Where, from the rising to the setting ray,
Now soothing FLATT'RY pours the lark-like ray;
Where simp'ring Courtiers buz with praiseful tongue,
Like gnats that hum to parting suns the song.
Friend to the State, with soldier, and with tar,
PITT fights our *just* and *necessary* WAR;
Improves our taxes, what would he have more?
And sets an *honest spy* at ev'ry door.

TOM.

For shame!—by *ridicule* you ward each stroke,
And make the ruin of the State a *joke!*
Who from DAME JUSTICE snatch'd the bloodhound—?
'Tis PITT compassionates, 'tis PITT reprieves:
Caught in the trap, the dark Informer roar'd,
Till PITT the wretch to liberty restor'd.

PETER.

PETER.

Thus, if we may compare great things with small
When Doctor Johnson lodged at Kettle-Hall,
His philosophic consequence to shock,
Fate bade him put on Mistress Thompson's smock;
Wedg'd in the smock (a lion in the toil),
He roar'd, and kick'd, and sweated—huge turmoil!
Stamp'd, bounc'd, and ran a buffalo about,
Till Mistress Thompson let the savage out.

TOM.

Misplac'd indeed is all your ridicule,
That means to thwart my plans by calling *fool*.

PETER.

Thus when the President of frogs and flies,
And weeds and birds-nest, wish'd in pomp to rise,
And fill *(himself)* a throne sublime and fair,
And give his hammer'd arm a Jove-like air;
Th' *uncourtly* Doctor, hostile to the scheme,
Gave a loud horse-laugh, and dissolv'd the *dream!*

V. 170. When Doctor Johnson.] When Johnson lodged Kettle-Hall, in the University of Oxford, at a Mr Thompson's a cabinet maker; the maid, by an unfortunate mistake, brought him one day a *chemise* of Mrs. Thompson's to put on, instead of his own *shirt*. Contemplating on nothing but Ramblers and Idlers, and colossal Dictionaries, he shoved his arms and head and shoulders into the lady's linen before he discovered his error. "*Who* has cut off the sleeves of my shirt? *Who* has cut off the sleeves of my shirt?" exclaimed the enraged and hampered moralist, with Stentorian vociferation, dancing and tugging, and foaming for freedom.—This roar brought up poor trembling Mrs. Thompson, who with the most consummate delicacy shutting her two chaste eyes, slipped her hand into the room, and delivered her giant guest from his enchanted castle.

V. 181. And fill *(himself)* a throne.] It is an incontrovertible fact that Sir Joseph Banks proposed the plan of a throne for himself, and benches for Foreign Princes and Ambassadors beneath him, whose heads might be on the same plane with the most noble President's *ten toes*. Dr. Horsley, the present Bishop of Rochester, by a well-timed ridicule, put an end to the vision of vanity.

TOM.

TOM.

Still with more irony?—But I'll go on—
Who with calm spirit sees the realm undone?
Who from the Noble haunches of the State
Cuts fine fat slices for *his* dainty plate,
And bids the PEOPLE on the *offals* feed?
This fellow PITT!

PETER.

—A crying sin indeed!
Thus saw I once a CUCKOO in a cage,
And Thrush, a very *Purser* of the age!
Boil'd beef, and cabbage, had the PAIR for dinner;
When, lo, the Thrush (a knowing *Purser-sinner*),
Soon as he met a bit of beef, the elf
Sans cérémonie gobbled it *himself:*
But when a *stump of cabbage!* chang'd his note,
He ramm'd it down the gaping *Cuckoo's* throat.

TOM.

Behold the barracks, and our lot deplore;
Ere long a *damn'd dragoon* at ev'ry door!
Then, lo, fair FREEDOM dead, who holds his h[illegible],
Forc'd by a *fascination* to her fate.

PETER.

Thus when the wily SNAKE, beneath a tree,
Darts his red eyes upon his feather'd prey;
Poor Bird! no more he swells the song of love,
Waves the wild wing, and glides from grove to grove:
With panting heart he tries to shun the foe;
But, looking on the steady FIEND below,
In chains of fatal fascination bound,
Captive he hops around him and around;
Till nearer, nearer drawn, with hopeless cries,
He drops upon the poison'd fang, and dies.

TOM.

TOM.

So, then you laugh at hopes of *Reformation?*

PETER.

PITT finds a tame old *Hack* in our *good* NATION;
Safe through the dirt, and ev'ry dangerous road,
The BEAST *consents* to bear his galling LOAD;
And, spite of all that we can *sing* or *say*,
FOOLS will be FOOLS, and MINISTERS *betray*.

END OF DIALOGUE II.

AN

ODE

TO THE

LIVERY OF LONDON,

ON THEIR PETITION TO HIS MAJESTY FOR KICKING OUT HIS WORTHY MINISTERS.

——Quo ruitis, scelesti? HOR.

ALSO,

An Ode to Sir Joseph Banks,

On the Report of his Elevation to the important Dignity of a Privy Counsellor.

——Optat Ephippia Bos:
He becomes Honours as a Sow does a Saddle. *Proverbs.*

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A Jeremi-ad to George Rose, Esq.

ODE

TO THE

LIVERY OF LONDON.

WHY, where the devil are ye rushing?
Thus to St. James's rudely pushing,
To force the King to turn out PITT, poor youth!
The *open* JENKINSON, the *blushful* ROSE;
DUNDAS, too, on whom Heav'n bestows
Cart-loads of modesty and truth!

If aught I know of QUEENS and KINGS,
Their GRACES will do no such things.
And who are *you*, in impudence so strong?
Know ye the rev'rence due to Thrones?
Down, Knaves, upon your marrow-bones,
As PRINCES never yet were in the *wrong*.

Ye think ye make a King and Queen
As CRISPIN makes a shoe, I ween;
And think, like humble shoes, too, ye may wear 'em:
Ye feel, by this time, I suppose,
That those same shoes can gall your toes,
And find your corns not much inclin'd to bear 'em.

Old SOLOMON, of Wisdom the great King,
Declareth, there's a time for *ev'ry thing*—
Methinks he might have left out *impudence:*
For who should have the impudence to say,
That LIVERYMEN, compos'd of *common clay*,
Should boast to *Sovereigns* their superior sense;
Inform them that their MINISTERS tell lies,
Are raggamuffins, wicked, and unwise?

IMPERTINENCE gets ground, I greatly fear;
Such things are said as I can scarcely bear:
With insolence the PEOPLE tax poor PITT;
Now this is cruel!—'tis the poor man's *nature*,
As natural as for fish to cleave the water,
Monkeys to grin, dogs howl, and cats to spit.

Whoever knew a PITT that had humility?
Fling on the *blood*, then, all the *culpability*;
Since 'tis well known to all, that PITT and Pride
Are dove-tail'd—join'd as close as bones and hide!

The world abuseth ROSE in language rude,
For ignorance and base ingratitude,
And meanness: but 'tis cruel thus to slash—
The man had never any education—
The poorest tag-rag of the Scottish Nation;
Born in a stye, and, hog-like, fed on *wash*.

For Gratitude's a sentiment that springs
'Midst *Gentlefolks*; and *Nobles*, *Queens* and *Kings!*
Like pine-apples, whom soil the richest suits;
For pine-apples ne'er grow on cold, raw clay,
But fat manure, amid the solar ray,
That darts its golden influence to their roots.

What impudence, alas! to say,
"Sire, we resolve to have our way;
"And be it known,
"We'll have no levee-tricks, indeed,
"And our petition we will read;
"And you shall hear it on the throne?
"This is our right by law accounted;
"So pray your Majesty, get mounted."
Such is the saucy language ye have utter'd;
Which proves ye know not how your bread is butter'd.

At such rude treatment, GRANDEUR winces!
So far I'll take the part of Princes—

Monstrous!

Monstrous! they have been scandalously treated;
Baited by saucy verse and prose—
God knows,
Dear souls! like bears by ruffian bull-dogs baited.

Poor Louis fore'd to run away,
Poor Artois not inclin'd to stay,
From France, like some hard-hunted badger, hast'neth;
Now billetted upon the Scots;
Sad fates! yea, most unpleasant lots!
But whom the Lord doth love, behold he *chast'neth!*

Thus is the bible in their favour;
Yet Mis'ry breeds an ugly savour;
She smells of musty rags, and dirt, and nits—
I won't say bugs, and itch, and lice,
Wishing for ever to be nice,
As nicety a well-bred Muse befits.

And yet it is a truth most melancholly,
That Mis'ry's often the weak child of Folly.
Princes are blest with such a *dove-like* nature!
Their hearts compos'd of such nice ductile matter,
Turning like potter's clay to *any* forms!
But for their *subjects!*—heav'ns *their* hearts are rock!
Their manners borrow'd from the pig-stye, shock;
Their shapes, rank Calibans; their voices storms!

Mild are the souls of princes, like new cheese!
And like the cheese, of milk the simple child,
Too often suffer a *confounded squeeze*
From my subjects by *equality* defil'd;
Who look with rapture on their grinning Graces,
Enjoying their sad torments and wry faces.

But why and wherefore, I can't tell the grounds;
No, verily, my wisdom can't determine,
Why subjects should become a pack of hounds,
And hunt their Sovereign Lords like *stinking* vermin;

For no one needs (I'm very sure) be told,
Their souls are cast in NATURE's sweetest mould.

No, no; they are not polecats, pretty creatures!
Choak not the NATION's chicks, nor suck its eggs!
Pleas'd with whate'er is *giv'n* (such gentle natures),
Each Prince with so much sweetness *bows* and begs!
No, never *kite-like* on a subject souses,
And, sweeping, carries off his lands and houses!

"*There's odds in Gossips*," says an old adage,
Forgotten, ah! in this degenerate age:
Subjects from fair decorum widely wander!
Now ev'ry tradesman lifts his dirty nose;
His teeth each working, poor mechanic shows,
And cries, "What's sauce for *goose* is sauce for *gander!*"

Thus, by the impudence of rogues and fools,
Are lofty thrones converted to joint-stools!
C— christen'd Fool's-caps—sceptres turn'd to sticks;
A—— smile proclaim'd an ideot grin;
A—— a jack-ass in a lion's skin;
Courts, puppet-shows; and *Rev'rence*, monkey-tricks!
Tricks of a mean, submissive clan,
That shame the dignity of MAN.

There's not an Englishman, I do suppose,
That would not from his office kick *poor* ROSE,
And on his *honest earnings* lay his pats;
Eke on DUNDAS's, JENKINSON's, *poor* souls!
And *eke*, from *humble* RICHMOND tear his coals,
A *King's black present to his blacker brats.

Nor is there one who would not break, alack!
Our LORD MAYOR's wooden leg about his back!
Thus is POLITENESS turn'd a clown—
WISDOM in gothic gloom benighted—
The world turn'd fairly upside down,
I fear me, never to be righted.

* CHARLES the SECOND's Tax upon Coals, for the benefit of his Bastards.

When

When such things are 'mongst Cobblers, Tinkers, Tanners,
The Lord have mercy on the PEOPLE's *manners!*
Then, Sirs, no *more your* wanton venom spit
At KINGS and QUEENS, and worthy Mister PITT:
Should the ship founder in this blowing weather,
Like friends and neighbours, let us sink together.

PART II.

THINK of old times, when *Royal Folk*
Made of their Subjects a mere joke:
Ev'n in the happy days of good QUEEN BET,
Mum was in Parliament the word—
Her very frown, a flaming sword;
And ev'ry menace put it in a sweat?

Think of the horse-whipping she gave
Th' AMBASSADOR—a saucy knave!
In Latin, too, to make the fellow wonder—
The man was frightened at her voice,
And could not then have had his choice;
He rather would have fac'd a clap of thunder.

Of lords she often lugg'd the ear;
And often would her HIGHNESS swear
On BISHOPS, *sacred* men! enough to shock ye.
"Do this?" her Majesty would say—
"Do that!—God's blood! I'll have my way!
"Quick, quick; or d—n me, Parsons, I'll unfrock ye!"

What to her PARLIAMENT said she?
"Good Gentlemen, I must agree
"That ye are proper judges of the *weather*,
"And judges too, of the *Highways*,
"*Hares*, *Pheasants*, *Partridges*, and *Jays*;
"And eke the art of *tanning leather*.
"But, as for *Sovereigns* and *dominion*,
"'Tis too *sublime* for *your* opinion."

Suppose the LIVERYMEN had boldly said,
To this SEMIRAMIS of lofty rule,
"Your Majesty must knock off CECIL's head,
"And hang up ESSEX for a beast and fool:

"We

" We relish not these men's administration;
" So Ma'am, dismiss them, and oblige the nation :"—
What had the answer been
Of this great Queen?

Why, to the APOTHECARIES she had roar'd—
" Ye knaves, who do more mischief than the *sword!*
" You vomits, glister-pipes—the dev'l confound ye!
" What to such madness, raggamuffins, urges?
" Murderers, I'll make you swallow your own purges!
" In your own mortars, rascals, will I pound ye!

" You, BAKERS, I shall heat your ovens, slaves,
" And serve you like the three Jew-boys, ye knaves,
" Shadrach, and Meshach, and Abednego:
" Browner than all your loaves, shall be your skins,
" Then let us see, if for your saucy sins,
" Your God will deign to take you out or no.

" You, POULTERER, wag not thus your tongue so loose,
" For fear I pluck ye, as ye pluck your goose.
" And MASTER SKINNER, calm your upstart pride—
" On Marsyas think, your flaming rage to cool,
" Who, wrestling with his betters, like a fool,
" Lost, in his struggle for the prize, his *hide!*

" And MASTER BARBER, mind the beard and wig;
" And MASTER PIPEMAKER, don't be a prig,
" And let that *clay* of your's be quite so *stiff;*
" Nor in your prowess try to *smoke* a Queen,
" For fear her MAJESTY's sharp wrath be seen,
" And send you to the devil on a *whiff.*

" *Leviathans*, be catechised by *sprats!*
" Mind, if one more complaint ye bring,
" By G—, ye dangle like a pack of rats,
" All in a string!"

Thus

Thus to those men the great QUEEN BESS had said,
Bridling and tossing in contempt her head;
And thus the QUEEN, with equal fury blest,
Had smartly rapp'd the knuckles of the rest.

Then turning to her marv'lling Lords, her GRACE,
Wiping the sweat that gemm'd her precious face,
Had said, "God's-blood, my Lords, a fine discourse!
"Those fellows talk to *me*—the small-beer dregs!
"*They* teach forsooth, their grannum to *suck eggs!*
"They'll find the old grey mare the better horse."

Then why should *gentle* GEORGE of pow'r have less
Than that same furious AMAZON, QUEEN BESS.

What said her *loyal* PARLIAMENT again?
"We must not move her GRACE's *ire*—
"Lord, bless us! should we once complain,
"The *fat will all be in the fire!*
"Lord, to her feet, like spaniels, we must crawl,
"Or, lo! she'll play the devil with us all?"

Now, to return to PITT, ye roar,
"Out with the rascal!—what a bore
"To keep a fellow that undoes the *realm!*
"A great *land-lubber! he, he steer,*
"The foundering ship from danger clear?
"Pretending puppy! *he, he* guide the helm?"

Not long ago, in *Paradise*,
Ye stuff'd his mouth with *figs* and *spice*,
To show your love for him and all his schemes;
Drench'd him with treacle, till besmear'd
Like AARON's patriarchal beard,
From whence the oil of gladness flow'd in streams.

His head with ev'ry grocer-glory crowning;
And now you are for kicking, hanging, drowning!
So different now, indeed, your carriage,
It puts me much in mind of marriage.

Now

Now love, now hate; now smile, now tear;
Now sun, now cloud; now mist, now clear:
Now music, now a stunning clap of thunder;
Now perfect ease, now spiteful strife,
So much like matrimonial life!
Pray read the pretty little story under;
A tale well known:
'Tis JOHN and JOAN.

JOHN and JOAN,

A TALE.

HAIL, wedded Love! the BARD thy beauty hails;
Though mix'd, at times, with cock and hen-like *sparrings;*
But *calms* are very pleasant after *gales,*
And dove-like PEACE much sweeter after *warrings.*

I've written—I forget the page indeed;
But folks may find it if they choose to read—
"That MARRIAGE is too *sweet* without *some sour*—
"*Variety* oft recommends a *flow'r.*
"Wedlock should be *like Punch,* some sweet, some acid;
"Then life is nicely *turbulent* and *placid.*

"A Picture that is all in *light*—
"Lord, what a thing! a very fright!
"No, let some darkness be display'd;
"And learn to *balance* well with *shade.*"

JOHN married JOAN—they frown'd, they smil'd;
Now parted, and now made a child:

Now

Now tepid show'rs of LOVE, now chilling *snows*;
Much like the seasons of the year;
Or like a brook, now thick, now clear;
Now scarce a rill, and now a torrent flows.

One day they had a desperate quarrel
About a little small-beer barrel,
Without JOHN's knowledge slily tapp'd by JOAN;
For JOAN t'*oblige* her *old friend* Hodge
Thought asking leave of JOHN was fudge;
And so she wisely left the leave alone.

It happ'd that JOHN and JOAN had not *two* beds
To rest their angry, frowning brace of heads;
Ergo, there was but *one*
To rest their gentle jaws upon.

"I'll have a *board* between us," cried the *Man*—
"With all *my* spirit, JOHN," replied the *wife*:
A *board* was plac'd, according to their plan:
Thus ended this barrier at once the strife.

On the first night, the husband lay
Calm as a clock, nor once wink'd over—
Calm as a clock, too let me say,
JOAN never squinted on her lover.

Two, three, four nights, the sulky PAIR,
Like two still mice, devoid of care,
In philosophic silence sought repose;
On the fifth morn, it chanc'd to please
JOHN's nose to sneeze—
"God bless you, Dear!" quoth JOAN at JOHN's loud nose.

At this JOHN gave a sudden start,
And popping o'er the hedge his head—
"JOAN, did you say it from your *heart*?
"Yes, JOHN, I *did*, indeed, indeed!
"You *did*?"—"Yes, JOHN, upon my word"—
"Zounds, JOAN; then take away the *Board*!"

Thus

Thus it will be with you and PITT agen;
Love will beam forth, that ev'ry love surpasses;
The GROCERS be *themselves* sweet tempered *men*,
And souse him in a hogshead of molasses.
Thus will CONTENTION take away the *bone*,
And you and PITT kiss friends, like *John* and *Joan*.

ON A

REPORT

IN THE NEWSPAPERS,

THAT SIR JOSEPH BANKS WAS MADE A PRIVY COUNSELLOR.

AN ODE.

OPTAT EPHIPPIA BOS.

YE Gods! Sir JOSEPH of the Council Privy?
Inventive News-papers, I can't believe ye!
Impossible! ye certainly are fibbing!
Sir JOSEPH dubb'd a Counsellor of State!
'Tis laughing at too high a rate;
Lord! what a joke! ye certainly are squibbing!

Because we have believ'd th' apostate PITT,
And shewn such wond'rous want of wit,
Ye think that any fable will go down.
Now, pray be careful, Sirs, of what you print;
There's danger—yes, indeed, there's danger in't—
Woe to the wight that ridicules a Crown!

SIR JOSEPH is for *blunt* conductors;*
A Monarch wanteth *sharp* Instructors:

* Notwithstanding a thousand experiments in favour of *pointed* Conductors, the Knight and Co. will not allow the ingenious Franklin, the Father of Electricity, to be in the right with respect to the superiority of *points* to *nobs*: too obstinate (and perhaps too *ignorant*) to be *convinced*, and too haughty to *yield*.

How

How can such monstrous discords then agree?
Then pray speak truth, ye men of news,
And do not thus the world amuse:
It is not—cannot—must not be!

His M——y is surely wise;
And wants no talk on butterflies,
On eggs and bird-nests, newts and weeds:
He wants a man to talk on wars,
On dread invasions, wounds, and scars,
On stumps and carcases, and heads.

After a butterfly to scamper,
And with a net his captive hamper,
SIR JOSEPH is expert and must delight;
But, as for politics!—O Heav'n!
The Board must very hard be driv'n,
To choose a swearing Tadpole Knight;

To give a breakfast in Soho,
SIR JOSEPH's very bitterest foe
Must certainly allow him *peerless* merit;
Where, on a wag-tail, and tom-tit,
He *shines* and sometimes on a *nit*,
Displaying pow'rs few Gentlemen inherit.

I grant he is no intellectual *lion*
Subduing ev'ry thing he darts his eye on;
Rather I ween, an intellectual *flea*,
Hopping on SCIENCE's broad bony back,
Poking its pert proboscis of attack,
Drawing a *drop* of blood, and fancying it a *sea!*

But *should* reports be true, alas!
(And marv'lous things oft come to pass),
Should he be *dubb'd* a King's adviser;
'Twill be so wonderful a change—
So very, very, very strange!
What's stranger still, the Council won't be *wiser!*

From JOSEPH BANKS unto SIR KNIGHT,
Then PRIVY COUNSELLER in spite
Of Nature, brain, and education!
If, for the *last* he hands *has* kiss'd;
There's not a reptile on his list
E'er knew a stranger transmutation.

How could SIR JOSEPH have the face
To take so dignify'd a place?
But probably the Knight will say, the elf,
"Why should not I, as well as some of those
"Who this same wondrous Board compose?
"There are not wiser fellows than *myself*."

To give the devil his due,
That's true.—

While PITT harangues on France and Spain,
SIR JOSEPH's on a beetle's brain,
A fly, a toad, a tadpole's tail:
While PITT is on the Emperor's loan,
For Britain's jaws so hard a bone,
SIR JOSEPH's on a weed and snail!

While PITT is thinking of supplies,
And turns, poor man! his hopeless eyes
On what may lift us from the bog;
The Knight his head for flea-traps rakes,
Or louse-traps, or deep studying makes
A pair of breeches for a frog.*

While MAJESTY and his wise Nobles
Shall weep o'er England's groans and troubles,

* See the works of Bonnet and Spalanzani, a pair of *Frog-Taylors*, who employed a great deal of time and ingenuity in cutting out taffety-breeches for the males of the little croaking nation, during their amours, in order to establish some *beautiful* and *delicate* facts relative to impregnation.

Ordering

Ordering great guns to make the Frenchmen caper;
Of reptiles will the Knight be dreaming,
And instruments for insects scheming,
To stretch their little limbs on paper.

Gods! if amidst some grand debate,
All for the good of our great State,
A *moth* should flutter, would the man sit quiet!
Forgetting State Affairs, the KNIGHT
Would seize his hat with wild delight,
And chacing, make the most infernal riot:
O'erturning benches, statesmen, ev'ry thing,
To make a pris'ner of the mealy wing!

Were BRUNSWICK here, I'd tell the KING OF GLORY
A simple story;
An Æsop-tale, by way of illustration,
Proving SIR JOSEPH'S awkward elevation.

As how a CAT did JUPITER implore,
(For cats like Christians said their pray'rs of yore)
That he would make her a young Lady fair;
And how, of rattling Thunder the GREAT GOD
Consented to it with his usual nod,
And made her *pretty too* as she could stare.

And then *as how*, upon her wedding-night,
When in her DEARY'S loving arms lock'd tight,
She heard behind the bed a rat;
Sudden from his embrace she gave a spring,
Forgetting love, and kiss, and ev'ry thing,
To catch the vermin like a cat;
And how, to punish her, with huge disdain,
The angry GOD made MISS a Cat again.

Thus may the KING, like his great Brother JOVE,
Forget his partiality and love;

And as JOVE justly serv'd the Cat, to shame her;
So, from a Counsellor, the KING of MEN
May make the KNIGHT a *Grub-hunter* again,
And bid him mind his butterflies and *hammer*.

*** Since the above ODE was given to the Printer, it is too true that the Newspapers were in the right. The KNIGHT is *bonâ fide* dubbed a PRIVY COUNSELLOR. RIDICULE enjoys a *second* feast on the occasion. Her *first* treat was his elevation to the chair of the immortal NEWTON.

SIR JOSEPH must not complain at his being so frequently the subject of a poetical laugh; Folly is the natural and fair *game* of SATIRE. To wreak his revenge on the Muse, by condemning her to silence, let him cease *to play the fool*. *Amotâ causâ, tollitur effectus*—I beg the KNIGHT's pardon, for I recollect that he has forgotten all his Latin, and retains his native *vulgar* tongue only.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MY Bookseller assuring me, with a most solemn countenance, that the Public expect more for their Half-Crown than was provided. In imitation of our most *compliable* ADMINISTRATION, I have *yielded* to their hungry wishes, and cooked up a pretty dish of BUBBLE and SQUEAK.

The Composition is Elegiac, that is to say, full of complaint and tenderness: and I have moreover baptized it a *Jeremi-ad*, on account of a tender and sublime resemblance between *my* Song and the Songs of the Prophet. The Birth of my *Jeremi-ad* immediately succeeded PITT's and GRENVILLE's two celebrated Bills of Terror.

It pathetically lamenteth the fallen state of ONE of *our most admired* POETS, *videlicet*, MYSELF! and is addressed to MR. GEORGE ROSE, of the Treasury, a pains-taking man, of low extraction, pitiful talents, and of no education: but who, finding, in his journey from Scotland to England, a couple of ladders, very much like those employed by Messieurs PITT, DUNDAS, JENKINSON, and Co. called IMPUDENCE and PERSEVERANCE, ascended, like the aforesaid *bold* Gentlemen, to nearly the same plane of elevation: shewing thereby the little or no importance of MERIT and MODESTY towards the attainment of Fortune and Honours.

A JEREMI-AD.

ADDRESSED TO

GEORGE ROSE, ESQ. OF THE TREASURY.

WHERE is the pow'r of PETER?—where the quills
That from the *Porcupine* at Folly flew?
Where, where his *cannon* that in thunder kills?
The *sword* of SATIRE that its thousands slew?

The voice that like the rams-horns levell'd walls,
Has lost its fury—to a whisper dies!
The look of PITT the Poet's tongue appals!
"Curs'd be the BARD!" the POLITICIAN cries.

What fine large shot was mine for high-crown'd heads!
Those glorious pheasants! noble cocks and hens!
But now of *smaller* size I cast my leads,
Fore'd (what a paltry mark!) to fire at *wrens*.

No more I smile at Buc——am's fair house,
Nor sharpen, for a KING and QUEEN, my wit;
No more indulge my humour with a louse,
Content with humbler game to crack a nit.

Now Madam SCHWELLENBERG her ass may straddle,
And Jack may fly before a poking pin;
The Lady, frighten'd, tumble from the saddle,
And shew her lovely legs without a grin.

The BARD, who bullied QUALITY with song,
Must to the iron times his genius suit;
The BARD, in energy divinely strong—
The BARD, whose voice was thunder, must be *mute*.

In

In vain I gnash my teeth—my hour is o'er;
The Statesman triumphs!—all my cunning foils!
He careth not five farthings for my roar,
But mocks the lion struggling in his toils!

A hopeful CEDAR near th' Aonian fount,
I push'd my daring top into the skies;
Grac'd with my large, luxuriant limbs the mount,
And drew the wonder of a million eyes!

Struck (not *illumin'd*) by their ANGER's flame,
Amid the work of terror, shook my form!
Low to the earth, my head with rev'rence came,
And own'd the passing GENIUS of the Storm!

Who, who could fancy such disgrace, alas!
Heav'ns! what a change!—a mighty change prevails!
The *second* KING of BABYLON at grass!
SATIRE's ARCHANGEL fall'n to feed on *snails!*

Since PITT and GRENVILLE, daring dreadful things,
Full of their *magnanimities*, agree
That PETER shall not laugh at QUEENS and KINGS,
Permit me, *gentle* GEORGE, to laugh at *Thee*.

LIBERTY's

LIBERTY's LAST SQUEAK;

CONTAINING

An Elegiac Ballad,

An Ode to an Informer, an Ode to Jurymen,

AND

Crumbs of Comfort for the Grand Informer.

Now farewell to fair BUCKINGHAM-HOUSE;
To WINDSOR, to RICHMOND, and KEW;
Farewell to the Tale of the LOUSE!
MOTHER RED-CAP, and MONARCHS, adieu!

But wherefore not laugh at a—?
And wherefore not laugh at a—?
A laugh is a laudable thing,
When people are silly and mean.

When we paid Civil List without strife,
When we paid the old QUACK for his cure,
When we pray'd at PEG NICHOLSON'S knife,
The K— laugh'd at Us, to be sure.

E'en the Minions of Courts will escape;
DUNDAS, PITT, and JENKY, and ROSE,
Yes, Satire gets into a scrape,
If she takes the four R—s by the nose.

No more must ye laugh at an ass;
No more run on Topers a rig,
Since PITT gets as drunk as DUNDAS,
And DUNDAS gets as drunk as a pig.

A laugh at a DELEGATE hurts;
Yes, 'twere dangerous to hazard your sneers;
And mock the sweet *mercy* of Courts,
That return'd him his forfeited ears.

Now farewell to fair BUCKINGHAM-HOUSE,
To WINDSOR, and RICHMOND, and KEW;
Farewell to the tale of the LOUSE!
MOTHER RED-CAP, and MONARCHS, adieu!

Like ferrets, since all must be muzzled,
(And *muzzled* indeed we shall *be!*)
Say, PITT, (for I'm grievously puzzled)
May we venture a *horse-laugh* at THEE?

ODE

ODE TO AN INFORMER.

NOW is the time, my FRIEND—'tis now or never—
Help, help of GOVERNMENT the *bold* endeavour;
So lately through a deep consumption rubbing,
PREROGATIVE's upon his legs again!
He wields his knotty club with might and main,
For long the LAND has needed a sound drubbing!

PREROGATIVE, ye Gods! will soon look fierce,
Hunt with his hounds the shops for prints and verse,
And find the likenesses of *men on high*—
Make of the BOOKSELLERS and BARDS a hash—
Smell *rank rebellion* in a *star* or *dash*,
And bid the sneering culprit hang or fly.

Whoever mentions *pig*, or *goose*, or *pens*,
Skim-milk, or *corn*, or *man-traps*, *cocks*, and *hens*,
Or *Frogmore Fête*, or *charities*, or *bulse*,
The TURNKEY soon shall feel the culprit's pulse.

Whoever says that Majesty is *rich*,
Or calls DAME SCHWELLENBERG a *smuggling b—*,
Or swears HYPOCRISY has dwelt in *Courts*,
Blasphemes, speaks treason, and with edge tools sports.

Who says of WIMBLEDON a slighting word,
Where PITT, the PUNCH of SHOWMAN HARRY, steals
To learn State-tricks, behold the vengeful sword
O'ertaking soon the swiftest pair of heels!

Who mentions RICHMOND's *courage*, or his *coals*,
Must think upon the STOCK's ignoble holes.

Whoever christens but his *Dog*, TOM PAYNE,
(And many an itching tongue can scarce refrain),
The cur and master shall be brought to shame—
Nay, *Tom*, a common christian name for *Cats*,
Must die; and lo, the HANOVERIAN RATS
Already lose the *Hanoverian name*.

The name TOM PAYNE, should e'en a *Parrot* cry,
Make out his *mittimus*, and let him die:
Strike me that Bullfinch on the jaw,
That dares to warble *ça ira*.
God save the King, the world must *sing* or *say;*
God save the King, the *ballad* of the day!

Our dogs shall learn of royalty to bawl,
Our cats, from roof to roof, of CÆSAR squall;
The beetles buz with loyalty along—
The very owl "*God save the King!*" shall learn;
And barn, at midnight, hoot to brother barn;
And bat shall shriek to bat th' inspiring song.

What Journeyman will dare to mention *wages?*
Who talk about the hardships of the Poor?
Off with the villains to their iron cages,
Where whip-arm'd JUSTICE guards the gloomy door!

E'en on a *royal* horse, or sheep, or cur,
Let subjects, if they dare it, cast a slur?
All that a Palace holdeth *smells* of *God:*
A PAGE's call is glory to our ears:
A COOK's salute a load of honour bears;
Nay, honour dwelleth in a SCULLION's nod.

Shoot all those grumbling rascals, the DISSENTERS,
And hang their hearts, like butchers meat, on *tenters;*
Fellows that fain would be *Court-Gospel Makers:*
Impale the goat-fac'd, unbelieving JEWS;
And then the knife of JUSTICE to amuse,
Cut out the tongues of all the groaning QUAKERS!

Return,

Return, return, ye glorious days agen,
When Pow'r, the Giant, muzzled tongue and pen;
Saw what the soul was thinking, through the eye,
And crush'd it for a treasonable sigh!

The voice of LIBERTY has roar'd too long!
Pull out the wide-mouth'd strumpet's lawless tongue!
Off with the wonted crown that decks her head,
And place the *proper* FOOL'S-CAP in its stead.

SECOND ODE TO AN INFORMER.

The great POET inviteth a *great* INFORMER to great Wickedness!

R—, let thy soul enjoy the hour!
See NIGHT her grisly spectres pour!
The clock proclaims her at her highest noon;
Lone SILENCE shall our work befriend,
Her shoes of cygnet down shall lend;
The cloud's black mantle muffle the pale moon.

NEWGATE to brother Tower shall roar aloud:
"So thick the pris'ners my dark dwelling crowd,
"I cannot put a pin between the knaves;
"And glutted too, am I, and I, and I."
The Tow'r and echoing jails around reply—
"And I, and I, each loaded Compter raves."

The sated PILLORY shall roar:
"I'm tir'd, I'm tir'd—can squeeze no more."
The GIBBET, surfeited with death, shall groan;
And, shuddering, lo, at human woes,
The TOMB its pond'rous jaws shall close,
While PITY's fruitless tear embalms the stone.

Oh! would kind NIGHT extend th' *eternal* shade,
And help, in MURDER's cause our panting breath!
For, lo! to MURDER with his reeking blade,
The beam of Morning seems the gloom of death.

Lo, where the INNOCENTS repose,
Our longing hands shall scatter woes,

And

And FEAR shall whiten ev'ry haggard face.
Sly to the pillow will we creep,
Dash with rude arm the bonds of SLEEP,
And drag a *husband* from a *wife's* embrace.

In vain shall TERROR lift the suppliant cry;
Our hearts, two rugged rocks, the sound defy.

Behold, behold a youth with muddled brain,
Reeling, the Lord knows where, a little drunk,
Perhaps to slumber with a fav'rite punk:
The RASCAL mutters FREEDOM and TOM PAYNE.

Soon, like a pair of eagles on a pig,
On this poor midnight stroller let us fall:
Drag him before the JUSTICE and his WIG,
And swear to treason that he did not bawl.

This will be pleasant to our Lords on high,
Who call the *under-world* of man,
An assish, mulish, packhorse clan,
Shreds of mortality, with scornful eye.

Look to the histories of ancient times,
Their pleasant prose, and tale-recording rhimes:
Kings were God's images—rever'd the throne:
SUBMISSION then, indeed, with eye-balls low'ring,
And suppliant hands and pray'r, and forehead cow'ring,
Spoke treason, if she call'd her soul her own.

Knock down the man who out of reason rules;
Believes that MONARCHS can be rogues and fools,
Virtues are transferable, just like stock,
With title-pass, that dignifies a block.

Title on UGLINESS confers a bloom—
Bids carrion drop its stench, and breathe perfume—
To *palaces* converts the meanest house,
And with an *eagle's* pinion, mounts the *mouse*.

Saddle black DESPOT for the field, so strong,
With such a spirit as no curb can tame:
His chest, like JOB's wild horse, with thunder hung,
With mouth of bleeding foam, and eye of flame.

On DESPOT mounted, let us boldly ride,
And cover mountains with the crimson tide.

B—— and K——, men of busy merit,
Shall rouse to crush the democratic spirit,
And at the pris'ners shake their lion-manes;
And CURTIS, now Lord-May'r, *now not so small*,
Shall fill with culprits soon th' Egyptian Hall,
From hedges, ditches, alleys, courts, and lanes.

JUSTICE shall find brisk work upon her hand:
Pronounce *quick fate*, and thin a miscreant land;
Thus lucky thriving, make, in blood campaigns,
A NABOB's fortune, by her *ropes* and *chains!*

ODE TO JURYMEN.

SIRS, it may happen, by the grace of God,
That I, GREAT PETER, one day come before ye,
To answer to the MAN of WIG, for Ode,
Full of sublimity, and pleasant story.

Yes, it may so fall out that lofty men,
DUNDAS, and RICHMOND, HAWKSB'RY, PORTLAND, PITT,
May wish to cut the nib of PETER's pen,
And, cruel, draw the holders of his wit.

Nay, Dame INJUSTICE in their cause engage,
To clap the gentle POET in a cage!
And should a grimly JUDGE for *death* harangue,
Don't let the POET of the PEOPLE *hang*.

What are my crimes? A poor *tame* CUR am I,
Though *some* will swear I've snapp'd them by the heels;
A puppy's *pinch*, that's all, I don't deny;
But Lord! how sensibly a GREAT MAN feels!

A harmless joke, at times, on Kings and Queens;
A little joke on lofty Earls and Lords;
Smiles at the splendid homage of Court scenes,
The modes, the manners, sentiments, and words:

A joke on Marg'ret Nicholson's mad Knights;
A joke upon the shave of Cooks at Court,
Charms the fair MUSE, and *eke* the world delights;
A pretty piece of inoffensive sport.

Lo, in a little inoffensive smile,
There lurks no lever to o'erturn the STATE,
And KING and Parliament! intention vile!
And hurl the QUEEN of NATIONS to her fate.

No

No gunpowder my modest garrets hold,
Dark lanterns, blunderbusses, masks, and matches;
Few words my simple furniture unfold;
A bed, a stool, a rusty coat in patches.

Carpets, nor chandeliers so bright, are mine:
Nor mirrors, ogling VANITY to please;
Spaniels, nor lap-dogs, with their furs so fine:
Alas! my little livestock are—my fleas!

No, Sirs! I wish not to blow up the realm!
But thus I've pray'd—"Her life may ALBION keep!
"Curs'd be the treach'rous fiends, who, at the helm,
"Would sink the VESSEL in the gaping Deep!

"May LIBERTY sit *firm* upon her throne;
"And he who dares to shake her, vengeance meet,
"No matter what his grandeur—let him groan,
"And HELL'S best brimstone the black miscreant sweat!

"No longer, like his dough, may our LORD MAY'R
"Turn pliable, and join the busy REEVES—
"State Jackall hunting through the midnight air,
"Like Bow-street blood-hounds in pursuit of thieves!

"And should a JUDGE (a JEFFERIES) rush to *kill;*
"Fierce, like the Lybian Savage from his den;
"Their glorious pow'rs, at once, may JURIES feel,
"And still sublimer, *feel* that they are MEN!

"May RICHMOND'S DUKE, of valour find increase,
"And, by *example*, fire the SOLDIER souls;
"To invalids afford more frequent fleece,
"And bless the veterans with meat and coals!

"And may his GRACE'S fate-improving brains,
"With guns of *leather* much old DEATH surprise;
"Delight the TYRANT with his dread campaigns,
"And send his pale dominions *vast supplies*.

"May

" May BRUDENELL's head in sense and grace improve!
" In mercy's balm may B——'s heart be rich—
" Feel for a sheep-stealer a little love;
" Whose fur-clad paws alike for *mutton* itch!

" May HEALTH, sweet HEALTH, attend on CIVIL LIST,
" So very apt to sink in a decline:
" Whom DOCTOR PITT with med'cines can assist—
" A *great* PHYSICIAN, whose prescriptions *shine!*

" May KINGS and QUEENS, whom much the Muse
reveres,
" With *wonted charity* themselves *comport;*
" And LADY TRUTH approach the Royal ears,
" And LADY WISDOM be receiv'd at COURT!

" No more in COURTS may weeds of Folly thrive,
" 'Mid royal smile, their sunshine, waxing strong;
" Or roaring Laughter must be kept alive,
" And PETER's CLIO never want a song.

" May ev'ry King be lov'd by all the ARTS;
" And *eke* may all the arts be *lov'd* by *him:*
" And when his money from the purse departs,
" Not play at ducks and drakes on waves of *whim!*

" Then for a ——, so *lofty* and so *sweet*,
" Let not Economy cry " Fie upon her!"
" But may she give a pillow-case and sheet
" To each poor slavish shiv'ring MAID of HONOUR!

" Perdition seize the MISER who denies
" A pittance to the helpless pining poor;
" Who, millions owning, still with watchful eyes,
" Hawks at *fresh* bags of gold, and screams for *more.*

" May yon SOCIETY ne'er want a *head*,
" Just like a paper kite that wants a *tail*;
" Now dipping, rising, wild at random led,
" Up, down, here, there, the sport of ev'ry gale.

" May

" May CURATES *eat*, and *rear* their infant brood;
" Nay put a little *fat* about their bones;
" Cast from their wounded jaws the curb of blood,
" And dash their *lawn-sleev'd* RIDERS on the stones!

" And may those LAWNMEN, born to happier fate,
" Chace not the CURATE from their grand abode;
" But gravely *think* of *Heav'n* as well as *prate*,
" And give a *leg of mutton* to their GOD!"

How base to preach of GOD's *exhaustless* store;
Of treasures that to mortals will be given;
Yet sooner trust (as though they thought it *poor*)
The Bank of England than the Bank of HEAV'N!

How vile to preach of Heav'n *large int'rest*, too,
Seeming to place dependance on its word;
Yet on *sky-credit* look so very blue,
As though 'twere *dang'rous lending* to the LORD!

Such is my song and fervent pray'r, and now
To PITT, DUNDAS, and JENKINSON, I bow,
That spotless TRINITY of courtly pow'r!
A *democratic raven*, turn'd *court throstle!*
A *persecuting* PAUL, a *meek* APOSTLE!
The *foulest* weed, the valley's *fairest* flow'r!

CRUMBS OF COMFORT

FOR THE

GRAND INFORMER.

LORD! R——! why, what a most *unlucky* CHAP!
What! *Thou* a *pris'ner* in our hard State trap,
The *roaring Lion* of Administration!
Then SHERIDAN has *nabb'd* the *Beast* at last;
Lock'd, in the iron gin of JUSTICE, fast:
Fun for men, women, children of the nation!

R——, verily 'twas too barefac'd to say
SAINT STEPHEN'S *Members* might be *shorn* away,
And injure not the *Body*—what a dream!
Nay, that our *Lords* may feel alike the *blade*—
Those *precious limbs*, so shelt'ring with cool shade,
From DESPOTISM'S *intolerable* beam;
Lopp'd off, without an injury to TRUNK!
Say, great INFORMER, wert thou *mad* or *drunk?*

I ne'er said *such rude things* in all my life!
A joke upon a GREAT MAN and his WIFE
Forms all *my sin*, though *Courtiers* foam around:
I, with my pretty *brazen* PIN and *small*,
Just *scratch'd* the pretty flow'ry *capital;*
But *Thou* would'st drag the COLUMN to the *ground!*

PITT wishes to put forth his hand to *save;*
And *Giant* WYNDHAM, too, his *humble Slave*,
Sees thee with grief the *tenant* of the gin:
But LONDON views thee with a scornful smile—
Hears with much glee thy howl, and marks thy toil,
And looks with *triumph* on thy suffering skin.

"Is

" Is this the BAT," cries LONDON, " to devour
" The simple FLIES, at midnight's silent hour,
" Wheeling, with hunger keen, from street to street?
" Is this the mousing Owl, that darkling stole
" In quest of harmless victims from his hole;
" The *Bird obscene*, whom now our mock'ries meet?

" The *Imp*, whose heart delights in NATURE'S *sighs*,
" The *Eves-dropper*, with damned prying eyes,
" Who hunts th' unwary for the fangs of State!
" Is this the JUSTICE, of *most foul report*,
" Who, proud to please the Minions of a C——,
" Unsated, (a staunch blood-hound) pants for *fate?*

" Is this the *Demon*, the sworn foe of light,
" Curs'd by the beauteous WANDERERS of the night;
" Whose *soul* in MIS'RY'S *moan* a *music* hears,
" And toad-like, feeds its poison on her tears?

" Is this th' INFORMER, that, with bellowing breath,
" To whips and jails, each son of FREEDOM dooms;
" Whose life (misnomer'd *life*) is *death*, *rank death*;
" *Putridity*—the noisome *stench* of *Tombs?*"

Such is the cry of LONDON, luckless R——,
In language coarse!—not good enough for *Thieves!*
Yet, man, despair not—COURTS can set thee *free*—
And COURTS are known to *pity* R—— like *thee*.

THE

THE

ROYAL VISIT

TO

EXETER;

A POETICAL EPISTLE,

BY

JOHN PLOUGHSHARE,

A FARMER OF MORTON-HAMPSTEAD IN THE COUNTY OF DEVON.

PUBLISHED BY

PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

Well! in a come—KING GEORGE to town,
With doust and zweet az netmeg brown,
The hosses all in smoke;
Huzzain, trumpetin, and dringin,
Red colours vleein, roarin, zingin;
Zo mad simm'd all the voke.

THE

ROYAL VISIT.

PART I.

I PROMIS'D thee, dear ZESTER NAN,
That thee shudst hear from BRETHER JAN,
About the KING *wey speed;*
And now I zet me down to write,
To tell the ev'ry thing outright,
The whole that I've azeed.

Now meend me, NAN! all EXTER town
Was gapin, rennin up and down,
Vath, just leek vokes bewitch'd!
Lord! how they lang'd to zee the KING;
To hear un zay zom *marv'llous thing!*
Leek mangy dogs they itch'd;

Leek bullocks sting'd by appledranes,
Currantin it about the lanes,
Vokes theese way dreav'd and that;
Zom hootin, heavin, soalin, hawlin!
Zom in the mucks, and pellum sprawlin;
Leek pancakes all zo flat.

Hosses and mares, assnegers, moyles,
Leaping the hedges, ditches, stiles,
Hunderds comm'd in at least;
Gallopin, trattin, spurrin, vallin,
Hallooin, laughin, cryin, squawlin,
Vour mounted 'pon one beast.

The LADIES vrom the windors all
Pok'd vorth their powls, both gert and small;
  Ecod, there were a power:
Their hair zo white I'd zexpence stake,
That from their powls I'd fairly shake
  A dezen sacks o' vlower.

To spoil good vlower, a spendthrift crew?
OULD TIME wull whitten vast anew,
  The locks o'um, never fear;
Bezides, it is a burnin shame,
And making of GOD's gifts a game,
  Considerin corn's so dear.

And yet the perty maids, I vow,
Make me vorgive, I can't tell how,
  Thoft 'tis a serious matter:
But what wey *zich* have *I* to do?
Vor Joan and Nell, and Madge and Sue,
  My mouthe must only water.

But than agan, Iss can't but zay,
Iss could look at mun a whole day,
  They look'd zo vair and vresh;
Iss long'd to gee zome hearty smacks
Upon their little rosy chacks,
  They seem'd zech wholsome vlesh.

Well! in a come—KING GEORGE to town,
With doust and zweat az netmeg brown,
  The hosses all in smoke;
Huzzain, trumpetin, and dringin,
Red colours vleeing, roarin, zingin,
  Zo mad simm'd all the voke.

Wipin his zweatty jaws and poull,
All over doust we spy'd 'SQUIRE ROLLE,

Close

Close by the KING's coach trattin:
Now shovin in the coach his head,
Meaning, we giss'd, it might be zed,
" The 'SQUIRE and KING be chattin."

Now goed the Aldermen and May'r,*
Zum wey crapp'd wigs, and zum wey hair;
The royal Voke to ken;
When Measter MAY'R, upon my word,
Pok'd to the KING a gert long sword,
Which he pok'd back agen.

Now thoose that round Ould BURNET stood,
All zweard it clumzily was dood;
Yet SQUIRT, the peepel zay,
Brandish'd his gert horse-glysterpipe,
To make un in his lesson ripe,
That took up half a day.

Now down along Vorestreet did they come,
Zum hallowin, and screechin zum;
Now tridg'd they to the DEAN's,
Becaze the BISHOP zent mun word,
A could not meat and drink avoor'd,
A hadn't got the means.

A zaid, " that az vor he, poor man,
" A had not got a pot nor pan,
" Nor spoon, nor knive, nor vork;
" That he was weak, and ould, and squeal,
" And zeldom made a hearty meal,
" And zeldom draed a cork."

Indeed a was a moderate man,
And zo war all the clargy clan

* Mr. Burnet.

That with un uz'd to chatter;
Who if a ax'd mun to drink wine,
To one the wother they tipp'd the sign,
And begg'd his charming water.

"And as vor rooms, why there agen,
"A could not lodge a cock nor hen,
"They war so small," he said;
And as vor beds they wudn't do—
"In number about one or two,
"Vor zelf and Joan the maid.

"In voolish things a wudn't be cort;
"'Twas stoopid to treat vokes vor nort;
"No, 'twas not his dezire:
"Prefarment too, was at an end;
"The KING wud never more vor'n zend,
"To lift'n one peg higher."

And yet the zay's a man of sense,
Honest and just, but hoardth his pence—
Can't peart wey drink nor meat:
And then, "what vor," the people rail,
"To greaze a vat old pig in the tail;
"Old WEYMOUTH of Longleat!"

Well to the DEAN's bounce in they went,
And all the day in munchin spent,
And guzlin too, no doubt:
And while the GENTRY drink'd within.
The MOB wey brandy, ale and gin,
Got roarin drunk without.

PART

PART II.

NOW Vriday morning sheen'd so bright;
But zome were up bevore 'twas light:
Wey zounds the streets did ring:
"Lord, Lord, than sose, wer yow zo blest,
"To zee the show among the rest?
"Did yow then zee the King?"

Now droo a small* back-door wey stairs,
KING, GEORGE went vorth to zay his pray'rs;
A pure and godly sign:
And there he took his spyglass out,
Star'd up and down, and all about,
And simm'd to zay, "'Tis vine."

Vull az an egg was all the Charch,
Vor vokes were mad az hares in March;
And fath it was dam quare,
To zee ould Dames wey leathern chacks,
Hoisted upon the fellows' backs—
A penny for a stare.

The QUEEN, she show'd zuch wive-leek care;
Zo kind upon un zo to stare;
To whisper'n, and all that!
And, faggins, people leek'd it much,
Zo pleas'd to zee her love vor'n such—
To watch'n leek a cat.

Prayers over, now he spy'd the ruff,
And look'd it round and round enuff,

* His Majesty did not, as was expected, enter in full procession the large door of the Abbey; but slipp'd into a small private one, to the no small mortification of Messieurs Mayor, Aldermen, and Cavalcade.

And

And zoon beginn'd to speak:
Zo said, "Neat—clean, very clean;
"D'ye* mop it, mop it, Measter DEAN;
"Mop, mop it every week!"

"Sir," zaid DEAN BULLER to'n agen,
"'Tis not by moppin keep'd zo clean,
"What streek'th your royal eye;
"Vor, Zir, in all our Exter shops,
"We never meet wey zich long mops;
"Our mops dant reach zo high."

All people join to praise the DEAN,
He did zo wel his zel demean;
No man behav'd more humbler:
Spar'd no expence—bort every thing—
To please forseth the QUEEN and KING;
Vor which, they gin'd a *tumbler*.

Vor Royal voake, so gert withall,
The present simm'd most merty small;
And zo zed all the city:
It was too sneaken, fath and troth—
A poor groat glass between mun both!
No faith! it wazn't vitty.

Now to the tavern renn'd 'SQUIRE ROLLE,
To git the names of ev'ry zoul
That wish'd KING GEORGE to zee:†
The SQUIRE most kindly tould mun too,
How jest leek soldiers they must do—
Bow down, and drap the knee.

And zaid it never shud be miss'd
That when KING GEORGE's hand they kiss'd,

* This observation really took place at Exeter, as well as at Salisbury, some years since.

† To be presented.

Leek

Leek vish they must be *dum;*
And backwards crawl leek crabs away:
Good zound advice—much az to zay,
"KINGS must not zee your b—m."

Now tridg'd to ALDERMEN and MAY'R,
'SQUIRE ROLLE, a speech vor to prepare,
To thank the KING vor commin:
"Lord! (cried the ALDERMEN and MAY'R)
"Why, MEASTER ROLLE, yow muke us stare!
"'SQUIRE ROLLE, why yow be hummin!

"Why we be only men in trade;
"'Tis true a vieow good pounds we've made—
"Be tolerably rich:
"But thoff we've rak'd up zom vieow pence,
"It deth not vollow we've the scence
"To make the KING a *speech.*

"Zend vor RECOREDER—put *he* too't—
"We'll warrant HAWTRY zoon wull doo't—,
"Iss, iss, he'll do the feat;
"And as the man can logic chop,
"The doul's in't if he can't cook up
"Zomethin that's short and zweet."

Now HAWTRY took a world o' pain—
He did so drash about his brain,
That was not over stor'd;
But vath, outleap'd a SPEECH at laste,
That simm'd to pleaze KING GEORGE's taste,
Speal'd right in ev'ry word.

Now to the rume, to zee the KING,
They all match'd off, a clever dring;
And there KING GEORGE a stude,
Receiving bows and scrapes and kisses,
Vor all the world leek handsome MISSES,
Expecting to be woo'd.

Jolly's

Jolly's a tinker stude 'SQUIRE ROLLE,
Sly winking, leek an ould grey owl,
To zee that nort went *wrong*;
Zo got behend, and wey a frown
He pull'd near twenty o'mun down
And twenty droad along.

The KING stude patient as a stock,
Vour hours at least by Exter clock,
It zafely might be waager'd;
Zom makin their vine rev'rence spurn'd,
The KING was nearly overturn'd,
A Gosh! a was so badger'd,

Tag rag and bobtail, all kiss'd hands,
Vrom neighb'ring pearts and voreign hands;
Aye! kissing 'twas anuff—
Had not the hand beed tight put on,
It was zo mainly smack'd upon,
The voke had kiss'd it *off*.

And fath no woundy fuss was made
'Bout dress amungst the men in trade,
They thort o' no zich thing;
Wey derty sharts and grizly beards,
Much leek a greazy pack o' keards,
They shuffled vore the KING.

Now Varmer TAB, I understand,
Drode his legs vore, and catch'd the hand,
And shak'd wey might and main:
"I'm glad your MEDJESTY to zee,
"And hope your MEDJESTY (quoth he)
"Wull near be *maz'd* again."

"*Maz'd! maz'd!* what's *maz'd?*" than zed the KING;
"I never heer'd of zich a thing;
"What's *maz'd?*—what, what, my LORD?"
"Hem," zed my LORD, and blow'd his nose;
"Hem, hem—SIR, 'tis, I do suppose,
"SIR—an old Dev'nshire word."

And

And then my LORD a scratch'd his head,
And coughing wance or twiss, he zed:
"I'll try to vend it out:"
And then agen he hemm'd and haad,
And puzlin while his pate a claw'd—
KING GEORGE he tern'd *about*.

PART

PART III.

ZOM thort the KING wud march about,
And show his zelf a bit, no doubt;
Zee Guildhall, Circus, Castle;
Vor this, LORD FOSKY gid'n a shove;
But virm's a rock, nort made'n move,
Zo 'twas in vain to wrastle.

But this a did—now this was kind—
Knowin the people's longing mind,
And being pretty tall,
A stude 'pon's tiptoes, it is zed;
And condescending, pok'd his head
Over the BISHOP's wall.

Zum of the Exter vokes suppose
The plainly zeed his royal nose,
And zum his royal eyes;
And, Lord! whatever peart they zeed,
In this they one and all agreed,
'Twas glorious, gert, and wize.

'Tis zed, and I believe 'tis true,
He gid (but lookin rether blue)
The *Hospital* a ken:
'Twas all a gid; but than quoth he,
"I'll zomething gee, my LORD, dy'e zee,
"When I come here agen."

This, to be zure, look'd *cruel* kind
Towards the zick, and lame, and blind;
What's thy opinion, NAN?
But rat it, theve net zeed a doit;
Zo 'tes no very gert exploit
Of our SAMARITAN.

Zich

Zich perty promises, egosh!
Zeem words o'cuse—a pack o'trosh;
Wind, faith! net one crume better;
I leek to zee voakes dra the *puss;*
Parlaver is not worth a cuss;
I hate to hear voakes *chetter.*

But now to please the Royal chops,
Presents vall'd in as thick as hops,
Vish, vlesh, and vowl, and vruit;
'Twas who shud zay, I zent the KING
"Zich, zich, and zich, and zich a thing:"
The vokes were *mad* to do't.

Now let me tell thee, ZESTER NAN,
The KING's a jolley gentleman,
The QUEEN not very ugly!
Az vor the PRINCESSES, sweet souls,
With rose chucks, and flaxen polls
They angels look'd so smugly.

Mayhap, yow wud be glad to know
Zom more about the QUEEN, I trow—
I think I've zed anuff:
What voakes in general zay, is this:
"The oman is not much amiss,
And tak'th a power o' snuff."

But Milliners of Exter zwear,
That HER's and all her DAUGHTERS' geer
Was shellings net worth thirty;
That, Lord! they wear'd but little laces,
Their zilks mert blish to show their faces,
Ould fashion'd, stripp'd, and dirty.

Now woundy mad was* MEASTER MARE,
To think a shud a veast prepare,

* Burnet, the plumber.

Of vlesh, and vowl, and vish;
Of ham, and terkie, gooze and mustard,
Dumplin, and apple-pye, and custard,
As good az mouthe could wish.

Vor whan unto KING GEORGE a zends,
To tell'n the ALDERMEN, his vriends,
Wud all be glad to zee'n;
The KING no notice tuke, 'tis zaid,
But, leek a pisky, laugh'd and play'd
To push-pin wey the QUEEN.

Zo there the meal, vorzooth, was spoil'd,
The bak'd and roast, and vry'd and boil'd,
Oh! 'twas a dismal day;
The zyder, brandy, wine, and ale,
The gert gold* chair to hold his tail,
Was money droad away.

It, when KING GEORGE did leave the town,
The ALDERMEN, in red fur gown,
And MARE, vore Guildhall houze,
Vurst havin had a little veeding,
Leek soldiers form'd, to show their breeding,
And make their Zenday bows.

The KING, he spy'd mun vrom his coach,
Wey faces not pleaz'd over much,
That did un much delight:
The Bench keep'd bowin up and down,
Till all the hosses rumps they vound,
And KING's were out o' zight.

Than home they lerk'd, and drapt their furs
And tails between their legs leek curs,
Becaze they war zo zlighted;
But what was ten times worse, poor souls,
Their wives leek devils claw'd their polls,
Becaze they didn't git *knighted*.

* Made expressly, at a very great expence: indeed it did credit to the liberality of the Corporation.

POSTSCRIPT.

POSTSCRIPT.

NOW, ZESTER NAN, by this yow see,
What zort of vokes GERT PEOPLE be;
What's *cheny* thoft, is *clome;*
And, ZESTER, now I do believe,
That after this you daan't much grieve,
Becaze you staid at home.

Theeze once I've made my zelf a vool,
And now I feel my courage cool
For seeing ROYAL THINGS:
And whan my Bible next I rede,
Zo leet I worship all the breed,
I'll *skep* the *book* of KINGS.

OUT AT LAST!

OR,

THE FALLEN MINISTER.

———————*Procumbit humi Bos.* VIRGIL.

" He's down! amid ST. STEPHEN's walls,
" The mighty Beast in Thunder falls."

OUT AT LAST!

OR,

THE FALLEN MINISTER.

PROËMIUM.

SOME time ago the LYRIC PETER,
With much sublimity of metre,
Did prophesy a MINISTER would *tumble!*
To verify the POET's ode,
Behold it pleaseth MAN and GOD,
In anger, his HIGH MIGHTINESS to humble!
Good Man! but not the MAN of Ross;
He's down! *procumbit humi Bos.*

How like unto a crow or rook,
Shot near his nest, (a mortal wound),
He hung and bled, with downcast look,
Before he soar'd at last to ground!
Yes! like those *black* birds much too long we saw
The Culprit hanging by a single claw.

What a vile bramble he has been,
May now with half an eye be seen.—
Look at us!—What poor shiv'ring sheep, alack!
Naked and lank—most closely shorn!
This hooking dragging Imp has torn
The healthful, warming fleece from every back!
Gone! gone some good-for-nothing ribs to treat;
But woe to that poor sheep which dar'd to *bleat!*

Sing HEAVENLY MUSE, to whom our wool all goes:
To warm DUNDAS, LONG, WYNDHAM, CANNING,
ROSE,

Old

Old LIVERPOOL and CUB, with each compeer.—
While *they* carousing swill'd their toast and *sack*,
We bit, in anguish, musty bread and black,
And writhing got the gripes from dead small-beer.

"Try PITT again," some fools exclaim,
He has been *tried* and *tried* and *tried*—
The hobbling NATION, still more lame,
Has now nor crutch, nor ass to ride.
"He'll *mend*," they roar.—*He mend!* the MUMMER—
Aye, mend just like sour ale in summer.
Lo, then, our sad STATE CARPENTER dismiss'd!
No longer now his bungling *art* befools:
Yet from the service when the man was hiss'd,
Why leave behind his BUDGET and his TOOLS?

Glad as a bird that 'scapes the kite, I'll drop
The lamentations of poor JEREMIAH;
Of gay Pindarics open a fresh shop,
And pour the song of triumph with ISAIAH.

READER, in this my LYRIC ODE,
I imitate a MAN of GOD;
That POET of sublimity, ISAIAH:
A man of quality, of note;
Of arms possessing a *rich coat;*
A Brother to the great KING AZARIAH.

Lord! bow the POET did *bespatter*
The Babylonian Monarch with his satire!
Were *I* to talk so of a *British King*,
What were my fate? Alas! a string!
Not *string*, dear reader, that the *shoulder decks!*
But *string* that twines at Newgate round our *necks*.

ODE

ODE OF TRIUMPH.

TOSSING poor ENGLISHMEN in scorn,
The BULL no more exalts his horn!
Thank GOD, the BEAST is put at last to pound;
And that he never may get out,
To make another cursed rout,
Forms many a hearty pray'r and wish profound.

What! is there not *one* song of sorrow,
One tear of pity?—Let me say,
There's neither dirge nor tear *to-day*,
Whatever there may be *to-morrow*.
Nay, cannons roar applause—the bells are ringing—
And EARTH, rejoicing, breaketh into singing.

No more he turns the burning globe;
But on a dunghill, just like JOB,
Scratching, surveys his melancholy plight!
No more with HAL, his chum, to booze,
And for the State's salvation snooze,
He bids the Clarets and Champaigns good night.

But hark! OLD ENGLAND'S GENIUS sings!
(Sounds that will pierce the ears of Kings)
"Harpoon'd art thou at last, thou flound'ring porpoise—
"Thou who hast swallow'd all my rights,
"Gobbling the *mightiest* just like mites—
"Devouring like a sprat my *Habeas Corpus*.

"THOU who didst bind my sons in chains,
"And nearly beatedst out their brains,
"And fear their wrath might kindle riot;
"And after binding them in chains,
"And nearly beating out their brains,
"Didst cry—'How tame they lie, poor things! how quiet!'

"Thou

" Thou who didst groaning Prisoners keep
" In Cold-bath Fields, like hapless sheep
" Whom horrid butchers mean to slay;
" Where ARIS with his iron-rod,
" The PLUTO of the dark abode,
" Roasted and broil'd in cook-like way,
" The victims of his power and pride,
" And damn'd them all before they *died*.

" Art thou the Caitiff, with imperious frown,
" Who o'er the BARD didst hold thy hempen string;
" Threat'ning to hang him, if, to please the town,
" He dar'd to smile or wink at Q— or K—;
" Or dar'd (no matter how divine the Songs)
" To chaunt of Dumplings, Sheep, or PARSON YOUNGS;
" To mention kine and corn, and FAMINE's groans;
" Record wit Royal, and crack jokes on Thrones?"

Bold hast thou said, " Supreme I'll prate—
" I *will* be Minister of State.
" And swill from night to morn the Nation's wine:
" I *will* get drunk with honest HAL:
" The bottle my dear constant Baal,
" I'll daily kneel and hiccup at his shrine.

" Snoring upon the State machine
" My DROWSY BROTHER shall be seen,
" Who from his cradle never heard the *Lark*.
" I grant the man the wheels will *clog*,
" Lazy as *Ludlam's* lazy dog,
" That held his head against the wall to *bark*.
" His nose may like the bull-frog roar—
" The STATE shall pay him for the *snore*.

" I'll buffet OPPOSITION's waves;
" I have my creatures and my slaves;

" For

" For any borough will I bring my man in:
" The poorest that crawls I'll raise,
" To yield his incense-pot of praise,
" From Greek-mouth'd BELGRAVE, to lame-Latin CANNING.

" I'll pension any fool or knave;
" The Nation's pocket, my poor slave,
" Shall open, nor dare make a pother—
" GIFFORD, that crooked Babe of Grace,
" And CANNING too, shall be in place,
" And get a pension for his Mother.

" Ev'n GR—V—R's Cobbler shall come forth,
" And hammer to the world my worth—
" Come

Lame-Latin CANNING.]—This *Gentleman* was *ravished* from his Opposition-*Friends* on account of *supposed extraordinary* talents. A completer *take-in* of the *Knowing-ones* was never more laughably experienced amongst the Black-legs of the Turf. His " *Iter* ad MECCAM," for the University Prize, exhibited *such* proofs of ideas and scholarship as put the poor DEAN of Christ-Church to the blush. The *first* effort was condemned to the flames, though it obtained the Prize: the *second* was a cobbled piece of work between Mr. CANNING and SOMEBODY of Christ-Church, which with *difficulty* passed *muster*.

G—V—R's *Cobbler*.]—This is a most *extraordinary* fellow, speculatively virtuous, and practically wicked—for ever bellowing in the cause of Religion and Morals, yet in the daily practice of every thing that should fix him at the cart's tail.—To justify the above assertions, accept, Reader, a *small* sketch of his life, and blush for the depravity of HUMAN NATURE! Taken from a Cobbler's Stall at Ashburton, a little town in Devonshire, by Mr. COOKESLY, a Surgeon of that place, who mistook the *itch of rhyme* for the *inspiration* of the MUSES, he was, by a subscription of the gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood, placed at a Grammar School, and afterwards sent to Exeter College—At this College, after his daily occupations of tolling the bell, waiting at dinner, and lighting the candles, he amused himself with writing scandalous lampoons on the heads of the College, as well as other respectable characters of the University—Noticed however by a Clergyman, he was introduced to Earl G. who soon found an *honourable employment* for him, luckily for his Lordship's pleasures, and fortunately

" Come hobbling forth without one blush of shame,
" With heel-taps, toe-caps, soles for worn-out Fame."
" I'll

fortunately *congenial* to the disposition of GIFFORD.—In a little time he tripped up the heels of his Oxford Friend, ousted him from the house of G— by lying insinuations, and publicly triumphed in his success.—His next glorious action was to send a cast-off Strumpet of his L—dsh—p to the Widow of his old Friend CORKESLY, who, for a livelihood, kept a creditable Boarding-school.—She was recommended by *Gifford* as a *modest* young Lady, for education, which *modest young Lady*, in a few months, betrayed her old Cyprian propensities, and very expeditiously *blasted* the School:—this was the subject of another triumph. To continue his progress in infamy with an equal splendor, he seduced a beautiful and innocent girl, called MARY WEEKS, a native of Ashburton. Under the pretence of marrying her, a fellow with a surplice was prepared to execute this nefarious matter; the sham ceremony was performed, the poor girl was ruined; and after satiety had taken place with her infamous seducer, she was sent back to Ashburton, where she pined and died of a broken heart!!! To support the *credit* of his past achievements, he published a most dirty and scandalous Poem, called "The Ashburtoniad," abusing all his old and respectable Benefactors. Previously to the above act, he had obtained a temple subscription for a Translation of the Satires of Juvenal, which (happily for the Public, and paper, and print) he never performed.—To accommodate his MAECENAS, he keeps a *creature* as a Decoy-duck, and has actually sent her to necessitous young women of beauty and innocence, under the pretext of learning to *read* and *write*. Such are *parts* of his life.—HUNC, *tu Romane caveto, hic niger est.*—It must not however be forgotten, that, for his atrocious calumnies, he was lately cudgelled in *one* WRIGHT'S shop, a poor ignorant and pains-taking Bookseller in Piccadilly; and in spite of the most solemn and tender protestations of his own head and shoulders, he with an unprecedented effrontery denied the fact, and notwithstanding a message, informing him that he was cudgelled, most *soundly* cudgelled, and that he should be cudgelled again in order to *oblige* him, by producing a *complete conviction*, he had not the manners to answer the civility.

He continues in his favourite occupation of administering as Jackall to the constantly watering chops of the toothless Old Lion. To use another figure, he is still his *Lordship's Gamekeeper*, and guards the plump little *partridges* (which are exceedingly numerous on *all* his Lordship's Manors) with so much laudable assiduity from *Poachers*, that he has been amply and *gratefully* remunerated with an *honourable annuity* from GOVERNMENT!!!

As

" I'll hire each prostituted Muse,
" For mag, for newspapers, reviews;

" I'll

As for Mr. GIFFORD's rhymes, they will appear extraordinary to such readers (and they are not a few) as prefer bombast to sublimity. Bombast is the idol of the VULGAR—To *such* the *attic simplicity* appears arrant *insipidity*—the *vulgar eye* is sooner fascinated by the stiff, staring cabbage-rose brocade of the *Harlot*, than the modest and snowy robe of INNOCENCE. The ear of the *true* Critic distinguishes with facility the difference between the mellifluous tones of the Lyre of Apollo and the hard, ponderous sounds of the hammered lapstone. To indulge a Greek quotation from Proclus on Plato, without offence to his Pupil, the *learned* Lord BELGRAVE, Mr. WILLIAM GIFFORD is—Ἰδιωτης ω Φιλοσοφοις, Φιλοσοφος δε εν Ἰδιωταις—which I translate thus: "He is a Poet with Poetasters, and a Poetaster with Poets." So much inequality pervades his verse, that the FACULTY would pronounce his MUSE afflicted with the rickets. Still, to do him every justice, his various verses are very *well* for a *Cobbler*; they must undoubtedly smell of the stall.

Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem
Testa diu———

So singeth Horace, who, one would think, had peeped into futurity, and penned the happy line for poor CRISPIN.

So far from originality of thought, and a luxuriance of imagery in his lines, there reigns a pitiable famine: awkward and obscure inversions, with a verbose pomposity, form the leading features of almost every couplet. Indeed, it were cruel to expect *more*. Sprung from a dunghill, and *old* before he was charitably taken from his stall, at the same time totally destitute of the poetical character, what could a few scraps of Latin and Greek do for an object whose sole powers lay within the circumscribed space of a rhyme? A Riddle in the LADY'S DIARY—an Acrostic in a NEWSPAPER—an abusive Stanza in the ANTI-JACOBIN REVIEW, or a Criticism in the BRITISH CRITIC (equal, perhaps, to those of poor paralytic PARSON NARES, a most feeble pillar of that falling fabric, and lately sent for a maintenance to that idle and expensive *Toyshop* of the Nation, called the BRITISH MUSEUM)—form at present his amusement. At the House of GR—V—R he experiences a prodigality of praise. But his LORDSHIP and his LADIES are better qualified for writing the history of *Paphos* than *Parnassus*.

On the appearance of this *Gentleman's* last *lying* publication, which was in some measure answered by the *argumentum baculinum*, I entertained thoughts of a *formal execution* of the felon,

" I'll pay the ballad-singer's throat for praise:
" My visage (hatchet-like, indeed!)
" In shops the gaping mob shall feed—
" My name on rails shall grace the King's highways;
" And trav'llers, whether they may ride or walk,
" Read, '*Pitt* for *ever!*' in broad staring chalk.

" I'll place the CAPETS on the throne,
" And France her *worthy* Kings shall own,
" And BONAPARTE soon my rage shall feel;
" Crouch to my whip, whose lash shall bring
" The daring Corsican, poor thing,
" Just like a whining spaniel to my heel."

Oft hast thou said, with scowling eye,
" The world I hate, disdain, defy;
" I value neither Commoner nor Peer:
" He who attacks me, dearly pays:
" A man must have, the Proverb says,
" Good iron nails that scratches with a Bear.

" Art *Thou* the MAN who *bilk'd* poor PAUL,
" Who sent his bears, the dev'l and all,

in a solemn poetical epistle; but on reflection, thinking him beneath the dignity of such an exhibition, I determined to *hang him* in a *note*.

For, should the *Muse's* satire bid him die,
The GODDESS really *guillotines* a *Fly*.

Before I conclude, it may not be unacceptable to my Readers to be informed that his L-sh-p sometimes *kills his own mutton*—hunts without his Jackal—and succeeds. Witness the following little genuine epistle;

' DEAR G——,

' I am in luck to-day—sprung a fine covey amongst a parcel of ' brambles. Take care of the plump little bird, then bear this ' letter—clean her and comb her well, cut her nails close, and put ' her to bed.

' G——.'

" To

" To fight in BRITAIN's cause so hearty?
" Art *thou* the Man (whom nothing shames),
" Who made his *Office Clerks* call names,
" And fling their dirt at BONAPARTE?

Bold hast thou said, with dauntless *soul*,
" *I'll* damn the motion on *Ferrol*;
" No matter whether cowardice or not:
" Whatever was the crying sin,
" SIR JAMES shall sleep in a whole skin—
" HAL says, too, PULTENEY must not go to *pot*.
" The long-mock'd world may roar—Where's *shame*?
" Thank heaven! we only know the *name*.

" *Safe* are my minions," thou art pleas'd to say;
" What ill they *do*, is quickly *done away*:
" *Such* (so secure is ev'ry culprit's lot)
" Must make *strong int'rest* to get hang'd or shot."

Thou, in thine insolence, hast said,
" At ME the world shall cow'r afraid;
" Old GANGES humbly at my feet shall flow;
" MOGUL, NIZAM, and RAJAH bend;
" Slave-like their humble tribute send,
" And learn from ME their future fates to know.
" Those dare not call my hard decrees *unjust*,
" But kiss the foot that stamps them in the dust.

" IND shall her streams Pactolean pour;
" On *petticoats* her di'monds show'r,
" And *stomachers* and *caps*, the *courtly* things:
" Th' *unchristian* TURK his gems shall send—
" His trembling tottering turban rend,
" To grace the beaver'd brows of *Christian* Kings.
" PERU shall gild St. JAMES's walls and doors;
" And ravag'd MEXICO emblaze the floors."

Bold hast thou said—" I'll *curb* the P——;
" His bleeding mouth shall sorely *mince*;

" I value not his birth, his pride, his state;
" O'er Y—KE triumphant too I'll tow'r;
" And CL—CE shall not boast the pow'r
" To make a Gunner or a Gunner's *mate*."

Such of Britannia's GENIUS is the song!
Now let the BARD the theme pursue,
And, with an equal spirit too,
In thunder drive the MUSE's car along.

POETA LOQUITUR.

Bold hast thou sworn—" the MUSE I'll check;
" Each with a halter round her neck,
" Shall sing with trembling, trembling dread;
" Nay, should APOLLO's song be sharp,
" And on my power and glory harp,
" Off goes at once the fellow's head:
" I'll make a puddle of their streams,
" That give the BARDS their pretty dreams;
" And through the tuneful shades shall stray
" *My* Jack-asses, to graze and bray."

Thou'rt an abominable branch:
No more shalt thou enjoy a haunch—
No more with HARRY booze from night to morn—
The Hackneymen, to thy amaze
Shall cry, " My money for my chaise;
" The money, Sir, to pay for hay and corn!

My Jack-asses]—The MATHIASSES, the GIFFORDS, the B—'s, the C—'s, &c. &c. Will it be credited that an Administration so feeble should not have selected *one tolerable literary pillar* to support its imbecility? Where was HUNTSMAN-WYNDHAM's judgment, when he made choice of hounds to run down OPPOSITION? Heavens bless us! not one decent dog in the pack—neither *nose* nor *speed*!—absolutely a parcel of *yelping Curs!*

" Come,

" Come, Sir, I know what's what, and who is who;
" I'll trust no longer—d-mn me, if I *do*."

See the stern shade of CHATHAM rise!
On *Thee* he darts his eagle eyes!
" Fool!" cries the angry disappointed Ghost:
" Was it for *this* I show'd thy youth
" The paths of glory, and fair truth?
" Lo, by thy flagrant folly, all is lost!
" Mad Boy! instead of WISDOM's springs, to court
" The dozing fountain of DUNDAS's port.

" The wonderous COLUMN of my hand,
" That push'd its head into the skies;
" Struck by thy damned wizard wand,
" Low! low! a splendid ruin lies!
" Toads for a dwelling the poor Pile invade,
" And shelter'd weeds of death, the fragment shade.
" Blush at the partners of thy toil,
" The refuse of the groaning ISLE!"

Where is the EAGLE that, above,
Grasp'd daringly the bolts of JOVE,
And taught their fatal thunders where to roll?
Ah! forc'd his lofty perch to quit,
He dwindles to a poor tom-tit,
And skulks through humble hedges to his hole.

Is this the MAN who pension'd spies,
Informers, that, with wolf-like eyes,
Prowl'd nightly, yelling, in pursuit of food?
Is this the MAN who put, slack,
Such *bugs* upon the NATION's back,
To gnaw and suck its best, its vital blood?

Whose are thy bustling Levees now?
Thy humble sycophants to bow,

Obey thy mandate, and applaud thy wit?
Unnotic'd thou shalt lonely ride,
Attended only by thy *pride*,
That never, never yet forsook a PITT.

Cur-like shalt thou walk in and out,
Unnotic'd at her *GRACE's rout!
Unnotic'd, down thy throat, her pastry, poke:
No bumpkin, no poor country wight,
Shall, stealing near with curious sight,
Watch if thy jaw-bones wag like those of common folk!

GEORGE ROSE's Papers shall turn tail—
Expose thy blunders, storm and rail,
And ope of calumny the dirty springs,
While Anti-Jacobin Reviews
Shall cull the literary stews,
For *flowers* to deck the COUNSELLOR of Kings!

Each Newspaper that took delight
To make thee, like the snow-ball, white,
Will paint thee now as black as hell:
No more thy *voice angelic* hail,
But give thee horn, and hoof, and tail,
With CERBERUS's frightful yell!—
Paint thee a damned spirit from below,
Rais'd by some Wizard for the Nation's woe.

Lo! thou art sprawling in the dirt!
The *Mob* their wanton jokes will spirt!—
Behold a sable CHIMNEY-SWEEP appear!
And hark! a SCAVENGER, with eyes
Sparkling with rapture and surprise,
Exclaims—"Ah! MASTER BILLY, are you *there*?"
Then, anxious to reward thee, on they rush,
One with his *broom*, and t'other with his *brush!*

* The jolly and honourable DUCHESS of GORDON.

Hark!

Hark! AUTHORS braying round thee crowd,
And AUTHORESSES cry aloud—
"Villain! to wage a war with all the Muses!"
And lo the PRINTERS' Devils appear!
With ink thy visage they besmear,
While each in turn indignantly abuses,
And more their pris'ner to disgrace,
They empt the pelt-pot in thy face!
Roaring, around thee as they caper,
"Take that, my boy, for Tax on Paper!"

And lo, with anger HARDY glows!
The Man of Leather, with delight,
Runneth his *awl* into thy nose,
And stirrups thee with all his might.

"He wants *much mending*, d-mn my eyes!"
The punning Son of Crispin cries—
"The shoe quite rotten—yes, the whole—
"Quite vanish'd ev'ry bit of *sole!*"

And see! the GIRLS around thee throng—
"Art *thou* the Wight, thus stretch'd along,
"An enemy well known to Wives and Misses?
"Art *thou* the man who dost not care
"For oglings, squeezes of the FAIR;
"Nay makest up *wry mouths* at woman's kisses!"
Then shall the NYMPHS apply their birchen rods,
And baste thee worse than PETER PINDAR's Odes.

And see poor PADDY with his pole!
"By Jasus now, I'll *twig* his jowl,
"For leaving us poor Christians in the lurch:
"Open your jaw-bones, Master Knave—
"Where be the promises ye gave,
"To give a bit of shove to MOTHER CHURCH?

The pelt-pot.]—An utensil among Printers, containing a certain stale fluid for the benefit of the balls.

"To

"To a good market, faith! our hogs are *brought*—
"And so we're dead, and kill'd, and murder'd all for *naught!*"

The CATS shall spit at thee! and, hark!
The CURS in yelling concert bark.
The Cats exclaim—"Our mice with famine moan!
"Not *one* fat mouse is to be had!"
"Aye," cry the Curs, "and what's more sad,
"*We* cannot now obtain a well-pick'd bone!"

O FURCIFER—no, LUCIFER I mean—
How art thou fall'n! fall'n from the *starry* sphere!
Kick'd from the presence of the K. and Q—
From Burgundy, from Claret, to small beer.

That feature of thy face call'd *nose*,
Which now with many a ruby glows,
Shall lose, alas! its wonted fire!
The Claret-lustre shall expire!
For POVERTY's pale fingers soon pick out
The blushing rubies of the richest snout.

The meanest of the mean shall scoff,
And cry, "I'm glad the fellow's off!"
The Taylor leaps in rapture from his board;
The Cobbler throws his shoe away;
The Washerwoman flings her tray;
The Shoeblack drops his brush, and thanks the Lord;
To pot-houses they run with loud acclaim,
To get more joyful news from GOSSIP FAME.

FOX, on thy fall, with scorn must look;
And pointed SHERIDAN and TOOKE
Will make thee tingle with the lash of wit;
The poorest reptile of the House,
The vilest little Borough Louse,
Will scratch and bite the back of BILLY PITT.

And

"And He, of whom the Muses brag,
From his stretch'd jaws shall pull the gag,
And vengeful to thy head will give it wing:
Then shall he cry, with dauntless looks,
"I'll go again amongst the Cooks,
"And tell *more* pretty tales of Q— and K—."

And He.]—My *very identical* and *numerical* Self, whose innocent and improving rhymes falling some years since in the way of an irritable and offended Bashaw, gave birth to an Act of Parliament vowing vengeance on the *Wight* that should, by any prose or poetical anatomy, dare exhibit the inside of Heads Royal.

LORD AUCKLAND's TRIUMPH:

OR THE

DEATH OF CRIM. CON.

A Pair of Prophetic Odes.

I heard a voice—"CRIM CON., CRIM. CON.,
Thou and thine empire are undone!
Woe to the men of lawless lives,
Who wink on other people's Wives!"

To which are added,

AN

Address to Hymen; *An Ode on the Passions*;

ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN,

OR

The Rose and Strawberry,

A FABLE.

WITH A MOST INTERESTING POSTSCRIPT.

TO

LORD AUCKLAND.

MY GOOD LORD!

THE increasing depravity of the FAIR SEX cries aloud for correction; Adultery is deemed a peccadillo, and Fornication a mere flea-bite: gigantic are the strides that LEWDNESS has taken to subdue the moral world; her steps are like those of Neptune, from promontory to promontory. The recent alterations in the Sex are alarming! every woman is elegant; every woman is accomplished; every woman is handsome; every woman is a witch. In short, Beauty is so common, that I should not wonder (such is the caprice of mankind) at seeing a public advertisement for UGLINESS. At every turn we pop upon a CLEOPATRA—and what must murder the blushing sensibilities of Modesty, more then *half* of those CLEOPATRAS are to be purchased for *half-a* crown. What dangerous traps of seduction!—what lures of loveliness! Even *I* (like your Lordship, rather the worse for wear) meet the smile, the wink, the stare of those CIRCES, on whose lips are written in capitals (says a great* LYRIC POET)

"Kisses, O gentle Shepherd, for a crown."

The modest, the ingenious, the pious BISHOP of DURHAM, has laudably exercised the pruning-knife of reform amongst the OPERA DANCERS: he has lengthened their petticoats, circumscribed their skips, and shaded their nudities. This *reverend* BISHOP and his *reverend* LADY saw *so much* at the Opera as astonished, confounded, and petrified. They saw on a Saturday, *with their own eyes*, the wanton BALLET break in on the holy Sabbath—They turned pale at the contamination—They remonstrated, and threatened, and preached, but they could not *convince*. TAYLOR, the Manager, smiled at the BISHOP's and his LADY's reforming zeal: the Performers

* MYSELF.

lifted up their eyes and noses in contempt, while the displeased Audience exclaimed in a burst of thunder, "Out, out, out, —out, with the pair of old hypocrites!" My Lord, we may truly say with the nervous and moral *Juvenal*,

> "Credo Pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam
> "In terris"

Which may be thus *elegantly* rendered:

> True—MODESTY in *Saturn's* days was seen:
> The dev'l a bit, indeed in George's reign.

But now, my Lord, for that species of vice ADULTERY, against whose brazen walls your Lordship means to make a push with your battering ram: That your bold attack may succeed, for the honour of morality, and the *honourable heads of great* FAMILIES, is my most devout desire; and to encourage your Lordship in the day of battle, I dedicate to your Lordship these my Prophetic ODES.

I am, MY LORD, &c. &c.

P. P.

ARGUMENT TO ODE I.

The BARD, in the true spirit of prophetic poetry, commenceth his Ode with a compliment to WEDLOCK.—PETER treateth the hot-bed of Adultery with much poetical contempt.—He prophesieth the fall of CRIM. CON. her acquaintance with the Rakes.—In a sublime strain of insult PETER questioneth CRIM. CON. and proclaimeth a total annihilation of her Rams-horns. PETER singeth of the wonders done by Rams-horns at JERICHO—he giveth some history of LORD AUCKLAND's Family, and biddeth them *beware* of defilement.—The Poet candidly accuseth himself of having been a votary to *Pleasure*, and prettily and poetically depicteth the manner of his courtship; illustrating with a most apt and original comparison.—The Poet abruptly bounceth off to attack the PRINCES of these Realms for not joining the pious efforts of LORD AUCKLAND, to destroy CRIM. CON.—PETER complimenteth the Bench of Bishops for their furious abhorrence of CRIM. CON. for their intimate knowledge of Heaven, and for their great humility, but not for their great *poverty*, in which article these *holy* MEN have always varied from their *simple* PREDECESSORS, the Apostles.—PETER attacketh the Ladies' petticoats, or rather *no* petticoats.—The Bard, with a mighty Lyric jump, leapeth on the shoulders of KING DAVID, of *Israel*, and giveth him a stunning blow; and suddenly turning about, knocketh down KING HARRY, of *England*; concluding with a squint at some *modern* PRINCES.—PETER praiseth the unparalleled, though *ungallant*, behaviour of a KING LOUIS, of *France*, of whom he relateth an entertaining and delicate story, ending with somewhat more than a suspicion that *certain Young Gentlemen* would not have shewn the *same* fortitude under the *same* circumstances.

ARGUMENT TO ODE II.

An apologetic Song for INCONSTANCY, by a SON of the DEVIL.—This SON of a DEVIL pronounceth LOVE and a BUTTERFLY to be similar BEINGS, and encourageth the idea—this DEMON wisheth to take the licentious FRENCH NATION for a model, who wish to change a *Wife* as often as a *shirt*—this IMP continueth to fascinate the mind by *beautiful* poetry in favour of the *unlicensed* Passion LOVE, —PETER reprobateth such notions, and prettily telleth, in *verse*, a story well known in *prose*, of a KING of FRANCE, who had experienced a satiety on the beauties of his QUEEN. —PETER triumpheth in the future happiness of the BRITISH EMPIRE on the death of CRIM CON.—PETER exhibiteth a natural picture of AGE, exulting, amidst his imbecilities, in the idea of possessing blooming virgins, smiling at the same time at the horrors of horns.—PETER again, with his wonted candour, reverseth the medal, and suggesteth an inconveniency that may arise from the state of CRIM. CON. in the character of a rotten Rake.—PETER here is truly moral as well as poetical. Another RAKE is brought on the stage, who glorieth in the advantages to be obtained over a Wife, by this attack of LORD AUCKLAND.—PETER, replete with historical knowledge, relateth a story of the great CATO, and also of the WISE MEN, not of GOTHAM, but of GREECE.—The BARD again singeth the Song of triumph—he prophesieth,—He giveth a picture of the fashionable Wives of the present day, who visit TON's and JOHN's, in *Soho-square*, with as much ease as Mrs. SNIP the Milliner.—PETER prophesieth peace in the house of WEDLOCK, and security to that blushful DAMSEL, CHASTITY.—The impudent and threatening Speech of MISS FORNICATION on the intended destruction of her Sister CRIM. CON.

LORD AUCKLAND's TRIUMPH:

OR, THE

DEATH OF CRIM. CON.

SWEET is the song of wedded Love,
The echo of the turtle-dove;
Then who would turn that song to sounds of woe?
Bright are the skies, and calm the scene
Where HYMEN holds his halcyon reign;
Then who would bid the howling tempests blow!
What but a Ruffian would the spot invade,
To dash the beams of bliss with hellish shade?

Doubtless, ADULTERY's a fat hot-bed;
But what's the produce?—Heavens! a wanton weed.
No buds of promise ope their bloom,
And load the zephyr with perfume!

O SYREN of the CYPRIAN ISLE,
CRIM. CON. who by a touch and smile
Dar'st lure a lady from a spouse's arms;
Make her desert her babes, her kin,
To listen to the voice of Sin,
That praiseth of Variety the charms;
Thy lawless reign at length is o'er,
And ram's-horns frighten Man no more.

Yes! there's an end of all thy wooing,
Thy dove-like billing, fluttering, cooing:
At THEE, thy vile companions, ev'ry Rake
Shall start with horror, curse thy name,
Fly from thy song of death with shame,
Avoid thee like the fascinating snake

That wily won the world's first Madam,
And put that fatal trick on ADAM.

Tell me, where are thy ram's-horns now,
To clap upon a Husband's brow?
AUCKLAND has broken them to pieces:
And THOU shalt soon be put to death;
Unpitied, yield thy forfeit breath,
Except by wicked, wanton MISSES,
And wanton youths of our wild Nation,
Of *prudence* less possessed than *passion*.

By ram's-horns JERICHO fell down,
A very notable old town;
Yes, ram's-horns laid the lovely City low:
Thus ram's-horns also to the earth
Bring down the men of lofty birth,
And force them with humility to bow.
Look at Lord *** whom high birth adorns,
How pitiful he squints amidst his horns!

AUCKLAND, whose WIFE is charming and well-bred,
AUCKLAND, ah! rather in the *vale* of years,
Thinks Gentlemen should have the proper *fears*,
And try to ward the antlers from the head.

Rare caution! how unlike some folk,
Of present and past times the joke;
Who, till the steed was stol'n, forbore,
What fools! to shut the stable door!

Yes, AUCKLAND has his wife and daughters too;
And as our sex will never cease to woo,
Their charms may fire some *tinder*-hearted Man!
A sigh, a tear, a gentle squeeze,
A bed, a grot, a clump of trees,
Have favour'd many a Lover's artful plan.
What tho' LUCRETIAS? In a fatal hour,
The fam'd LUCRETIA fell by TARQUIN's pow'r.

AUCKLAND

AUCKLAND will give a deathful blow
To some sad purlieus of SOHO:
No longer there shall lofty beds of down
Expect the muffled married DAME,
And blushless youth of lawless flame,
Secure from husbands and the prying town.

There are, for wedded prey, who prowl,
And joy to hear the tempest howl;
O'er MATRIMONY'S smile to cast a cloud,
And put the modest LADY in her shroud!—
Such shall the MUSE to infamy consign,
And crush with all the thunders of her line.

Blushing, I own, I've been in love with PLEASURE,
Look'd on the NYMPH'S acquaintance as a treasure;
Never pursued her once with scoff and *hisses;*
But caught the little HUSSEY in my arms;
Ran o'er the pretty garden of her charms,
And pluck'd the cherries of her lips—called KISSES.

I never cast off PLEASURE from me—no;
But hugg'd her, when I met with her—and *so:*
For lo! a piece of velvet was *my* soul!
Black velvet, mind! which when the GOD of Day
Doth visit with his all enlivening ray,
Enjoys the radiance, and *devours* the *whole.*

Velvet, unlike the marble rock indeed,
Devoid of gratitude and grace;
Who, when the SUN would warm and gild his head,
Flings back the blessing in his face.

Yes! I was once a sinner, I confess;
But now my morals wear a *sober* dress.
Sorry am I for our good *Princes,*
(Indeed my tender conscience *winces*)
To think they try to save CRIM. CON. the Jade!
The Bishops in a goodly row,
All wish to give a fatal blow:
Such good examples *somewhat* might have sway'd!

Rare

Rare ORACLES! so just, so sweet, so wise,
So deep in all the secrets of the SKIES;
So prone to teach, assist, inspire, and bless one,
From which HUMILITY might take a lesson!

Sons of those holy men of yore—
As pious but not *quite so poor;*
Since FORTUNE to the world's surprise,
On MERIT learns to *ope her eyes.*
Now, when a Bishop* for a favour sues,
Not, not in vain the plaintive TURTLE coos.

Ye GODS! how wicked are the times!
Ev'n *I* cry, "Shame," the MAN of Rhymes!
And POETS are not overstock'd with blushes.—
See! lovely MODESTY is gone
From BRITAIN, where she fix'd her throne,
And IMPUDENCE to fill her station rushes!

How loose our LADIES in attire;
To set our peeping Youth on fire;
A hundred instances I soon could pick ye!
Without a cap we view the Fair,
The bosom heaving, heaving bare;
The *hips* asham'd, *forsooth*, to wear a dicky:†

Quite antique statues—such the dress,
It nothing leaves for FANCY'S guess!

* The present BISHOP of LONDON (Dr. PORTEUS) I must indeed adduce as an exception. Wishing to turn his back on his R-y-l PATRONESS, on a vacancy in the SEE of Durham, he strained every nerve to obtain the precious prize, worth nearly twenty thousand pounds a year; the BISHOPRICK of London, worth only *four four thousands* per annum, *scarcely sufficient* to supply the *extensive circle* of his charities! Good Man! he was disappointed; not only disappointed too; his prayer was considered as a piece of meanness and ingratitude.—If this be not a fact, I beg his LORDSHIP'S pardon.

† A term used in the *polite* circles for a flannel petticoat.

Look

Look at our GRANNUMS, good old souls,
With caps and pinners, well mobb'd polls;
With warming dickies, high stiff stays,
To guard the neck from grasp and gaze.
How diff'rent from our modern FAIR,
Whose ev'ry beauty *takes the air!*

Alas! they heed no frost or snow,
Nor winds around that chilling blow,
And swing their muslin gossimer about:
Showing what MODESTY should veil;
Things very proper to conceal,
For legs and knees, and *so*, should ne'er *peep out.*

KING DAVID set a very bad example—
KING HARRY, too, a very shocking sample
Of wedlock's constant, chaste, and lovely state:
And many other Kings besides, indeed,
Too prone on wild variety to feed,
Have broken MATRIMONY'S tender pate:

Nay, many PRINCES *ev'ry day*
Do something in this wicked way,
But not so *did* a King of France,
Whose story seemeth quite romance.

A KING OF FRANCE AND THE FAIR LADY

AT BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK.

A TRUE STORY.

A KING of FRANCE upon a day,
With a fair LADY of his Court,
Was pleas'd at Battledore to play,—
A very fashionable sport.

Into

Into the *bosom* of this fair COURT DAME,
Whose whiteness did the snow's pure whiteness shame,
KING LOUIS by an odd mischance did knock,
The SHUTTLECOCK,
Thrice happy rogue, upon the down of Doves,
To nestle with the pretty little LOVES!

"Now, SIRE, pray take it out"—quoth SHE,
With an arch smile.—But what did he?
What? what to charming MODESTY belongs!
Obedient to her soft command,
He rais'd it—but not with his *hand!*
No marv'lling Reader, but the *chimney tongs*.

What a chaste thought in this good King!
How clever!
When shall we hear agen of such a thing?
Lord! never.
Now were *our* PRINCES to be pray'd
To such an act by some fair MAID,
I'll bet my life *not one* would mind it;
But *handy*, without more ado,
The YOUTHS would search the bosom *thro'*,
Although it took *a day* to find it!

ODE

ODE II.

NOW hear a Son of SATAN; how he sings!
" CHLOE, thou art the sweetest of sweet things:
" I hate dull constancy—'tis such a *bore:*
" It ruins LOVE—'tis such a piece of lumber;
" Kind VENUS, let it not my back incumber,
" Come, CHLOE, come—thy beauties I adore:

" Come to the fields—thy husband's gone to town—
" O come, and let me give thee a *green gown.*

" Love is a Butterfly that skims about,
" From hill to vale, and stops at ev'ry flow'r;
" Sucks all the honey with its little snout,
" So pleas'd the rich ambrosia to devour;
" Then on wild wing, away it flies again,
" The SULTAN of the variegated plain.

" CHLOE, we'll imitate the ways of FRANCE;
" For CONSTANCY's a very dull romance—
" Fit only for a poor old grunting DAME;
" And blind old DARBY, full of ail and groan,
" Fore'd to be led about by limping JOAN,
" Of girls the titter, and of boys the game.

" But LOVE, my dear, is neither lame nor blind;
" All energy—his life, eternal spring;
" Roams the wide world as wanton as the wind,
" And scorns the fetters that would bind his *wing;*
" Then, CHLOE, learn to prize the varied bliss,
" And prove of sweet INCONSTANCY the bliss."

Such was the song of thousands—such the song
Of one King LOUIS—of his Lady tir'd;
Who dragg'd with pain the marriage clog along,
And lo, a Lady of his Court desir'd.

Yes,

Yes, yes, His Majesty, much, much to blame,
Had a colt's tooth, and lov'd another DAME.

His MINISTER (a *Bishop*, I presume)
Inform'd him of the danger of his soul,
And pointed strongly to the day of doom,
And heav'n-ward his two eyes began to roll—
Much as to say, "O KING, if this way giv'n,
"Your MAJESTY will never get to Heav'n."

"Stick to your virtuous Queen," the Bishop *sigh'd*,
"Go to the Devil," the King in secret cry'd.

The King, not relishing the Priest's instructions,
His heaps of quoted Scripture—sage deductions,
Order'd him *partridge* constantly for dinner:
No dish beside—'twas partridge ev'ry day.
From this at length the Bishop turn'd away,
Grew sick, and groan'd like a repentant sinner.

Many wry mouths he made—"*Tourjours perdrix!*"
Partridge and Priest in short could not agree:
He now felt *constancy a mawkish thing*.
A proselyte with long long face he came,
Desir'd to know the pretty Lady's name,
Turn'd pimp himself, and brought her to the KING.

Die but CRIM. CON.—the region smiles,
And glory crowns the QUEEN of ISLES!

OLD-AGE shall soon be hobbling seen
With blooming virgins of eighteen,
Panting, and coughing up an amorous sigh:
Yes, wheezing, wrinkled AGE shall woo,
And paw and drivel, kiss and coo,
And shake his crutches, and in triumph cry:

"Horns, I defy you—horns no more I *dread*;
"Fearless I wake, and fearless go to bed.

" In Wedlock's cage my nightingale shall sing
" And lull my senses with a charming note:
" I dare that damned rakehell a RED COAT
" To pull a single feather from its wing."

But then the batter'd RAKE will boast—
" Though past my prime, my vigour lost,
" And full of holes my aching bones;
" Tho' gone my teeth, my cheeks all pale,
" And foul my breath that taints the gale,
" And NIGHT a witness of my groans;

" A virgin of a thousand charms
" Shall bring her beauty to my arms;
" While happy (from dishonour safe)
" My head at *rams* and *bulls* shall laugh."

What modesty the man inspires!
How sweet the scheme the knave proposes!
What justice too in his desires!
A carrion on a bed of roses!

" I will ascend, (exclaims *another* RAKE)
" Yes, I will mount the highest places;
" The beds of virgin innocence shall shake;
" I'll kiss the Daughters of the GRACES.

" Thus will I spread (a king of blisses)
" Mine empire o'er the world of kisses.

" Wild as the roe my feet shall bound:
" I'll graze in ev'ry neighbour's ground;
" In vain my injur'd spouse shall wake and weep:
" Well hamper'd by Lord AUCKLAND'S chain,
" She dares not of her wrongs complain;
" Her sighs must whisper, and her anger sleep."

How manners change! the times of old,
When wives were lent and bought and sold,

Must make a modern husband smile!
CATO was often known to send
To this, and that, and t'other friend,
To lend his wife a little while.

If gone from Rome for air or water,
What then? why lend a pretty daughter.

What happen'd?—One of them was sent to Cato,
With as much cordiality and ease,
As though the SAGE had begg'd for a potatoe,
A pot of mustard or a slice of cheese!

The *Grecian* SAGES also (monstrous strange!)
All GENTLEMEN of moral lives,
Met just like horse-dealers or Jews on 'Change,
To buy, and swop, and borrow wives.

Now from digression to return,—
CRIM. CON. must die, and thousands mourn.

No more shall wanton PRINCES now
Attempt to milk a subject's cow:
No more *JOHN T——DS shall attack a Duchess;
Who, chaste as DIAN, scream'd for help,
And, struggling with the wicked whelp,
Escap'd all spotless from his savage clutches.

No charming MISTRESS HODGES shall appear,
Nor MISTER HODGES aid his tender DEAR
To plant the horn upon his *willing* skull:
Lady CADOGANS, with inviting charms,
Lure no more pamper'd Parsons to her arms,
Help'd by that *pretty pimp*, MISS FARLEY BULL.

Lady WESTMEATHS no more shall rise,
Victims of fascinating eyes,

* The AUTHOR is mistaken here. Her Grace was at the time of his Lordship's amorous attack, in her weeds.—*The Editor.*

To

To fill the trump of scandal, and inspire
Old Prudish Maids with jealous fits,
Drive virtuous wives out of their wits,
And set our envying, envying Youth on fire.

No BETTY LEEKES, to talk of a *loose* dress,
When BRADSHAW came to woo the noble Dame;
No *powder'd*, *towzled* couch their hours to bless,
No Coachmen to proclaim their acts of shame:
And last of all, no catering MISTER HOGG,*
To suit salacious tastes with prurient prog.

No more shall HAWKERS gallop on,
Roaring away, "CRIM. CON. CRIM CON."
While ABIGAILS from houses, with a caper,
Rush, giggling, forth to buy the paper:
To show their Ladies, happy, none will doubt it,
To wink and sneer, and prattle *all about it*.

No more a COUNSEL's blush shall spring,
Nor *loftier* E—e with sweet grace,
Hide in his handkerchief his face,
When evidence has been *too near* the thing.

COUNSEL will not be forc'd to say,
When did they kiss?—in garish day,
Or by the candle's conscious trembling light?
Were they in bed beneath the sheet,
Snug in embrace—both *tête-a-tête?*
And what *were things* that might appear in sight?
Such shall no more be heard in Court,
Making for idle ears a sport.

Too often wives who lose at play,
With *honour* debts of honour pay;
And slily to some Cyprian Fane repair—
Invoke of LOVE the saucy POW'R,
To CUPID sacrifice an hour,
And lo! return with so much ease and air,

* The Bookseller.

As though it were a millinery trip!
So out of breath in quest of MISTRESS SNIP!

All in the house of Wedlock shall be quiet;
No sighs to soften, and no pulse to riot;
And CHASTITY, in danger now no more,
Shall sleep without a *lock* upon her door.

"'Tis a bad wind that blows no good,"
A proverb older than the flood.
Cries pert Miss FORNICATION, with a wink,
"Aye, kill my SISTER—*do*—and soon
"I'll play young Ladies *such* a *tune*,
"Aye, spinster reputation *soon* shall sink:

"I'll deal in billets-doux and sighs;
"I'll open necks, and sharpen eyes;
"I'll make their gowns and petticoats of gauze;
"I'll do the business of the maids!
"I'll make more routes and masquerades;
"I'll sharpen MISTER SATAN'S claws.

"I'll order it with nymph and swain,
"That cheeks shall never *blush* again.

"I'll build to METHODISM more chapels,
"Where lad with lass so sweetly grapples
"Soon as the tell-tale candles are put out:
"Yes, yes, the *love-feats* shall increase,
"And MODESTY, that mincing *piece*,
"Shall say, 'Good bye t'ye," to the groaning Rout.

"I'll aid HYPOCRISY'S dark cause,
"And for a *Parson* choose a H——s;*
"I'll ope new turnpikes to salvation,
"Or I'm not christen'd FORNICATION."

* While ALNWINKLE exists, the *conscientious* act of this HUNTINGTONIAN APOSTLE will be remembered.

Thus

Thus wildly she exclaims! and by the LORD,
I think the HUSSEY means to *keep her word!*

Thus have I pour'd a pair of ODES,
Which *some* may deem the songs of *Gods;*
But hark! a second solemn voice I hear—
A second awful voice that cries,
"Bard, Bard, thine oracles are lies;
"CRIM. CON. has nought from AUCKLAND'S rage to fear,
"*That* LORD from morn to night, and night to morn,
"Shall trembling view the visionary *horn.*"

ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN,

OR,

The Rose and Strawberry,

A FABLE.

YOUNG WOMEN! don't be fond of *killing*.
Too well I know your hearts unwilling
To hide beneath the veil a charm—
Too pleas'd a sparkling eye to roll,
And with a neck to thrill the soul
Of ev'ry Swain with LOVE's alarm.

Yet, yet, if PRUDENCE be not near,
Its *snow* may melt into a *tear*.

The dimpled smile, and pouting lip,
Where little CUPIDS nectar sip,
Are very pretty lures, I own:
But ah! if PRUDENCE be not nigh,
Those lips, where all the CUPIDS lie,
May give a passage to a *groan*.

A ROSE in all the pride of bloom,
Flinging around her rich perfume,
Her form to public notice pushing,
Amidst the summer's golden glow,
Peep'd on a STRAWBERRY below,
Beneath a leaf, in secret blushing.

"MISS STRAWBERRY," exclaim'd the ROSE,
"What's beauty that no mortal knows?

"What

" What is a charm, if never seen?
" You really are a pretty creature:
" Then wherefore hide each blooming feature?
" Come up, and shew your modest mien."

" Miss Rose," the Strawberry replied,
" I never did possess a pride
" That wish'd to *dash* the public eye:
" Indeed I own that I'm *afraid*—
" I think there's safety in the *shade;*
" Ambition causes many a sigh."

" Go, simple child," the Rose rejoin'd,
" See how *I* wanton in the wind:
" I feel no danger's dread alarms:
" And then observe the God of Day,
" How amorous with his golden ray,
" To pay his visits to my charms!"

No sooner said, but with a scream
She started from her fav'rite theme—
A clown had on her fix'd his *pat.*
In vain she screech'd—Hob did but smile;
Rubb'd with her leaves his nose awhile,
Then bluntly stuck her in his hat.

ODE TO HYMEN.

O TELL me, Hymen, how it comes to pass,
That folks live not in unison alas!
That all thy votaries are not always blest?
Thy pretty *fane* is enter'd all so billing,
So am'rous, so obliging, smiling, willing;
When lo! Love's passion sinks at once to rest!

An

An ignorant poor bachelor am I,
And stupid, knowing not the reason why!

LOVE seems at first within the *torrid* zone,
Now to the *temperate*, lo, his course he bends;
Now to the *frigid* limpeth with a groan,
And now the sweetest of all passions *ends!*

Look to the simple state, the state of clowns,
Born in a hut, and seldom from their downs!

Thus LUBIN, in a Glo'ster hamlet bred,
Soon as the honey-moon began to shine;
"Now, DEARY, (I suppose the pair in bed)
"Now put thy pretty little *totes** to mine."

But when, ah me! the honey-moon was over,
Adieu the *Lover!*

And what the soul of delicacy shocks,
Instead of "Put thy pretty *totes* to mine,"
He turn'd his back, and grunted like a swine,
"Why dost not heave away thy d-mn'd great *hocks?*"

ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

THE PASSIONS are all prone to sad disorders,
Whose OBJECTS never should approach their *borders!*
"O lead us not into temptation!"
Is a choice pray'r, and which I much admire—
So *many things* are dangerous to DESIRE
So ripe for soul-assassination!

* An abbreviation, I presume, of *pettitoes*, frequently used in Gloucestershire.

YOUNG

YOUNG WOMEN, *par exemple*, O how sweet,
How fascinating each wild sense they greet!
How much we long to smell to the fair flow'r!
How long the blushing peach to pluck it,
And suck it—
To use an *epicurish* phrase, *devour!*

Now such desires are very dangerous things—
It does not signify to talk about it:
Yet seemed SOLOMON, first of wise Kings,
And *eke* his father DAVID, *much* to *doubt it*.
For wheresoe'er they meet a pretty LASS,
Snap was the word—they could not let her pass.

How many a time I thought it not a sin
To press the virgin's cheek and dimpled chin,
And press her pouting lip, that dew-clad cherry!
And peep upon her neck of Alpine snow,
And pressing, panting to her bosom grow,
Rich banquet—*very*—I repeat it—*very!*

But lo! I stand reform'd, thank Heav'n,
So much of grace to me is giv'n!

O YOUTHS! whene'er the wishes warm of nature,
Tumultuous rise—destroy their dangerous dance;
The curb of REASON to your aid advance,
And souse them with her buckets of cold water.

No harm is in the PASSIONS, to be sure;
But then they must not gallop wild to door:—
Close keep them, just like hounds that long for hare;
Or muzzle them, indeed, like ferrets;
And thus suppress their wanton spirits,
That lawless wish to be as free as air.

Well I remember, (but the times are past,
Thank Heav'n, this wickedness can't always last)
When if a petticoat but caught my eye—
A petticoat surrounding some fair maid,
Lord bless us! how my heart's brisk fountain play'd!
GRACE was abjur'd, and PRUDENCE forc'd to fly:

The

The PASSIONS, sudden wak'd to watch her,
And, hound-like, scamper'd in full cry to catch her.

The PASSIONS, as I've said, are far from *evil;*
But if not well confin'd, they play the devil.

Learn from *that* CANDLE—mark its *govern'd* flame,
How in its lustre, gentle, steady, tame,
So mild, such trembling modesty, so quiet!—
But let him touch your curtains, or your bed,
Who on such stuff delighteth to be fed,
Lo, in a brace of minutes, what a riot!
He pulls, (for nought th' unbridled ROGUE reverees)
Like SAMPSON, an old house about his ears!

POSTSCRIPT.

TO THE READER.

IN my last Publication, called NIL ADMIRARI, or a SMILE at a BISHOP, I most *ingenuously*, and with a pretty portion of the *ars critica*, appreciated the merits of my own Work, with a view of assisting some monthly ARISTARCHUSES in their literary discussions, and of fixing the muzzle of restraint upon the mouth of CALUMNY: but *quod petimus est nusquam!* I had reckoned without my host. Indeed, I was deceived—the *Poet* was damned, and the *Man* overwhelmed with slander. Little MISTER MATHIAS, the son of a Cobbler (says Fame), nevertheless a rhymemonger and critic, united in hostility against me, with little squinting MASTER ÆSOP GIFFORD, also a rhymemonger and critic, although some years ago actually a *Cobbler* in the little town of Ashburton, in the county of Devon. In interrupting my narrative for a minute or two, let me observe, that this MASTER ÆSOP GIFFORD has performed in several characters since his *elevation* from his STALL at Ashburton, having been created a PETRONIUS, the ARBITER ELEGANTIARUM to the *honourable* House of G——R; in which *laudable* situation he acquitted himself with so much *dexterity* and satisfaction to his *most noble* and *constant* and brisk EMPLOYER, as well as *great reputation* to himself, that he was appointed BEAR-LEADER to his LORDSHIP's *hopeful* Son, to conduct him through the refined dominions of Italy, and to point out to him the beauties of Painting and Sculpture, the knowledge of which little ÆSOP had acquired partly by *inspiration*, and partly from the most excellent engravings in wood at the heads of ballads, which surrounded and adorned the inside of his humble mansion, that is to say, his stall; especially a portrait of St. CRISPIN at work, forming a beautiful frontispiece to a ballad, whose well-known *exordium* floweth poetically *thus:*

" *A cobbler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,*
" *Which serv'd him for parlour, and kitchen, and all,* &c.

And

And which portraiture of ST. CRISPIN being represented with a crook back and squinting eyes, was often supposed by the apprentice girls and stable-boys of the town, who were accustomed to lean on his bulk to hear his poetry and jokes—I say, this homely portraiture of the tutelar Saint of Cobblers, was supposed, by those his companions, to be a likeness of HIMSELF; which idea he cunningly encouraged, having not only an itch *between his fingers*, but a brother itch in his *mind* to *cut a figure* in *print*. To proceed—The aforesaid Gentlemen, fearful of their own abilities (for *modesty* is of a timid disposition) united themselves with a young Gentleman *cleped* MASTER CANNING, who, being a *forward* lad at school, a *præcox ingenium*, composing in the shortest time the most copious parcels of Latin nonsense, hexameters and pentameters, (a common exercise for the advancement of sense), was noticed and elected by ADMINISTRATION to high posts, from an idea that a forward school-boy would make a profound politician. Still to strengthen the phalanx, the aforesaid three young Gentlemen made a further union with a young Gentleman who received the *best* part of his education at that long-established seminary celebrated for *turning out* as well as *turning off* genius of every description, called NEWGATE. *Further still* to augment their force, the aforesaid four young Gentlemen united with a fifth, the *élève* of little Æsop, *viz.* LORD POLUFLOSBOIO, whose broadside of Greek once thundered with such an happy effect on the great Assembly of the Nation.

This formidable *Association*, with the motto of *Vis unita fortior* on their banners, having completed a battery called the ANTI-JACOBIN MAGAZINE and REVIEW, for the purpose of confounding the enemies of their country, supporting the cause of literature, and getting into lucrative employments, opened their fire on my poor Pamphlet, with a view to its utter annihilation.—To relinquish the metaphor, these men, wilfully and maliciously disregarding my fair and candid criticisms, have convinced me that all my attempts to produce a decent effect on them is labour thrown away; in short, that I have exhibited my imbecility in trying to wash the blackamoor white. Violent has been the torrent issuing on me from those water spouts of abuse!—Not only my *poetical*, but my *moral* character, which I thought a fine haunch of venison, has been converted into dog's meat under their paws. In all the calmness of reflection, when prejudice was asleep, I said to myself, What have I done to these fellows, that they should

so

so sluice me with the muddy and stinking torrent of abuse? —I have, I confess, ventured to speak my thoughts of that rhyming humbug the Pursuits of Rancour, *alias Literature*, —the united composition of the aforesaid *Gentlemen* and LORD ——; and behold, I was to fall a martyr to my impartial decision. I *may* have said that the Authors of that boisterous unmeaning silly production, called the PURSUITS of LITERATURE, in which so many lines and half-lines are stolen, and such a *farrigo* of impertinent quotation introduced.—I say, I *may* have called them the RAGMEN of PARNASSUS, the CLD CLOTHESMEN to the MUSES, *literary* PINCUSHIONS, composed of scraps and bran. I must confess that I have at times smiled at the unmeaning noisy lines of two wretched things called *Baviad* and *Mæviad*; and smiled moreover at the self consequence of their AUTHOR.—I *may* have said that if MISTER ÆSOP GIFFORD, instead of BAVIADS and MÆVIADS, had only composed COBLERIADS, he would have been more at *home* on the subject; and really, no young man was *keener* in his profession than little ÆSOP with his paring-knife in his hand—In short; he was the *cobbling* WONDER of ASHBURTON and its vicinity, as no one of his profession, like him

> (So shining was his genius) knew
> The constitution of a shoe;
> To put a heel cap (we'll suppose)
> Or mend a sole, or add a nose!
> And as for an old boot, in truth,
> He gave it the black bloom of youth
> *Ere* comely ears to an old pattin,
> Till some vile demon cry'd—" Learn Latin."

I believe, that I *may* have asserted that there is so much flatulence in those compositions, that his MUSE previously to her beginning her song, must have made a hearty dinner upon boiled peas, a vegetable possessing much flatulent energy.—I *may* have asserted that STEPHEN DUCK the Thresher was a much superior Poet to GIFFORD the Cobbler; as honest STEPHEN wrote common sense and from the *heart*, and GIFFORD from a confused muddy brain, without feeling, and in general without the power of exhibiting a meaning.—I *may* have asserted as much, and more than that: I do assert it now, that the Thresher is a better writer than the Cobbler.—I *may* have said, that when a man receiveth subscription-money for a

work, and without any intention to produce that work, he is a literary swindler, and deserveth a rope.—I *may* have asserted that the dirtiest of all occupations is a Pimp.—I *may* have said that the wretch who can write lampoons on the patrons who took him from the dunghill, and placed him in a situation of respectability, is a scoundrel.—I *may* have said that a fellow with the form of the letter Z, who publicly attacks an unfortunate woman for a disorder of which the DIVINE BEING is the sole author, is little less than a demon and a fool. —And finally, I *may* have declared that the wretch who, after the most important favours conferred on him by a friend, can, by the most infernal machinations, meditate the ruin of that friend, to pave the way for his own ambitious consequence, is a villain.—But what is all this to ÆSOP?—These reflections might have been *general*; but unfortunately for *me*, they have been considered as *particular*, so that *certain folk* have positively sworn in the language of an old ballad, "That was levell'd at, me." I *may* have pronounced Mr. CANNING a feeble character (and I appeal to his speeches for my justification)—I *may* have suggested that the puerile Letter sent to *Bonaparte* could only be the work of MASTER CANNING; and that PITT and DUNDAS could not have been the authors of that weak performance but under the brain-destroying influence of the JOLLY GOD. For this then have I been persecuted, grievously *persecuted* in *prose*; and I expect the same persecution in *rhyme*, if not *poetry*. But, O astonished Reader, not only these are my foes; but the *Squad* belonging to another *thing*, christened the BRITISH CRITIC, (it should have been named British *Hypocrite*, Religion being made a stalking-horse for the purposes of Mammon (this *Squad* has spit its collected venom in my face—and for what? Have I been known to attack poor PARSON NARES's still-born pious prose lucubrations, or BELOE's rhymes?—I scorn to insult the *dead*: Have I ever spoken disrespectfully of the critical sagacity of MESSIEURS RIVINGTONS (two Booksellers of Paul's Church Yard) and their *reviewing* LADIES? I scorn to trample on paralytics.—Have I ever attacked the *military character* of Mr. FRANCIS RIVINGTON, whose sword is as sharp as his pen, and who is ready to storm the loftiest dunghill of the metropolis with as much intrepidity as was displayed by the commanding General at the battle of *Jemap!*—I have seen him on the plains of BRIDEWELL in his accoutrements, *out-Alexandering* ALEXANDER—I have seen him bayonet a pickpocket at a fire.—I have witnessed his undaunted appear-

ance,

ance, and maintain that he will be as formidable to his foes in the *field* as he is terrible to a poor petitioning, complaining, emaciated author in his *shop* or to those drudges the scavengers of his Review. Let justice be done—*fiat* JUSTITIA, *ruat cælum*. To use another classical quotation, *Amicus* PLATO, *amicus* SOCRATES, *sed magis amica* VERITAS —TRUTH and CANDOUR are the DEITIES at whose shrine I sacrifice; or may I resemble

A poor mean, sneaking, literary shrimp!
Lie like M————s, and like G————*p*————!

To conclude—I shall forbear a long and elaborate criticism on the various and numerous beauties of my production, contenting myself with *modestly* saying, that my pair of Prophetic Odes is not a little in the Hebrew style, and which, without blushing, might admit of a comparison with some Hebrew compositions of Lyric celebrity. Nay, I know some readers that will assert, perhaps of each of my Odes, that *decies repetita placebit*—others *centies*, and some *milties*, *peradventure*. To confess a truth, I am somewhat like my great COUSIN of THEBES in *one* respect, an *egotist*—indeed, I am told of it; but then I am far from detracting, like him from my contemporary rivals. I persecute not with *calumny*: on the contrary, I return good for evil—MESSIEURS MATHIAS, and GIFFORD, and CANNING, and the GENTLEMAN of NEWGATE, and my Lord POLUFLOSBOIO, have received my *pity!* Their Pursuits, and their Ghosts, and their Baviads and Mæviads, and their speeches, and their monthly criticism, shall never be cruelly dragged by *me* from the Lake of Oblivion, to make a second feast for the table of RIDICULE.—May they sleep *in sæcula sæculorum* beneath the placid EXPANSE!

NIL ADMIRARI;

OR,

A SMILE AT A BISHOP:

OCCASIONED BY AN

HYPERBOLICAL EULOGY ON MISS HANNAH MORE,

By Dr. Porteus, in his late Charge to the Clergy.

———*Est modus in rebus.*——HOR.
There is reason in roasting eggs.

Lo, *Novelty* shall lead the World astray,
And cast e'en Bishops wide of Wisdom's bias;
A Mouse has prov'd the Lion of the Day;
Witness that miserable imp M—th—s.

ALSO,

EXPOSTULATION;

OR,

AN ADDRESS TO MISS HANNAH MORE.

Miss HANNAH has no eagle wing to flee,
Whom thus thine adulation would *befool*:
Alas! a poor *Epliemeron* is SHE;
A *humming* NATIVE of a BRISTOL POOL.

LIKEWISE,

Duplicity, or *The Bishop*; and *Simplicity*, or *The Curate*;

A PAIR OF TALES.

MOREOVER,

AN ODE

TO THE BLUE-STOCKING CLUB.

AND, FINALLY,

An Ode to some Robin Red-Breasts in a Country Cathedral.

TO

DR. B. PORTEUS,

LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.

MY GOOD LORD!

AS your Lordship, in your late Charge to the Clergy, has almost exhausted panegyric to compliment Miss HANNAH MORE on talents that are presumed to have *worked wonders*, in the cause of Religion, and *high-toned* Morality, to use your Lordship's *fiddling* figure, I have taken the liberty of addressing a Poem to your Lordship on the subject of your most extraordinary eulogium. Your Lordship's *innumerable* virtues, producing such an enthusiasm of love and veneration, *particularly from the unbeneficed Members of the Church*, the constant objects of your Lordship's condescending and kind attentions, is universally *allowed*; but in regard to your Lordship's claim to Genius, Taste, and the Chair of Aristarchus, I fear it will be as universally denied. But *non omnia possumus omnes*. A Bishop way be an abstemious, or a devouring Bishop; a generous, or an avaricious Bishop; a decent, or an *in*decent Bishop; a believing, or an *un*believing Bishop; a sober, or a boozing Bishop; a lazy, or a fox-hunting Bishop (for I have seen all these characters:)—he may, nevertheless, be no better than a *poor Curate* among the *Muses*.

I am, MY LORD, &c. &c.

P. P.

THE

BISHOP OF LONDON's PANEGYRIC.

"MRS. HANNAH MORE, whose extraordinary and "versatile talents can equally accommodate themselves to the "Cottage and the Palace, who, while she is diffusing among "the lower orders of people an infinity of little Religious "Tracts, calculated to reform and comfort in this world, and "to save them in the next, is at the same time applying all "the powers of a vigorous and highly-cultivated mind, to the "instruction, improvement, and delight of the most exalted "of her own Sex. I allude more particularly to her last work "on Female Education, which presents to the Reader such a "fund of good sense, of wholesome counsel, of sagacious ob-"servation, of a knowledge of the world and of the female "heart, of high-toned morality and genuine Christian piety; "and all this enlivened with such brilliancy of wit, such rich-"ness of imagery, such variety and felicity of allusion, such "neatness and elegance of diction, as are not, I conceive, "easily to be found combined and blended together in any "other work in the English language.

"Of her little tracts, no lese than two millions were sold in "the first year! and they contributed, I am persuaded, very "essentially to counteract the poison of those impious and im-"moral pamphlets, which, as I have already stated, were dis-"persed over the kingdom in such numbers by societies of in-"fidels and republicans."

NIL ADMIRARI.

THE ARGUMENT.

PETER prettily and poetically proclaimeth the pernicious effects of FLATTERY—he solemnly addresseth DOCTOR PORTEUS, as of the celebrated School of WARBURTON; loading the DOCTOR with appropriate and complimentary epithets.—Though PETER acknowledgeth the BISHOP's overmatch for the DEVIL and SIN; he denieth his powers over TASTE —shrewdly hinteth that a *wise* father may have a *foolish* son—proveth the BISHOP's want of critical *acumen* by his hyperbolical praises of MISS HANNAH MORE, a rhyme-and prose Gentlewoman, born at BRISTOL—PETER having narrowly searched MISS HANNAH, and tried MISS HANNAH by his own Touchstone, discovereth the metallic nature of MISS HANNAH's genius—PETER solemnly protesteth that he cannot wade *twice* through MISS HANNAH's Works, deeming them as Dr. Johnson would have expressed himself, *pages of puerile vanity and intellectual imbecility.*

SOFT is the voice of FLATT'RY! sweet her Song!
Ah, much too sweet for man, vain man I fear!
Her oil of fool, too fluent, glides along,
And winding, drops with *death*, into his ear.

O PORTEUS, of the WARBURTONIAN School,
Meek, modest, generous, diffident, and humble,
'Tis said that *sometimes* SAGES play the fool;
But when they stumble, with a *vengeance* stumble:

Though form'd to brighten all the human race,
Rare flint and steel, illumining the dark;
Though, like an egg, so full of faith, and grace,
Like thy great * PROTOTYPE of PRYOR *Park;*

* The late Bishop Warburton, of lamb-like memory.

Oh,

Though bravely furious for the fight, to tame
OLD NICK, and eke his dirty MOTHER SIN,
With every sort of weapon one can name,
Ev'n from the thundering *cannon* to a *pin;*

Yet, PORTEUS, though a giant with thy blows,
That SIN's and SATAN's hides with glory baste,
A dwarf art thou, in fields of Verse and Prose—
A very pigmy in the realms of TASTE.

What tho' thou rhyme hast made, it does not follow,
The CRITIC's laurel must thy temples shade;
A man may be descended from Apollo,
And yet a *novice* in the critic trade.

Nay, man may scarce be equal to a *pun;*
Yet sprung from PHŒBUS, but without his art:
Less fit to guide the *chariot* of the SUN,
Than that more humble vehicle, a *cart.*

With sighs I tell thee of Miss HANNAH MORE,
A MIGHTY GENIUS, in thy charge display'd!
Know, I have search'd the DAMSEL o'er and o'er,
And only find Miss HANNAH, a *good* MAID.

Oft by my touchstone have I try'd the LASS,
And see no shining mark of gold appear;
No, nor one beam of silver; some small brass,
And *lead* and glittering *mundic,* in thine ear.

A sorry Critic, THOU, in prose and metre,
Or thou hadst judg'd her pow'rs a scanty rill;
Which, if thou wilt believe the word of PETER,
Crawls at the *bottom* of th' Aonian hill.

Twice can't I read *her* labours for my blood,
So *simply* mawkish, so *sublimely* sad!
I own Miss HANNAH's life is *very good,*
But then her verse and prose are *very bad.*

No

No MUSE e'er touch'd MISS HANNAH'S lips with fire;
No fountain *her's* of bright imagination:
So little doth a *genuine* MUSE inspire,
That GENIUS will not own her a *Relation*.

MISS HANNAH'S graces dazzle not the view—
No bonfire she—no SUN'S meridian blaze:—
A *rush-light* 'midst th' illuminating FEW:
A *farthing rush-light*, with its winking rays.

MISS HANNAH has no eagle-wing to flee,
Whom thus thine adulation can befool:
Alas! a poor *ephemeron* is SHE!
A *humming* NATIVE of a Bristol pool.

ARGUMENT

ARGUMENT.

PETER sorely complaineth of MISS HANNAH's cracked instrument—announceth Women superior to MISS HANNAH.—Miss HANNAH laugheth in her sleeve at the BISHOP's praise.—PETER thinketh that MOUNT PARNASSUS would have shed no tears, had Miss HANNAH never written—he blameth the BISHOP for making a *shew* of MISS HANNAH.—PETER exhibiteth his candour, in condemning rather the flattery of the Bishop, than MISS HANNAH's literary imbecility.—PETER rippeth up the BLUE-STOCKING CLUB, for their foolish exhibition of Miss HANNAH—he acknowledgeth the power of NOVELTY, particularly with respect to a Pamphlet of one of the smaller Rats of the QUEEN's Closet, called MATHIAS—he giveth the little ANIMAL a good drubbing.—PETER hinteth at some of MISS HANNAH's *Clerical* Friends in the Reviews—sensibly animadverteth on the varnish-eating power of Father TIME.

INDEED, Miss HANNAH hath a *so-so* lyre;
So out of tune, it murders all the NINE:
She really playeth not with taste or fire:
No, DOCTOR PORTEUS, no, thou GREAT DIVINE!

Know, PORTEUS, we have WOMEN of renown,
MISS HANNAH's equals, or my judgment fail:
Nay, numbers, I aver it! of whose gown
Miss HANNAH is not fit to hold the *tail*.

With smiles her eulogy Miss HANNAH hears;
Laughs in her sleeve at all thy pompous praise:
In silence wrapp'd, perceives the ass's ears,
And sits complacent while her STENTOR brays.

Had

Had WISDOM crush'd Miss HANNAH's forward quill—
Had SILENCE put a gag on HANNAH's tongue—
No crape had mourn'd, upon the MUSES' hill,
Nor PHŒBUS blubber'd for the loss of song.

Hadst THOU not fondly dragg'd Miss HANNAH forth,
Plac'd her on high, and cried, "Behold a wonder!"
No soul had scrutiniz'd the Woman's worth;
Safe from the world *her weakness* and *thy blunder*.

Thy praise of HANNAH is a pillar fair,
A lofty pillar, but supporting *what?*
Why, on its head, supporting high in air
A mole, a grasshopper, a mouse, a rat.

Calm, but for thee, had HANNAH pass'd along:
OBLIVION ready, with her shroud and spade,
To sink her with a prose and rhyming throng
In sacred silence, and eternal shade.

But no! the BISHOP stops her on her way;
Ah, wherefore?—GOD ALMIGHTY only knows!
To gibbet her amid the blaze of day,
A piteous carcase for the critic crows.

People should not run riot with applause;
But ah! how many praise without pretence?
Bawl for a WORK with wide-extended jaws;
Of words a *deluge*, and a *drop* of sense!

I censure not Miss HANNAH for sad prose—
I censure not Miss HANNAH for sad rhymes:
God sees my heart! I only censure those
Whose flatteries damn the judgment of the TIMES.

The BAS-BLEU CLUB, grave GREYBEARDS, these old DAMES
All righteous, cramm'd to mouth with heav'nly manna,
Ambitious of a WIT among their names,
Into their magic-lantern clapp'd Miss HANNAH:

Then bade the Bishop look with wond'ring eyes—
The Bishop's wond'ring orbs enjoy'd the sight—
"A GIANTESS of GENIUS!" PORTEUS cries,
Forgetting *it* a *literary Mite.*

Yet NOVELTY shall lead the world astray,
And turn *ev'n Bishops* off from WISDOM's *bias;*
A *Mouse* shall start the *Lion* of the day—
Witness that miserable imp MATHIAS.*

Behold! this human *snake*, or human *toad*,
Sly, 'mid the windings of his murky hole,
Pour'd on the shrinking world his pois'nous load,
And on the sighs of MERIT fed his soul.

But lo, of short duration was his date!
Soon stopp'd the torrent of his wounding lust:
JUSTICE stepp'd forth to give the FIEND his fate,
And crush'd him 'midst the *Reptiles* of the dust.

Though HANNAH's prose present us nothing new,
Though HANNAH's verse be lame, insipid stuff;
Some *sable* CRITIC, in some *kind* Review,
Shall give the little paper-kite a *puff.*

At length comes TIME, with TRUTH's pervading ray,
To separate the *Living* from the *Dead;*
Clears the dark clouds of PREJUDICE away,
And roasts the varnish off, by FLATT'RY spread.

And lo, this varnish with thy daubing brush
Smear'd o'er Miss HANNAH must by TIME be roasted;
The nymph in all her nakedness will blush,
And *courtly* PORTEUS, for a Flatterer posted.

* This poor little WRETCH, whose pamphlet, *misnomered* PURSUITS of LITERATURE, but whose true appellation should have been PURSUITS of RANCOUR, dared not acknowledge *his own work.*—The enormity of its falsehood and impudence was quite a novelty, and in spite of its contemptible imbecility, gained the attention of the PUBLIC.—*This*, MATHIAS mistook for Fame: still he denied any connexion with the pamphlet—every paltry subterfuge was made use of, to escape detection. At length a few LITERARY HOUNDS seriously pursued him, hunted him fairly to his hole, and put the vermin to death.

ARGUMENT.

ARGUMENT.

PETER fancieth that he hath put the BISHOP in a passion—he giveth his opinion of a Book called STRICTURES UPON FEMALE EDUCATION, with Miss HANNAH's name annexed—he subtracteth greatly from the merit of MISS HANNAH in those Volumes.—PETER describeth MISS HANNAH's mode of manœuvring, by two apt and beautiful comparisons, *Hemp* and *Leather*—he likeneth MISS HANNAH unto a Hen, who hatcheth the eggs of another Bird—he confesseth her exemplary piety and snow-like appearance, but severely reprimandeth her uncharitableness towards the FRAIL ONES of her own sex—PETER praiseth his own celestial disposition in favour of fallen Beauty—he addresseth the barbarous part of the Female Creation: asserting that Love and an old Lady are not incompatible—he giveth the Judges a stroke for their amorous faces on trials of RAPE and CRIM. CON.—PETER windeth up sublimely and charitably.

NOW, PORTEUS, I behold thee in a passion,
And thus exclaiming—"What! MISS HANNAH MORE
"No GENIUS! what is then her EDUCATION,
"So prais'd and echoed *o'er* and *o'er* and *o'er*?"

I'll tell thee, PORTEUS, what.—MISS HANNAH's STRICTURES
Are decent things—perhaps MISS HANNAH's *plan*:
But, trust me, they are all some PARSON's pictures:
These, HANNAH never *drew*, nor *colour'd*, man!

At times she finds of *hemp* a little wad,
Begs some young LEVITE spin it:—nothing loth,
He adds large quantities of flax, kind lad,
And with the mixture fabricates a *cloth*.

Again—Miss Hannah finds a scrap of leather,
Horse-skin—and, slily to some Crispin goes:
Crispin adds *calf-skin*—puts them both together,
And makes a tolerable pair of shoes.

Miss Hannah may be aptly term'd a *Hen*,
Who sits on Pheasant's eggs, to kindness prone;
Hatches the birds, a pretty brood; but then,
Weak vanity, she calls the Chicks *her own*.

Miss Hannah's *piety* we all admire,
Her life a field of Alpine snow so white!
And what our good opinion must inspire,
With Bishops she could *talk* from morn to night.

Oh, had *good* Hannah been not so severe
On each young victim of her tempting bloom!
Instead of sarcasm dropp'd a pitying tear,
And with a beam of comfort chear'd her gloom!

I cannot drag the Nymph to *grinning day:*
I cannot curse the Nymph of *yielding* charms:
Instead of casting the poor Girl away,
Lord! I would rather clasp her in my arms!

Hang on her lip, bestow the generous kiss;
Catch the pure drop that leaves her liquid eye:
And *gently* chiding the *unlicens'd bliss*,
Reclaim the beauteous Mourner with a *sigh*.

O think of Love, ye Ladies of *hard hearts!*
Lo, Nature weaves it close in ev'ry cranny!
Ev'n from Old Women rarely it departs,
The subject sweet of many a shaking Granny.

Ev'n Judges for their *gravity* rever'd,
I've seen upon Crim. Con. with passion gape;
With wanton questions wag the watering beard,
Point the hot eye, and chuckle at a Rape.

Prudery,

PRUDERY, I hate the hag, whose breath would blight
The opening buds of gentle MAY and JUNE;
Blest to spread darkness, like the cloud of night,
That hangs a dirty malkin on the moon!

Oh, be the wounded *Prude*, who dares *reprove*,
And furious charge the feeble MAID or DAME,
A NYMPH, who, cautious of the Torch of LOVE,
Has never *singed her honour* at its flame.

PETER declareth that he liketh literary emulation amongst the SEX, but contendeth for fair play—that is to say, People should publish their own works.—PETER knoweth MISS HANNAH's havage, knoweth all her points, and pronounceth her unqualified for a first-rate Racer, whatever her powers among the Ponies.—PETER elucidateth the frauds in Literature by a SMOCK race.—PETER turneth to the BISHOP, and asketh a shrewd question.—He solemnly calleth on the BISHOP's attention, and sayeth oracular things!—PETER supplicateth the BISHOP to think charitably of his rhyming intentions—he dreadeth the fatal effects of his flattery of MISS HANNAH; making her hold up her nose in contempt of the Under-World, knowing none but Quality.—PETER asserteth such flattery to be a Sin, as it stirreth up Pride, which every body knows ruined the DEVIL.—PETER citeth a proverb taken from HELL—he again beggeth the BISHOP to think well of his intentions—proclaimeth his Love for BISHOPS, perhaps equal to that of the unbeneficed Clergy.—PETER draweth a parallel between BISHOPS of old, and BISHOPS of the present day—a terrible portrait of the OLD SCHOOL!—a most engaging one of the NEW.—PETER piously concludeth with a prayer for BISHOPS.

I LIKE a *rivalship* in art, I own—
Yes, let there be a spur to emulation:
But let fair JUSTICE sit upon her throne,
And keep a little decent regulation.

Lo, for the laurel prize MISS HANNAH starts!
But NATURE, to MISS HANNAH's heels unkind,
The hopes of honour and of glory thwarts!
Left is MISS HANNAH's far, yes, far behind.

MISS HANNAH's heels are greasy, let me say;
MISS HANNAH's joints are very stiff *indeed*:
Her form is rather fitted for the *dray*,
Than on NEWMARKET turf to show a speed.

Some

Some years ago, I saw a female race;
The prize a *shift*—a Holland shift I ween:
Ten DAMSELS, nearly all in *naked grace*,
Rush'd for the precious prize along the green.

SYLVIA, a charming lass (who, if an *air*
And *face* had been permitted to contend,
Had carried all before her) luckless FAIR!
Was to her SISTER RACERS forc'd to bend.

When ORSON mounted on a goodly MULE,
Whose love for SYLVIA to her cause inclin'd him,
In spite, ye Gods, of ev'ry racing rule,
Whipp'd up the Damsel on the Beast behind him.

Then off he gallop'd, pass'd each panting MAID,
Who mark'd the cheat with disappointed eyes;
Soon brought her in, unblushing at his aid,
And for his FAV'RITE boldly claim'd the PRIZE.

O say, has nought been very *like* it, here?
Did no *kind* SWAIN his hand to HANNAH yield—
No *Bishop's* hand to help a HEAVY REAR,
And bear the NYMPH triumphant o'er the field?

List to the Oracles I now advance—
A man stark blind should never *races* run;
A cripple never should pretend to *dance*;
A head of wax should never court the SUN.

Then bid Miss HANNAH MORE her pen confine:
Repress the vainly rhyming, prosing rage,
That makes its *sinful* damn the nerveless line,
Un-JOB *like curse* the *pen'ry* of the page.

Good PORTEUS, think not ENVY prompts my strain;
'Tis PITY, PITY bids me verse compose,
Thy flattery's fumes must turn the VIRGIN's *brain*,
So fierce its incense burns beneath her nose.

Oh,

Oh, hadst thou crawl'd a *Curate*, let me say,
Harmless thy flatt'ry then had spent its breath;
Just whisper'd to the world, and died away,
Like thy own Sermons, and *dead lines* on DEATH.

MISS HANNAH'S head is now among the clouds,
Borne by the necromantic art of praise!
The NYMPH from *vulgar* eyes her glory shrouds,
To mix with *high-ton'd* quality her *rays*.

TO THEM, MISS HANNAH, strutting forth so fine,
In all thy *gaudy flow'rs* superbly drest,
Must raise a smile on graver mouths than *mine*;
Such seeming mock'ry—such a solemn jest!

An Oracle behold MISS HANNAH grown!
Each Child of *title* lisps MISS HANNAH'S name;
A *Bishop's plaudit* sanctifies a *Joan*:—
What better passport to the House of Fame?

Thus then, O MAN of GOD, thy flattery *sius*:
For thou hast conjur'd up the Woman's *vanity*—
Bestow'd false consequence on *heads* of *pins*,
And giv'n (O blush!) a substance to inanity.

Thus then thy praises of MISS HANNAH'S head
To Pride, that pitfall of old SATAN, win her?
PORTEUS there is a proverb thou shouldst read,
"When FLATT'RERS meet, the *Devil goes to dinner*."

Deem not, *good* PORTEUS, that in this my song
I mean to harrow up thy *humble* mind,
And stay that voice in London known so long;
For balm and softness an *Etesian* wind.

My love for Bishops is proverbial grown:
Sweet is the race, and so MISS HANNAH says:
Where'er I wander, lo! I make it known!
How different from the tribes of distant days!

Long

Long were a Bishop's tasks in times of yore,
His gaping gullet flank'd the track of Hell:
Loud as the Lybian Lion's was his roar,
His frowns like lightning, blasting where they fell.

Then PERSECUTION rais'd her iron crow,
And saw, with doating eye, her power display'd;
Enjoy'd the flying brains at ev'ry blow,
And bless'd the knives and hooks with which she flay'd.

Grill'd, roasted, carbonaded, fricaseed,
Men, women, children, for the slightest things;
Burnt, strangled, glorying in the horrid deed;
Nay, starv'd and flogg'd GOD's great VICEGERENTS, KINGS!

But things are chang'd—assume a different tone.
The teeth of BISHOPS are a *gentle* set;
Content, if nought is near to pick a bone;
So little pamper'd with delicious meat.

How sweet the smile, when Bishop, Bishop greets!
How flow the honey'd streams of salutation,
Ev'n in the middle of our London streets:
Rich lessons of good-will to all the Nation!

No scorn now frowneth from a Bishop's eye,
No sounds of anger from his lips escape;
Save on a Curate's importuning sigh,
Save on the penury of *ragged crape*.

Now God preserve the Bishops, every skin,
To blaze like beacons to the darken'd Nations;
To roast old SATAN, knock down Gammer SIN,
And for a pack of rascals hang the PASSIONS.

Thus ends my song, *perhaps* a child of FAME.—
And now, for Justice' sake, let me petition:
Should FORTUNE chance to give thy CHARGE a *name*,
Omit Miss HANNAH's in the next Edition.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

MISS HANNAH MORE having, with unmerited severity, nay, illiberality, attacked the poor Poets *en masse*; *alias* in a lump, in the following terms, *viz.* "The Poets again, who, to do them justice, are always ready to lend a *helping hand* when any *mischief* is to be done;" I have, unlike Miss HANNAH, preserved a Christian spirit on the occasion, a spirit which she every where so fervently recommends, and *meekly* made my complaint in poetical expostulation, hoping that she will, with the usual assistance of her good friends the CLERGY, vouchsafe me an answer, in some measure to justify the slander, or expunge it in the next Edition of what are called *her* STRICTURES on FEMALE EDUCATION.*

P. P.

* Vide Strictures on Female Education, Vol. II. page 123.

ARGUMENT.

ARGUMENT.

The Poet begs to be informed of the cause of MISS HANNAH's Wrath—he praiseth the mildness of the POETS—he putteth sly and shrewd questions to MISS HANNAH.—PETER complaineth of MISS HANNAH's general sarcasm on himself and Brother Bards.—PETER puffeth *himself*—boasteth of the ROYAL ATTENTION to his Works—also of one of the PRINCESSES, all the favourites of PETER, whom PETER admireth and laudeth—also of MISS TRYON, late Maid of Honour, and the present Maids of Honour—likewise of the immortal KOTSCIUSKO.—PETER with his accustomed liberality exhibiteth the reverse of the medal, describing the unfavourable opinion entertained of HIM by the BLUE-STOCKING CLUB—he giveth the anathema of a LITTLE old MAN in petticoats, called URGANDA, an important *Membress* of the *Society*, and much attended to in the Debates.—DAME URGANDA calleth upon MISS HANNAH to be the little DAVID of the Club, and slay GOLIAH PETER. PETER cannot account for MISS HANNAH's attack on the POETS.—He maketh MISS HANNAH a grand offer of composing a glorious panegyric on her splendid genius, the very instant MISS HANNAH informs him *where it is to be found*.

TO

MISS HANNAH MORE.

REPOSTULATION.

SAY, angry HANNAH, on a gentle THRONE,
Why boils thus o'er the cauldron of thine ire?
A dove-like offspring are the SONS of SONG,
A cherub race the CHILDREN of the LYRE.

POETS

POETS were ever deem'd a sacred Band,
Abounding with much virtue, meekness, grace;
Indeed a peaceful treasure to the Land,
The ROBIN REDBREASTS of the human Race.

Oh! has no Bard to HANNAH pour'd an air;
With HANNAH's *beauty* bid no stanza glow:
Her cheek's warm roses, and her flaxen hair,
The lip of purple, and the neck of snow.

Oh! hast thou past through life without a rhyme?
No sweet acrostic on thy liquid name?
No rebus, no conundrum's happy chime,
Proclaiming graces, and a hopeless flame?

Tell me, did no fond LOVER ever write
A decent distich on his *fav'rite* MAID?
Not to his dear LUCRETIA *once* endite?
For sonneteering is the LOVER's trade.

Somewhat has wounded thee, 'tis very plain!
REVENGE, I fear, lies rankling in thine heart;
Then say thy cause of anger and disdain—
Why on poor POETS hast thou been so tart?

Much for the *Poet's* character I feel—
And *me* a POET, MAJESTY will own;
Nay, nay, my glory why should I conceal?
My works, morocco-gilt, are near the *Throne*.

The charming PRINCESSES who court the NINE,
Whom TASTE delighted proudly leads along—
THESE, with a smile, have read my early line,
And with their names shall grace my latest song.

MISS TRYON, MAID of HONOUR to the QUEEN,
In rich Morocco bid my words be bound:
Beneath the pillows of the *rest*, I ween,
The works of PETER PINDAR may be found.

Me

Me KOTSCIUSCO deems a BARD DIVINE!
My works illum'd his dungeon* of affright:
'Twas there the HERO read my Lyric line,
Yea read my lucubrations with delight.

To ME the HERO rich FALERNIAN sent,
To soothe the horrors of our gloomy weather;
To HIM in LEICESTER-FIELDS with joy I went,
For BARDS and HEROES pair like Doves together.

Yet let me say, be done fair Justice too,
Some damn *in toto* my poor thoughts and style;
The toothless gums of half the grave BAS-BLEU,
Watering, and wondering, how the world can *smile*.

URGANDA, with more beard than female grace,
If old Urganda has not learnt to shave,
Makes, at my name, most horrible grimace,
Screaming, "I'd buy a rope to hang the knave."

"My dearest, sweetest PANEGYRIST, MORE,
"Pray, pray oblige me with your flippant pen;
"Lord; you have so much wit—yes, such a store!
"Pray, HANNAH, cut us up this worst of men.

"Oh, cut the fellow into mince meat, pray!
"Whene'er I hear his name, I'm in a *stew;*
"He's worse than JOHNSON, ten times, let me say,
"Who gave himself such airs on the BAS-BLEU.

"O Lord! O Lord! what is PARNASSUS now?
"A dismal, barren, melancholy waste;
"Brambles, and weeds, and briars on the brow;
"No fruit—no fruit, to gratify the taste.

"In short, this once great celebrated Hill
"Exhibits only children at the nipple;
"A hospital indeed that *Ideots* fill,
"And every sort of lame and hopping cripple.

* When a Prisoner in Russia.

" On YOU, our little DAVID, mind, we call,
" To knock this vile GOLIAH on the head;
" Down with him!—like a bullock let him fall;
" Down with him!—Lord! I long to see him *dead!*

" Then, *then*, the horrid monster grins no more;
" *Then* at our Club the owl no longer hoots:
" *Thus* shall our Club the glorious deed adore."—
Thus spoke the little proud old Puss in boots!

But now to thee, *fair* HANNAH, to return,
For much I long thy fury's cause to know;
Nought have *I* done to bid thine anger burn;
My ink can never blot the vest of snow.

Lo! to do justice—with a liberal spirit,
I'm now on tip-toe, to begin my lays!
Hint to the POET but thy *various merit*,
I'll make PARNASSUS *thunder* with thy praise.

HOW unlike the Bishops of *old* are our modern men of lawn! Formerly they were all pride, hypocrisy, insolence, and rapacity; but behold! the present race are mild, affable, charitable, and generous; and though so eminently exalted above their half-starved Curates, appear to have been bred (gentle Doves) in the bosom of HUMILITY.

DUPLICITY, OR THE BISHOP OF OLD.

A BISHOP, not a *British Bishop*,—no—
(Our's are a sweeter set of *Saints*, I trow)
Was by his SOVEREIGN sent to rule abroad:
Immediately upon the news
Of his arrival, came some Jews
To compliment the mitred MAN of GOD.

"Jews!" bawl'd the Bishop, in the direst passion,
"D'ye think *I'll see* that vile apostate Nation?
"Run, PIERROT—drive them off—run faster, faster;
"Tell them they crucified my HEAVENLY MASTER."

"But SIR, but SIR," quoth PIERROT, stepping back,
Devoutly whispering in the Bishop's ear—
"These *Jews* bring PRESENTS! Lord! at least a sack."
"Ah! ah!" replied the Bishop—*less austere*—
"These people could know *nothing* of the *sin*—
"Poor creatures! well, well, PIERROT, *let 'em in.*"

SIMPLICITY, OR THE CURATE.

HOW difficult, alas! to please mankind!
One or the other every moment *mutters*;
This wants an eastern, that a western wind;
A third, petition for a southern, utters.

Some pray for rain, and some for frost and snow;
How can Heav'n suit *all* palates?—I don't know.

Good LAMB, the Curate, much approv'd,
Indeed by all his flock *belov'd*,
Was one dry summer begg'd to pray for rain:
The PARSON most devoutly pray'd—
The pow'rs of pray'r were soon display'd;
Immediately a *torrent* drench'd the plain.

It chanc'd that the Churchwarden, ROBIN JAY,
Had of his meadow not yet *sav'd* the hay:
Thus was his hay to *health* quite past restoring.
It happen'd too that ROBIN was from home;
But when he heard the story, in a foam
He sought the PARSON, like a lion roaring.

"Zounds! PARSON LAMB, why, what have you been doing?
"A pretty storm indeed ye have been brewing!
"What! pray for *rain* before I *sav'd* my hay!
"Oh! you're a cruel and ungrateful man!
"*I* that for ever help you all I can;
"Ask you to dine with me and MISTRESS JAY,
"Whenever we have something on the spit,
"Or in the pot a nice and dainty bit;

"Send you a goose, a pair of chicken,
"Whose bones you are so fond of picking;

"And

" And often too a cag of brandy!
" *You* that were welcome to a treat,
" To smoke and chat, and drink and eat;
" Making my house so very handy!

" *You*, PARSON, serve one such a scurvy trick!
" Zounds! you must have the bowels of OLD NICK.
" What! bring the flood of Noah from the skies,
" With *my* fine field of hay before your eyes!
" A numscull, that I wer'n't of this aware!—
" Curse me but I had stopp'd your pretty pray'r!"

" Dear MISTER JAY! (quoth LAMB) alas! alas!
" I never thought upon your field of grass."

" LORD! PARSON, you're a fool, one might suppose—
" Was not the field just underneath your *nose?*
" This is a very pretty losing job!"—
" Sir," quoth the Curate, " know that HARRY COBB
" Your Brother Warden join'd, to have the pray'r."—
" COBB! COBB! why this for COBB was only *sport:*
" What doth COBB own that any rain can *hurt?*"
Roar'd furious JAY as broad as he could stare.

" The fellow owns, as far as I can *larn,*
" A few old houses only, and a barn,
" As that's the case, zouns; what are show'rs to *him?*"
" Not NOAH'S flood could make *his* trumpery *swim.*

" Besides—why could you not for *drizzle* pray?
" Wy force it down in *buckets* on the hay?
" Would *I* have play'd with *your* hay such a freak?
" No! I'd have stopp'd the weather for a week."

" Dear MISTER JAY, I do protest,
" I acted solely for the best;
" I do affirm it, MISTER JAY, indeed.
" Your anger for this *once* restrain,
" I'll never bring a drop again
" Till YOU and ALL THE PARISH are *agreed.*"

ODE

TO THE

BLUE-STOCKING CLUB.

ARGUMENT.

PETER addresseth the old LITERARY LADIES with much poetical solemnity—beggeth their pardon for taking liberties with MISS HANNAH MORE, one of the Columns of the BLUE-STOCKING CLUB—he hinteth to them that MISS HANNAH'S last Book is not MISS HANNAH'S.—PETER illustrateth MISS HANNAH'S manœvres by a sublime comparison of an old MOUSER and her DAUGHTER.—PETER indulgeth himself in another apt comparison of a *Fish-theft*, thinking MISS HANNAH may, in a *sly way*, have *borrowed* her *last* PUBLICATION; and adviseth the restoration to the *Proprietor*.

OLD CRITICS—GAMMER WISDOMS—*sapient* DAMES,
Who, fond of being deem'd illustrious Names,
Proudly o'er MOUNT PARNASSUS cast your shoes;
In grave Divan, who most *sublimely* sit,
Pronouncing judgment upon works of WIT,
Indeed on all the labours of the MUSE!
Accept a little Ode from PETER,
Who *charms* you *seldom* with his metre.

Wise DAMES, I know your motley CLUB
Has met with many a wanton drub

From

From that sly PROTEUS *clepped* RIDICULE;
Whose talent is to sneer and laugh,
To call important matters *raff*,
And lower WISDOM sometimes to a *fool*.

Now, Ladies, don't be in a passion,
Because I've treated in such fashion
Miss HANNAH, whom you idolize and foster:
I do assure you, SOLEMN DAMES,
Miss HANNAH with no merit *flames*,
No! she's a *little bit* of an *Impostor*.

I know you call the Nymph, the SUN so bright:
Now, she's Miss *Moon*—and *borroweth* all her *light*.

Who has not seen a kind old MOTHER CAT
Deliver a dead bird, or mouse, or rat,
To her young kitten, Miss GRIMALKIN?
Miss catches it with raptur'd claws,
Locks it at once within her jaws,
Round with *cock'd tail*, and round triumphant walking;
So carefully her treasure holding, watching,
And proudly purring, "This is all *my catching*."

Has not Miss HANNAH been the kitten here?
Too strongly she resembles it, I fear!

Believe me, your Miss HANNAH MORE,
As I have somewhere said before,
Starts like the COUNTRY LASSES for the *shift*;
And just like SYLVIA left behind
By rivals, much against her mind,
Who stole before them by a lucky lift.

Miss HANNAH, too, a LUCKY *lift* has had
On some kind *Priest's—perchance* a *Bishop's pad!*
Miss HANNAH's Work, so much beprais'd,
By flattery's puff so highly rais'd;

I say

I say Miss HANNAH's pretty EDUCATION-book,
Of fishing parties starts a story,
Where one shall steal another's trout or dory,
And slily pull it in on his own hook.

Now, LADIES, as your honours are at stake,
I beg you, for your reputation's sake,
To sift this petty larceny of the pen!
And as ye probably may find it out,
Confront Miss HANNAH—kick up some small rout—
And make her *give* the man his *fish* again.

ODE

TO

SOME ROBIN RED-BREASTS

IN A COUNTRY CATHEDRAL.

SWEET MINSTRELS of the sounding choir,
Your ditties soothe, delight, inspire;
That wake the echoes from their deep repose;
Soft echoes dying through the Dome,
(As though from SPIRITS of the tomb)
Soon as your voices sink in plaintive close!

Again, O! lull me with your lay,
And let it never die away.

How welcome rise your hymns to Heav'n,
In gratitude so simply giv'n!
CELESTIALS smile upon your songs of praise:
For to the chaste angelic ear
The grateful voice is ever near,
But loath'd the sounds that AFFECTATION brays;
And yet how many a voice, and pipe, and chord,
Brays to the *praise* and *glory* of the LORD!

Hark! hark! what rude discordant sounds!
A jail broke loose!—a pack of hounds!
No, 'tis a BISHOP, DEAN, and bawling BOYS!
What uproar wild! The wolves of Thrace
Howl'd to the moon with sweeter grace;
E'en LYBIA'S LIONS make not half the noise.

What

What human brain the thunder bears;
A *kingdom* for a pair of *patent ears*!

Yet while they deal these direful sounds;
Din that disturbs, affrights, astounds;
How merciful is HEAV'N, to bear the *bother*,
And not knock one thick scull against the other!

Yet to the *praise* and *glory* of the Lord,
As oft they ope the volume of their throat,
Their gullets gape not of their *own accord*:—
'Tis money, money only, prompts the note.
Heav'n's Cherubs blush, and burning Seraphs stare,
To think that *bribes* must purchase praise and pray'r.

Sweet RACE, to you I turn again!
Now all the ear-distracting TRAIN
Has left the dome, the cherub PEACE restor'd.—
How different *your* delighting throats!
How different all *your* liquid notes!
How different too *your* merits with the LORD!
For how can Heav'n with *venal sounds* be taken,
Tainted with ale and gin, and eggs and bacon?

Yes; all is hush'd the vault along;
Resume, resume the choral song,
And make atonement for the horrid cry.
Lo! in her shroud, near yonder tomb,
A gentle SPECTRE breaks the gloom!
She listens!—lo! she listens with a sigh!
Ah! bid your airs divinely flow,
And, soothing, steal a tear from woe.

The deep'ning shades of NIGHT prevail,
They wrap the hollow-sounding aisle,
And steal each column from the eye:
What solemn solitude around!
Here NATURE's true Sublime is found,
Hence THOUGHT should travel to the sky!

Mild

Mild tenants of the FANE, farewell!
At early dawn I quit my cell,
And haste a PILGRIM, to these shrines again:
SIMPLICITY will join my way,
And listen to your mingled lay,
And, list'ning, learn a lesson from *your strain*.

POSTSCRIPT.

POSTSCRIPT.

AS I am destitute of friends among the periodical REVIEWERS of LITERATURE, I confess my fears of foul treatment, and tremble for this my *youngest* offspring; which, in a moment of spleen or ignorance, may be put to death by the tomahawk of CRITICISM. Now, as charity begins at home, and as every man is entitled to as much justice from *himself* as from his *neighbour*, I have, *sans cérémonie*, given a free and impartial account of my own Pamphlet; thus anticipating the REVIEWERS, and at the same time hanging out a sort of beacon to *guide* them, when it shall become the subject of their sage animadversion. In my discussion I have adopted the aristarchal style of the day, and personated a REVIEWER totally unconnected with the Author; by which means I have avoided an *egotism*, so apt to gall the withers, or to use a more fashionable phrase, to wound the *amour-propre* of every candidate for a niche in the TEMPLE of FAME.

NIL ADMIRARI, &c.

Works of real genius are such *rare aves*, such literary phenomena, that it is with the utmost pleasure we embrace every opportunity of relaxing from the severity of criticism, to offer the meed of honest praise.

The present subject of our critical animadversion is founded on that part of the BISHOP of LONDON's Charge to the Clergy which celebrates MISS HANNAH MORE in the highest strain of panegyric for her literary achievements. The BISHOP's encomium created a risible effect on his AUDIENCE. The POET, among the rest, surveying it in a ridiculous point of view, thought it a fair object of attack; in consequence, he has produced a SMILE at the expence of the BISHOP and his fair *Protégée*. It is with the most sincere satisfaction that we can pronounce, that PETER's Pegasus has rather *improved* than *lost* its speed, nothing yet appearing of the *peccet ad extremum ridendus*—PETER is still HIMSELF.—The same fire, the same originality, the same poignant irony, the same *vivida vis animi*, the same luxuriancy of imagination, the same powers

powers of pathos and sublimity which so eminently distinguish him from contemporary authors, characterise the present performance.—Such a combination of various and opposite talents we never witnessed in the same writer—to use an elegant and nervous expression of his own, "he can be one minute an eagle sublimely sweeping the Heavens with his pinions, and the next a little elegant wren twittering on the humble myrtles." Indeed, we may say of his works what the brave MARSHAL SAXE asserted of the behaviour of the British troops at Fontenoy, "It is an action we all must *admire*, but dare not *imitate*."

The number of literary abuses that are continually taking place most certainly demands a reform. To beg a friend to correct the errors of *inadvertence*, or even now and then suggest an *idea*, is certainly not illaudible; but for an Author to send his bantling to people, to add and alter in such a manner as that scarcely a single lineament of the original features shall appear, certainly requires all the severity of reprehension. PETER seems more than to suspect that MISS MORE has been too much obliged to *somebody*: and really there is such a wonderful difference between this *last* Performance and several other pieces of this Lady's pen, that we must confess our astonishment at seeing her name prefixed to a work seemingly so *much* beyond *her* powers of accomplishment, though not entitled to that *torrent* of applause poured on it by the BISHOP of LONDON in his Charge to the Clergy. Indeed his Lordship's praise is of the most fulsome nature; and did we not *know* his Lordship's *most ingenuous* and *disinterested disposition*, we should have been tempted to suspect an *interested alliance* between BISHOP and BOOKSELLER.

The EXPOSTULATION is a fair Piece of Satire, and executed in the Poet's happiest manner; *pleine de bonnes plaisanteries de tours heureux, d'esprit, de bon goût, ensin de toutes les graces de la* POESIE, as a French critic would have expressed himself on the occasion.

The Tales of the BISHOP and CURATE are told with neatness, precision, and humour.—The author seems to have combined the closeness of ÆSOP with the elegance of PHÆDRUS and *naïveté* of FONTAINE.

The ODE to the BLUE-STOCKING CLUB is rather severe in some parts, but tempered with a pleasantry that tickles even while it seems to wound.

The ODE to some ROBIN REDBREASTS in a Country Cathedral possesses an uncommon portion of poetical merit; displaying,

playing, at the same time, such a benevolence and sweetness of disposition (truly characteristic of the Auther) as must make ample atonement for all the sins of his SATIRES.

It is with reluctance that we are obliged to censure our BROTHER-LABOURERS in the field of CRITICISM, for endeavouring by the most illiberal methods to obscure this POETICAL STAR of the *first magnitude*. Think, indignant READERS, of their either loading him with rancorous abuse, or hiding his classic name among Bug Doctors, Quacks, and Rat-catchers; bringing at the same time forwards mounted on the highest pedestal of their Reviews, miserable ABORTIONS clothed in all the gold-laced frippery of adulation, from which the PUBLIC must turn with contempt, disgust, and disappointment. Instead of coming forwards, as the fair and candid INTERPRETERS of the MUSES, they are too many of them the partial TRUMPETERS of their own pigmy pretensions; or despicable PIMPS, hired to debauch the PUBLIC TASTE, and mislead the judgment; to displace the statues of GENIUS, to make room for those of ARROGANCE and FOLLY.

TALES

TALES OF THE HOY.

INTERSPERSED WITH

SONG, ODE, AND DIALOGUE.

Φιλέουσι μεν σε Μοῦσαι,
Φιλεῖ δὲ Φοῖβος, αὐτὸς
Λύρην δ' ἔδωκεν ὅμην.

ANACREON.

The MUSES love thee dearly, PETER,
And eke the merry GOD of Metre,
Who gracious gave thee such a charming tongue:
We thought that AGE had quench'd thy fire,
Or LAW's rude hammer crush'd thy Lyre,
Or ROYAL WHISPER sooth'd the rage of SONG;
Or PENSION chang'd thy Harp's *uncourtly* strings,
And with her *golden scissars* clipp'd thy wings.

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE.

IT were needless, O ILLUMINATED READER, to inform thee, that the hint of the TALES of the HOY is borrowed from CHAUCER, who borrowed *his* hint from the DECAMERON of BOCCACE, who borrowed *his* hint from the CENTO NOVELLE ANTICHE. Thou wilt perceive that I have deviated from my merry PREDECESSOR, by omitting a PRIZE-SUPPER for the best STORY-TELLER. I have also deviated, by introducing Ballad, Dialogue, &c. by way of taking off a fatiguing monotony; thus enlivening the scene by *diversity*, which possesses a charm for the world in general.

Mine HOST of the HOY also differs from the HOST of the TABARD, by delivering his opinions in *prose*, a more *natural mode* of communication, though not so difficult, and consequently not so ingenious; difficulty and ingenuity being, in the present age, considered as *synonymous* by a number of *profound Thinkers!* It would be thought presumptuous, perhaps, to draw a parallel between HARRY BAILY, the HOST of the TABARD, and CAPTAIN NOAH, our Host of the Hoy; but I must confess that I would rather be CAPTAIN NOAH than HARRY BAILY; not that HARRY BAILY was not a *clever fellow*—indeed he had humour, added to a shrewdness of observation; but HARRY BAILY had scarcely ever been out of the smoke of his own chimney; whereas CAPTAIN NOAH has been, like ULYSSES, a *great Traveller*; has sailed to various parts of the Globe; was on board the very Ship of War with Mr. GEORGE ROSE, our present great and *excellent* SECRETARY of the TREASURY, when he was only a poor Purser's Mate, and was with him too when he was elevated, by Parliamentary Interest, to the rank of PURSER; and well remembers that he has often d-mned Mr. ROSE's rotten pease, ropy small beer, hopping biscuit, and horse-beef. CAPTAIN NOAH was likewise with SIR JOSEPH BANKS at Otaheite, when that great man, for the *honour* of his *country*, was tattoo'd and lost his breeches in the boat with QUEEN OBEREAH. CAPTAIN NOAH also can play a country dance on the fiddle, and dance the hays at the same time—nay, so far from being *illiterate*, he has published an *Acrostic* in Mr. JOHN NICHOLS's Magazine; nay, CAPTAIN NOAH has actually

given *literary hints* to MESSIEURS RIVINGTONS and their WIVES, of St. Paul's Church-yard, who preside over the poetical part of a REVIEW called the BRITISH CRITIC, and before whose AWFUL TRIBUNAL this very work of mine, The TALES of the HOY, must one day *appear*, and, like themselves, at the day of judgment, be *saved* or *damned!*

CAPTAIN NOAH possesses a more original cast of character, a richer vein of humour, and a more universal knowledge; resembling too very strongly my late ingenious Friend GAINSBOROUGH, of painting excellence; that is to say, is *desultory* in his conversation, despising the cold phlegmatic form of *connexion*, and taking a *hop*, *step*, and *jump* over things—to borrow an image from the CAPTAIN's favourite and congenial element, making *ducks-and drakes* with *discourse*. By the introduction of Dialogue, my WORK assumes a pretty dramatic form; and which, with the leave of our present PETRONIUS ARBITER of PLAYS, the *accomplished* LORD SALISBURY, may one day make its appearance on our Theatres; be honoured with the ROYAL PRESENCE and *smile*, *perhaps*; and prove that a PIECE may obtain success without the most distant obligations to FLAMES and SPECTRES.

TALES

TALES OF THE HOY.

'TWAS in that month when NATURE drear,
With sorrow whimpering, drops a tear,
To find that WINTER, with a savage sway,
Prepares to leave his HALL of STORMS,
And crush her flow'rs delightful forms,
And banish SUMMER's poor last lingering ray;

'Twas in that season when the men of slop,
The JEW and GENTILE turn towards their shop,
In alleys dark of LONDON's ample round;
From MARGATE's handsome spot, and HOOPER's HILL,
And DANDELION, where, with much good will,
Of butter'd rolls they swallow'd many a pound;

I too, the BARD, from THANET's pleasant isle,
Where at a Lodging-house I liv'd in *stile*,
Prepar'd with GENTILE and with JEW to wander;
So pack'd up all my little *odds* and *ends!*
Took silent leave of all my MARGATE Friends,
And sought a gallant Vessel's GREAT COMMANDER;
Who, proud of empire, rul'd with conscious joy
His wooden Kingdom, call'd a MARGATE HOY!

Lord! how my gaping READERS long to know,
Which gallant Vessel's valiant LORD
(A natural curiosity I trow!)
Hail'd the GREAT POET and his TRUNK on board,
If KYDD, who nicks the passage to an inch,
Or HE, his high and mighty rival, FINCH.

No matter: Be it known to my Readers, that, on the day of my departure, on the green lap of MOTHER EARTH, on HOOPER's-HILL, looking towards dear DANDELION, of dancing memory, I thus broke forth into the praise of MARGATE.

THE

THE PRAISE OF MARGATE.

DEAR MARGATE, with a tear I quit this isle,
Where all seem happy—sweethearts, husbands, spouses:
On ev'ry cheek where PLEASURE plants a smile,
And PLENTY furnishes the People's houses.

What's BRIGHTON, when to thee compar'd!—poor thing;
Whose barren hills in mist for ever weep;
Or what is WEYMOUTH, tho' a QUEEN and KING
Wash, walk, and prattle there, and wake and sleep?

Go bid the WHITING's, the boil'd WHITING's eye,
In brightness with the Gem of IND compare;
Or bid the skipping JACK-O'-LANTERN vie
With heav'n's keen flash that lights the realms of air:

Go bid the humble THORN the CEDARS ape,
That to the stars their tops sublimely spread!
Go bid a CURATE in his tatter'd crape,
Like DOCTOR PORTEUS lift the lofty head.

Bid *ROSE's *Sun* like SOL with lustre shine;
Or bid *that thing* misnomer'd the TRUE BRITON,
Like brother Papers yield a decent line—
Poor dying IMPS, whom TRUTH and GENIUS spit on.

* A GREAT MAN, who deemed it politically necessary to create a couple of NEWSPAPERS to vouch for his *good* deeds, and varnish *others*. The consumptive state of his two miserable Bantlings, which GEORGE weakly imagined would prove to be a pair of ATLASSES

What too thy reputation's wing will raise,
And with a bush of laurel deck thy name;
Lo! I, the sweetest BARD of modern days,
Admiring turn the STENTOR of thy fame.

No sooner had I finished this pretty, plaintive, poetical encomium, but, in a tender dove-like strain of delicate sensibility, very much like the HEBREW BARD weeping over his favourite JERUSALEM, I thus again broke out:

Whate'er from dirty THAMES to MARGATE goes;
However *foul*, immediately turns *fair*!
Whatever *filth* offends the LONDON nose,
Acquires a fragrance soon from *Margate Air*.

LASSES to support his *World of* Character, gave birth to the following ODE of CONDOLENCE.

AN ODE OF CONDOLENCE TO GEO. ROSE, ESQ.

On his two NEWSPAPERS, *most unfortunately baptized "The* SUN," *and "The* TRUE BRITON."

FORBEAR thee, GEORGE, such whining, puling, sighing,
Because thy poor consumptive BRATS are dying,
By *thee* begotten—how could they be strong?
So very like *thyself* in all their features!
Unhappy, miserable, dismal, creatures,
The world now wonders they have liv'd so long.

What but insanity could well expect
Perfection from such radical defect?
A *sow*'s ear cannot make a purse of *silk*;
We cannot to a *whale* convert the *shrimp*.
What folly too to put out each poor IMP
To NURSES yielding *not one drop of milk*.

Then prithee for thy Papers sigh no more—
So worthless, for OBLIVION they are ripe;
Peace to their slumber, as their date is o'er—
Peace to their *ashes*, as they light my Pipe.

Ev'n

Ev'n ROSE's NEWS-HUNTERS, his *scandal*-CRIMPS,
Are chang'd to *Wits*, so great are *Margate-Pow'rs*;
Yes! his poor *Trumpeters*, the noisy IMPS,
Become sweet *Philomels* in *Margate Bow'rs!*

The TAYLOR here, the port of MARS assumes;
Who cross-legg'd sat in silence on his board—
Forgets his goose and rag-besprinkled rooms,
And thread and thimble, and now struts a LORD!

Here CRISPIN too forgets his end and awl—
Here MISTRESS CLEAVER with importance looks!
Forgets the beef and mutton on her stall,
And lights and livers dangling from the hooks.

Here MISTRESS TAP, from pewter pots withdrawn,
Walks forth in all the pride and paunch and geer;
Mounts her swoln heels on DANDELION's lawn,
And at the ball-room heaves her heavy rear.

Chang'd by their travels—mounted high in soul,
Here SUDS forgets whate'er reason branoe shocks;
And MISTRESS SUDS forgetteth too the Pole,
Wigs, bob and pig-tail, basons, razors, blocks!

Here too the most important DICKY DAB
With puppy-pertness, pretty, pleasant PRIG,
Forgets the narrow, fishy house of CRAB,
And drives in Jehu-stile his whirling Gig!

And here 'midst all such consequence 'tis I,
THE POET! *semper idem—just the same*—
Bidding old SATIRE's hawk at follies fly,
To fill the shops of BOOKSELLERS with *game*.

Now in sorrow did I descend to the Pier, alongside of which Pier was the Vessel ordained to *transport* me from MARGATE.

In

In sorrow let me say, I descended, to go on board the VESSEL,

Which like gilt gingerbread did ride,
(How garish on the silver tide!)
To whose smart ribs was golden varnish giv'n!
Her blushing ensign proudly waving
Her pendant now in Ocean laving,
Now sportive floating on the breeze to heav'n;
Like GAUDY MORTALS, steady now, now tripping,
Now in the *Zenith*, now to *Nadir* dipping:

At length I got me on board the Ark, where Master NOAH, *alias* the CAPTAIN, was busy, amidst scores of Passengers, of different faces, quality, and dispositions, in getting ready for the Voyage.—The anchor was soon apeak, the sails filled, and we were under way.

Now, as our immortal MILTON sublimely would have sung:

"With dewy gems adorning herb and flow'r,
"Mov'd meek-ey'd EVENING on the western hills
"With modest mien, and on the calm expanse
"Of OCEAN'S mirror look'd, and looking ting'd
"Its heaving bosom with a roseate blush!
"A blush empyreal!—

Or, as the no less immortal Author of HUDIBRAS would have quaintly said:

"Now MADAM EVE, with gown of pink,
"Steppd down to NEPTUNE'S tap to drink,
"Where PHŒBUS just before had been
"At his old fam'd Salt-water INN,
"To end the labours of the day)
"And give his horses oats and hay,
"And bed, and clear their hoofs from gravel,
"To fit them for next morning's travel."

Again,

Again, as the illustrious BUTLER would have said, or sung:

Night in her weeds, with bats and owls
(Her usual equipage of fowls)
Came forth; and changing colour, DAY,
(According to her vulgar way)
Like healthy FELONS hang'd, alack!
Turn'd from deep red to dismal black.

And now CAPTAIN NOAH, with a voice more like that of the RAVEN than the NIGHTINGALE, most audibly yet civilly vociferated, "LADIES and GEMMEN of the *best* CABIN! please to walk below!" At such summons we descended, where our PALINURUS thus began:

"LADIES and GEMMEN, you are all welcome on board; and as we shall not reach LONDON till to-morrow, in GOD's name let us drown old CARE in the BOWL.—Here's a pretty little Pond of punch; and when we suck that dry, we'll fill another and another; so GOD prosper the Vessel, and send us a pleasant passage! Long may we live, and merry be our hearts! Down with the French! and damn BUONAPARTE! Cheer up, lads and lasses! While we live, let us *live!* We must all go at last to DAVY JONES's Locker—no help for it, all must go down—*fortune de la guerre!* We shall never be a day younger! May we kiss whom we please, and please whom we kiss! Love and opportunity! Liberty and property! Come, LADIES and GEMMEN, take your places around the old table—dip your whiskers in the nectar! Drown old CARE, as I said before! A light heart and a thin pair of breeches! There's a good GOD over our head! OLD ENGLAND for ever! Come, LADIES and GEMMEN, I'll be TOAST-MASTER. Here's my CHAIR of state, and here's my HAMMER. I'll be the MISTER JUPITER TONANS of the night, as some Latin men have christened me, with your leave—so, LADIES and GEMMEN, please to obey my orders. A TOAST-MASTER, LADIES and GEMMEN, is the greatest man in the

the world—no appeal from a TOAST-MASTER. He is despotic—like our PRIME MINISTER, scorns to give a *reason* for what he does. LADIES and GEMMEN, a TOAST-MASTER is *all-wise;* let me *wickedly* say, *omnipotent,* for the CHAIR *must be supported;* and therefore he can command *every thing.* A TOAST-MASTER may say, 'MOAB shall be my washpot, and over EDOM will I cast out my old shoe.' A TOAST-MASTER is the first man in the world—Were his MAJESTY OF ENGLAND here *now,* in this very Cabin *here* (GOD bless him,) and refused his glass, or contradicted me, or asked a *reason,* I would order him a half dozen bumpers; if not contented with *that,* a pint of salt water; and were *his* MAJESTY to demand of *my* MAJESTY a *reason* for such proceedings, then should *my* MAJESTY order *his* MAJESTY a *pottle;* which if he refused, he should be sent to *Coventry* before he could say *'Peas.'"* The Captain ended; when the dark SOLEMNITY which saddens the faces of Englishmen who happen to be strangers to one another, was converted into a smile that instantaneously ran over every countenance, by a sort of happy contagion.

Thus oft it happens that the sky
Throws horrid glooms upon the eye;
Breeds clouds like malkins—old, black rags indeed!
The lands below look dismal drear!
When suddenly, see SOL. appear!
He pushes boldly through the DARK, his head!
At once the shadows to his glories yield,
And cheerful radiance flies from field to field.

CAPTAIN NOAH now mounted his large ELBOW-CHAIR, assumed his SCEPTRE, *alias* HAMMER, and commanding silence, entered upon his song.

SONG.

AGAIN we begin to be BRITONS, my boys:
While united, success we command:
Lo! each Tar on the OCEAN a triumph enjoys,
And Laurels shall cover the LAND.

Though surrounded by foes that in legions arise,
And cry for our ruin aloud,
The GENIUS of ENGLAND their fury defies,
And bursts like the SUN from a Cloud!

May the KING live for ever, the friend of our ISLE,
That revolts at the name of a SLAVE;
Whose eye for fair MERIT possesses a smile,
And a tear for the tomb of the BRAVE!

No Man to his Mistress or Wife will return,
And say:—"I have fled from the FOE;
"My honour is gone, in the grave let me mourn
"A disgrace that no BRITON should know."

FRANCE, the beggar shall be of the year fifty-eight,
When for mercy she put up her pray'r:
With nought but her perfidy left, and her spite,
And her pride, to console her despair.

The SPANIARD too late shall his folly confess,
When his Indies no longer remain;
And the DUTCHMAN, a Frog in the Days of QUEEN BESS,
Shall croak in his ditches again.

But how needless to talk of our prowess in WAR,
And proclaim what a universe knows!
Let LANGARA, DE GRASSE, and DE WINTER, declare
What it is to have BRITONS for FOES?

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Mrs. BLISS, my good old acquaintance, here's success to *you* and your pretty little white-legged chicken: A Song, if you please! LOVE, almighty LOVE, I suppose, will be the subject. All alive! nymphs and shepherds—GOD's Lambs *will play!*

MISTRESS BLISS.

Indeed, CAPTAIN, my song will be a *serious* one—nothing more nor less than an Epitaph on my poor dear Girl, CORINNA;

CORINNA; the best creature in the world, as well as the most beautiful—she was cruelly used! she died a martyr to the TENDER PASSION.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

O! I recollect her. Poor CORINNA!—I could *cry* for her, MISTRESS BLISS—a sweet creature: so kind! so lovely! and so good natured!—she would not hurt a fly! LORD, LORD! tried to make every body happy. Gone! ah! MISTRESS BLISS? Gone!—poor soul! Oh! she is in heaven, depend upon it—nothing can hinder it—O LORD, no!—nothing—An ANGEL, an ANGEL, by this time—for it must give GOD very little trouble to make *her* an Angel, even if it were a *First-rate*—she was so charming. Such terrible figures as my LORD C—D—N, or my LADY MARY, to be sure, it would take at least a *month* to make *such ones* any thing *like* Angels—but poor little CORINNA wanted very few repairs—Perhaps the sweet little soul is now seeing what is going on in our Cabin—who knows? Charming little CORINNA! Lord, how funny it was! for all the world like a rabbit, or a squirrel, or a kitten playing with its tale! Gone! as you say, *gone!* Well, now for her Epitaph.

CORINNA's EPITAPH.

HERE sleeps what was *innocence* once, but its snows
Were sullied and trod with disdain;
Here lies what was *beauty,* but pluck'd was its rose,
And flung like a weed to the plain.

O PILGRIM, look down on her grave with a sigh,
Who fell the sad victim of *art;*
E'en CRUELTY's self must bid her hard eye
A pearl of compassion impart.

Ah: think not, ye PRUDES, that a sigh, or a tear,
Can offend of all Nature the GOD:
Lo! VIRTUE already has mourn'd at her bier,
And the LILY will bloom on her sod.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Very pretty! very clever! thank ye, MISTRESS BLISS, rather doleful—very pretty though—touching and tender—it would do for my wife Mrs. NOAH, very well. I wish Mrs. NOAH could have it. Have you nothing a little more lively, Mrs. BLISS? Come, come, something giggish—something merry—Poor sweet COBINNA! Yes, something alive. Have you not a *what d'ye-call-it* about ye, a bit of gaiety or so? We must not be always at a *funeral*—must have a *courtship* and a *wedding* sometimes—it would be a dismal world else. Come, Mrs. BLISS, let us have something in the *tol-de-rol-lol way*—funny—hang dismality—leave that to Parsons. I don't admire Parsons—a Parson in quest of preferment too is one of the saddest dogs in the world—you never have his opinion! so sanctified too! demure as an *old Bawd* at a Christ'ning! O, d—mn it! and then a Parson on board ship is the Devil!—I never sailed with one but we had a *storm*. Well, Mrs. BLISS! one more, and then I shall call on my little Sprig of Parnassus, MASTER TAGG.—Silence, Ladies and Gemmen!

SONG.

WHEN WILLIAM first woo'd I said *yes* to the swain,
And made him as blest as a LORD—
For ye VIRGINS around, in my speech to be plain,
That NO is a dangerous word!
The girl that will always say *no*, I'm afraid,
Is doom'd by her planet to die an Old Maid.

The Gentlemen seem one and all to agree,
That we're made of materials for kissing—
And if so, for I really believe it, good me!
What joys through one *no* might be missing!

Since

Since the Girl that will always say *no*, I'm afraid,
Is doom'd by her Planet to die an Old Maid.

Say *yes*, and of courtship ye finish the toil—
Whole mountains at once ye remove—
You brighten the eyes of the Swain by a *smile*,
For smiles are the sunshine of Love!
Say *yes*, and the world will acquit you of *art*,
Since the *Tongue* will not *then* give the lie to the *Heart*.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Very true Mrs. BLISS—very true Song—very good—*no* is a dangerous word—and yet a *Bishop* always says *no*, and is never *disappointed*—Mr. BUCK, you are called on — Silence!

BUCK.

Mine is "The Widow of Ephesus," Captain—an *old* Tale.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

A good subject to work on—a WIDOW—a nice bit of stuff—"WIDOW OF EPHESUS," ha? Aye, aye,—a Greek Gentlewoman!—I have been in her country when we sailed up the *Arches*—pretty Girls—Greek Girls! I used to get their sweet little velvet skins *cheap*. Whip up their veils! Board their juicy lips! and give them a good British *smack*, that you might hear a mile! Oh, the Arches beat the LONDON MARKET all to pieces! Ladies and Gemmen, "The WIDOW of EPHESUS"—Silence!

THE WIDOW OF EPHESUS.

A TALE.

BALM are the sighs for breathless Husbands shed!
And *Pearl* the eye-drops that adorn the DEAD!
At EPHESUS (a handsome town of Greece)
There liv'd a LADY,—a most lovely PIECE!

In short, the charming *toast* of all the town:
In Wedlock's *velvet* bonds had liv'd the Dame—
Yes! brightly did the torch of HYMEN flame,
When DEATH, too cruel, knock'd her husband down.

This was indeed a lamentable stroke!
PRUDENTIA's gentle heart was nearly broke!
Tears pea-like trickle, shrieks her face deform—
Sighs, sighs succeeding, leave her snowy breast—
Winds, call'd hysterical, expand her chest,
As tho' she really had devour'd a *storm*.

Now, fainting, calls she on her poor dead LOVE,
How like the wailings of the widow'd Dove!

All Ephesus upon the wonder gaz'd!
Men, women, children, really were amaz'd.
'Tis true, a few OLD *Maids* abus'd the pother—
"Heav'ns! if one husband dies, why take another!"
Said they—contemptuous cocking up the nose:
"Ridiculous enough! and what about?
"To make for a *dead husband* such a rout!
"There are as fine as *he*, one might suppose.

"A body would presume, by grief so mad,
"Another husband was not to be *had*;
"But men are not so very scarce indeed—
"More than are *good*, there are, God mend the breed!"

Such was the conversation of old Maids,
Upon this husband's visit to the shades.
At length her SPOUSE was carried to the *tomb*,
And poor PRUDENTIA mop'd amid the gloom.

One little lamp, with solitary beam,
Shew'd the dark coffin that contain'd her DEAR,
And gave a beauteous sparkle to each tear,
That rill-like dropp'd—or rather like a *stream*.

Resolv'd

Resolv'd was SHE amid this tomb to sigh;
To weep, and wail, and groan, and starve, and die—
No comfort! no! no comfort would she take:
Her Friends beheld her anguish with great pain,
Begg'd her to try amusement, but in vain—
"No! she would perish, perish for his sake!"

Her flaxen tresses all dishevell'd flow'd—
Her vestments loose—her tucker all abroad,
Revealing *such* fair swelling orbs of woe!
Her lids in swimming grief, now look'd on high,
Now downward droop'd, and now she pour'd a sigh
How *tuneful*, on her dear pale Spouse below.

Who would not covet death for such sweet sighs,
And be bewail'd by *such* a pair of eyes?

It happen'd that a Rogue, condemn'd to death,
Resign'd (to please the Law) his roguish breath;
And near the vault did this same felon swing:
For fear the ROGUE'S relation, or a friend,
Might steal him from the rope's disgraceful end,
A smart young SOLDIER watch'd the Thief and string.

This SON of MARS, upon his silent station,
Hearing, at night, a dismal lamentation,
Stole to the place of woe—that is, the tomb—
And, peeping in, beheld a beauteous face
That look'd with such a charming tragic grace,
Displaying sorrow for a husband's doom.

The YOUTH most nat'rally express'd surprise,
And scarcely could he credit his two eyes:
"Good God, MA'AM!—pray, MA'AM, what's the
"matter here?
"Sweet MA'AM be comforted—you *must*, you *shall!*
"At times misfortunes, ev'n the *best*, befall—
"Pray stop your grief, MA'AM, *save* that precious tear."
"Go,

"Go, soldier, leave me!" sigh'd the FAIR again,
In *such* a melting melancholy strain,
Casting her eyes of woe upon the YOUTH—
"I *cannot, will* not live without my love!"
And then she threw her glist'ning eyes above,
That swam in tears of constancy and truth.

"Madam!" rejoin'd the YOUTH, and press'd her hand,
"Indeed you shall not my advice withstand;
"For heav'n's sake don't stay here to weep and howl!
"Pray take refreshment!" Off at once he set,
And quickly brought the MOURNER drink and meat;
A bottle of Madeira, and a fowl;
And bread and beer,
Her heart to cheer.

"Ah! gentle YOUTH, you bid me eat in vain!
"Leave me! oh, leave me. SOLDIER, to complain!
"Yes, sympathising Youth, withdraw your wine!
"My *sighs* and *tears* shall be *my* only food—
"Thou knowest not my Husband kind and good,
"For whom this heart shall ever, ever pine!"

And then she cast upon the YOUTH an eye
All tender! saying, "SOLDIER, let me *die!*"
And then she press'd his hand with friendship warm.
"You shall not die, by heav'n!" the Soldier swore:
"No! to the world such beauty I'll restore,
"And give it back again its only charm!"

Such was th' effect of her delicious hand
That *charm'd* his senses like a wizard's wand!

"What! howl for ever for a breathless *clod!*
"Ma'am, you *shall* eat a leg of fowl, by G—!"
With that he clapp'd wine, fowl, bread, beer and all,
Without more ceremony, on the pall.

"Well,

"Well, SOLDIER, if you *do insist,*" quoth she,
All in a saint-like, sweet, complying tone,
"I'll *try* if GRIEF will let me pick a *bone!*
"Your health, SIR,"—"Thank you kindly, Ma'am,"
quoth he.

As grief absorbs the senses, the fair Dame
Scarce knew that she was eating, or yet drinking!
So hard it is a roaring grief to tame,
And keep the sighing, pensive soul from thinking;

So that the fowl and wine *soon pass'd* indeed—
Quickly away too stole the beer and bread
All down her pretty little swelling throat:
And now, whate'er philosophers may think,
SORROW is much oblig'd to *meat* and *drink,*
Whose soothing virtues stop the plaintive *note;*

And, says the anatomic ART,
"The stomach's *very near* the heart."

PRUDENTIA found it so: a *gentler* sigh
Stole from her lovely breast—a *smaller* tear,
Containing *less* of anguish, did appear
Within the pretty corner of her eye;
Her eye's dark cloud dispersing too apace,
(Just like a cloud that oft conceals the Moon,)
Let out a brighter lustre o'er her face,
Seeming to indicate *dry weather* soon.

Her tongue too somewhat lost its mournful style;
Her rose-bud lips expanded with a *smile;*
Which pleas'd the gallant Soldier, to be sure—
Happy to think he sav'd the DAME from death—
Yes, from his hug *preserv'd* the sweetest *breath,*
And to a wounded heart prescribed a cure.

Now MARS's Son a minute left the Dame,
To see if all went well with Rogue and rope;
But ere he to the fatal gibbet came,
The Knave had deem'd it proper to *elope.*

In

In short, attendance on the LADY's grief
Had lost him his companion, the hang'd Thief,
Whose Friends had kindly filch'd him from the string,
Quick to the LADY did the Soldier run:
" Madam, I shall be hang'd as sure's a gun!
" O Lord! the thief's gone off, and *I* shall swing!

" Madam, it was the royal declaration,
" That if the ROGUE was carried off,
" Whether by *soft* means or by *rough*—
" *No matter,*—*I* should take his situation.

" O Lord, O Lord! my fate's decreed!
" O MA'AM, I shall be hang'd indeed!

" O Lord; O Lord! this comes of *creeping*
" To graves and tombs—this comes of *peeping*—

" This is th'effect of running from my duty!
" O curse my folly! What an ape
" Was I to let the Thief escape;
" This comes of fowl, and wine, and beer, and beauty.

" Yet MA'AM, I beg your pardon, too,
" Since, *if* I'm hang'd, twill be for *you!*"

" Cheer up my gallant Friend," reply'd the Dame,
" Squeezing his hand and smoothing down his face—
" No, no, you shant be hang'd, nor come to shame,
" My husband here shall take the Fellow's place—

" Nought but a lump of clay can he be counted;
" Then let *him* mount"—and lo! the Corpse was mounted;
Made a good thief—nay, so complete,
The people never smelt the cheat.

Now from the Gibbet to the Tomb again.
Haste, arm-in-arm, the SOLDIER and the FAIR;
T'exchange for kisses, and the Turtle's strain,
Sad hymns of *Death*, and ditties of *Despair*.

CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN NOAH.

There was a d-mned *Jade* for ye! What a sniveling hussey! It was a *devil* of a trick, to be sure; but, "A *living Dog* is better than a *dead Lion*," as the saying is. The young SOLDIER, to be sure, was not *much* to blame! for who would not rather be pressing a little warm, beautiful flesh and blood, and ogling lilies and roses, than gaping in the cold all night at a dead Thief? LADIES and GEMMEN silence! Now, MASTER TAGG, make me an *extempore* on this little drunken dog of a FLY, that I have just helped out of the Punch—there he is, rubbing his nose with his two long arms, and rolling about like a ship in a storm! Come, fire away! and I will afterwards tip you a specimen of my LORD SALISBURY'S poetry on a FLY that pitched on the cheek of a pretty woman at Hampton-Court. My Lord's Butler, who was my passenger the last trip, shewed it to me as a great curiosity —The KING and QUEEN have seen it, and *admired* it. All the servants agree that he is a pestilent man for a rhyme—O Lord! there's a deal of genius among the Quality now--much improved of late--could not read nor write formerly, I've been told--now they write verse and prose like mad—and then there's my LORD CARLISLE can tip ye a hundred rhymes in half an hour—but my LADY does not like his verses; for he scrawls the chairs and tables over, and walls, whenever the Poetry-fit is upon him—and then he makes up *such* wry mouths, and grins when he is going to be delivered of verses, as though he was bewitched. My LADY watches his face like a cat, and stalks behind him, with a bit of wet sponge, to rub all out again, that the furniture mayn't be disfigured and spoiled. The servants are ordered too, by my LADY, to take notice of his rhyming *tantarums*, and be ready to *rub*. But MASTER TAGG, the *extempore*—the *extempore* on the FLY, or you sha'nt have your passage for *nothing!*

THE DRUNKEN FLY.

POOR little reeling, thoughtless soul,
To tumble drunk into the bowl!

DEATH

DEATH to thy thread had clapp'd his knife;
Go, wipe thy nose and wings and thighs,
And brighten up thy maudling eyes,
And thank the CAPTAIN for thy life.

In future, get not *quite* so drunk!
Thy girl perhaps a Lass of *spunk*,
May wish thy amorous pow'rs to prove;
And shouldest thou, drunk, the WANTON chase,
Ebriety may bring *disgrace*;
And *who* would look a *fool* in Love?

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Very well, very arch, MASTER TAGG,—a *sly* hint—modest hint to certain young valorous, braggadocio, and tipling Fornicators. Now for my LORD SALISBURY'S FLY!

Verses on a Fly that pitched on the cheek of a most beautiful young Lady. By LORD SALISBURY.

HAPPY, happy, happy FLY!
Where I *you*, and *you* were I!
But *you* will always be a FLY,
And *I* remain LORD SALISBURY!

Ladies and Gemmen, a very pretty thought! tender and sentimental, and touching. You see that my LORD is a dab at a distich. MASTER BARNACLE, a Tale or a Song!

MR. BARNACLE.

Both in *one*, CAPTAIN NOAH, and set to music by a charming fellow, WILL SHIELD, whom every body knows, and on whom some queer Genius wrote verses, just after poor SHIELD's brains were almost knocked out by the fall of the statue of an Apollo on his head, from the summit of the organ, as he was playing.

CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Repeat them! repeat them!

Verses on the Fall of the Statue of APOLLO *from the Summit of the Organ, on the Head of* SHIELD *as he was playing.*

ON a day, on SHIELD's crown,
APOLLO leap'd down,
And, lo! like a bullock he fell'd him!
Now was not this odd?
Not at all—for the GOD
Was mad that a *mortal* excell'd him!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Funny, funny, funny! Fine man, SHIELD! Great at the Gamut—an Angel in his Airs—deep—deep Musician! He carried me to the OPERA once, and told me all about the Singers—*Signor this*, and *Signor that*, who squalled away at a most cat-like rate! I was not much pleased with *that;* but a thought struck me that pleased me wonderfully—it was to think that the descendants of those *Rogues*, the ROMANS, who beat us poor BRITONS about like so much stockfish, a thousand or two years ago, should be forced—hæ! LADIES and GEMMEN—come, I must be decent—to lose, to lose—I mean to be made Eunuchs! and come a thousand miles to squawl to us. Great change! wonderful change in the world! What *ups* and *downs!* Poor fellows! I *pity* them too—never have any children, I'm told—all dead men— blanks! blanks! cut off from the LADIES—great misfortune that; all done when young too—infants—babies! Were I served the trick, I'd go to the world's end to cut their throats, *whoever* did it—father or mother—uncle or aunt —godfather or godmother—I'd *eunuch* them, with the Devil to 'em!—horrid, horrid, horrid! Mr. POPE, the great poet, hath wrote upon that *Lousyweesy*, or what is the young ladies name, and *Ablard*—very fine, but I don't understand the whole, it is so wrapped up; but I

guess, guess—a very peppery poem—and yet all young LADIES know it by heart—yes, yes, leave *them* alone to find out *what's what!*

JOAN OF NAPLES used to have a bath under her window for the young men, where she sat and picked out those for her pleasure that she liked best—bad, bad—she should have been put into the pillory! LADIES and GEMMEN, to order! A Song from Mr. BARNACLE!

POOR TOM.

NOW the rage of Battle ended,
And the FRENCH for mercy call;
DEATH no more in smoke and thunder
Rode upon the vengeful Ball.

Yet, what brave and loyal HEROES
Saw the Sun of morning bright—
Ah! condemn'd by cruel FORTUNE
Ne'er to see the Star of NIGHT.

From the main-deck to the quarter,
Strew'd with limbs and wet with blood,
Poor TOM HALIARD, pale and wounded,
Crawl'd where his brave Captain stood.

"O, my noble Captain! tell me,
"Ere I'm borne a corpse away,
"Have I done a Seaman's duty
"On this great and glorious day?

"Tell a dying Sailor truly,
"For my life is fleeting fast;
"Have I done a Seaman's duty?
"Can there ought my mem'ry blast?"

"Ah! brave TOM!" the Captain answer'd,
"Thou a Sailor's part hast done!
"I revere thy wounds with sorrow—
"Wounds by which our glory's won."

"Thanks,

" Thanks, my Captain! life is ebbing
" Fast from this deep-wounded heart;
" But, O grant one little favour,
" Ere I from the world depart:

" Bid some kind and trusty Sailor,
" When I'm number'd with the dead,
" For my dear and constant CATHERINE
" Cut a lock from this poor head!

" Bid him to my CATHERINE give it,
" Saying, Her's alone I die!
" KATE will keep the mournful present,
" And embalm it with a sigh.

" Bid him too this letter bear her,
" Which I've penn'd with panting breath:
" KATE may ponder on the writing,
" When the hand is cold in death."

" That I will," replied the Captain,
" And be ever CATHERINE's friend."
" Ah! my good and kind Commander,
" Now my pains and sorrows end!"

Mute towards his Captain weeping,
TOM uprais'd a thankful eye—
Grateful then, his foot embracing,
Sunk with KATE on his last sigh!

Who, that saw a scene so mournful,
Could without a tear depart?
He must own a savage nature—
PITY never warm'd his heart!

Now in his white hammock shrouded,
By the kind and pensive Crew,
As he dropp'd into the Ocean,
All burst out—" Poor TOM, adieu!"

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Charming, charming! a thousand pities such a fine fellow should be meat for the sharks! BROOKE-WATSON-legs are good enough for *them!* Pity! pity! but it ca'n't be helped—a man is no more than a sparrow with GOD! A strange world this! very bad world indeed in some parts—*hogged* the moment it was launched—a number of rotten timbers! I think it must have been built by *contract*—yes! in some private Dock or other, sure as fate! But we can't help it—if the ship be leaky, we must keep the pumps agoing! All's one a hundred years hence! What business have we to die? Fine fellow XERXES, when he cryed to think that in a few years not a man of all his armies would be alive. Fine thought—pretty thought—natural too! I should like to have shaken a paw with XERXES, poor fellow—but then I should not have been *here*, LADIES and GEMMEN, to enjoy your good company! To order! to order!—MASTER SQUIBB, tumble up! examine your wallet, and give us something good!

SQUIBB.

My dear Friend, my hearty honest host of the Hoy, principal Proprietor of the Prince of Packets, upon my soul I have nothing to offer— not a bit of a Ballad— not a slice of a Song—nor a tittle of a Tale, to enliven the evening, and conjure up conviviality.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

What! not *you*, SQUIBB? the PRINCE of PARAGRAPH-MAKERS! the NABOB of NEWS! the IMP of invention! the LION of LEARNING! and the very PAPER-KITE of POLITICS! What, *you* aground?

SQUIBB.

Let me perish, my dear Friend, if I possess a particle of power; I really, my dear Friend, am as stupid as that

that stupid stock, my hum-drum CHUM, BARNABY BUFFLEHEAD, who never so much as *blundered* on a *bon-bot*!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Come, come, no palavering *me* over, with my dear Friend, and dear Friend: I hate the word, there's so much hypocrisy in the world. Friendship is a *silent* Gentlewoman—makes no parade. The *true* heart dances no hornpipes on the tongue—a p-x on palaver, say I—so give us *something*, MISTER MODESTY, if you please.

SQUIBB.

Upon my honour, Captain Noah.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

A bumper of salt water for Master Squibb!

SQUIBB.

Captain Noah! Captain Noah!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Two bumpers of salt water to Master Squibb!

SQUIBB.

Upon my soul, Captain Noah, this is a very serious affair, d-mme!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Three bumpers of salt water to Master Squibb—and then hey for Coventry!

SQUIBB.

Well, I'll sing! I'll sing!

SONG.

DEAREST creature,
Of all nature;
Oh! I die, I faint! &c.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Stop, for God's sake, SQUIBB! I excuse the rest. No pig hung in a gate ever made a more dismal noise—no dog ever bayed the moon so frightfully! Why, zounds! my cur Dumplin should howl more musically; and then the words, they put me in mind of that most maukish of all maukish stuff, the SORROWS of the HEART, baptised a novel. O the cursed trash! POOR SQUIBB! Why, what a difference between thee and a Brother QUIDNUNC that sailed with me last trip—I mean BRASS WILDFIRE, a piece of an Editor—a fine Newshunter—would spin ten paragraphs out of one. Oh! a Dare-devil—he told me all the secrets of his pandemonium. He showed me his Pocket-book—rich lessons of Roguery!

SQUIBB.

Then he was a rascal.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

He was, he was, SQUIBB; but this must be said in his favour, he had candour enough to *confess it*. No hypocrite, no—no hypocrite. He never wanted a bit of scandal—nor a breakfast—nor a dinner—nor tea—nor supper. He was a pensioner upon almost every profession; he kept his feet dry by puffing a shoemaker; his legs warm by puffing a hosier; his rump and back by puffing a taylor and mercer; his head by puffing a hatter; and, being able to swill porter with a gullet of a whale, he had always a pot ready for his maw, by immortalizing an alehouse. Lord, Lord! he frightened all the actors and actresses out of their senses, and got half their salaries for puffs! and then for

for the singers, he made their notes tremble again, poor little nightingales.

SQUIBB.

A scoundrel!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, SQUIBB—He used to get away all their trinkets from them—watch-seals, rings, etwees, and sometimes a whole watch—orders for the Play and Opera, which he either made presents of for future dinners, or sold for ready-money.

SQUIBB.

A villain!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, SQUIBB—He never wanted news at a pinch; would spring from Dan to Bersheba in a twink. To enliven the paper he would fly to Constantinople, rouse the Janissaries, hang up a Bashaw of three tails, poison the Grand Mufti, set fire to the Seraglio, make the Ladies scamper forth in their smocks, and the Grand Signor run like a lamplighter in his shirt.

SQUIBB.

Fie! Captain Noah.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True as the gospel, SQUIBB—At another time he would jump to Algiers, put out the eyes of a young Dey, step a hundred miles into the country that refused tribute, and bring home a hundred hogsheads of ears—step away into Egypt and overturn a pyramid with an earthquake —then hey for Smyrna, and kill a million or two with a plague.

SQUIBB.

Captain Noah! Captain Noah!

CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, SQUIBB—If we wanted a piece of Indian news —presto, be gone! He murdered a whole ship's crew in the Straits of Malacca—put a ship for a fortnight on her beam ends in the Straits of Sundy—then faced about to Bengal and Madras, hopped to Seringapatam, shook down the palace about Tippoo's ears, tumbled Tippoo over the Gauts, and put out his eyes amongst the Marattas.

SQUIBB.

Shameful, Captain!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

All his own confessions, SQUIBB—Then he would set off for Bombay, sink the Island of Elephanta in a volcano, dart through the Straits of Babelmandel, cut through the Red Sea, murder a few hordes of Arabs on the banks, demolish Suez, dash through the Desert, plunge into the Mediterranean, and set all the Islands of the Archipelago in open rebellion.

SQUIBB.

O! Captain.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, SQUIBB—If he wanted to *fill* up, and wished for a bit of news from Jamaica, he would conjure up his old friend, the Yellow-fever, and lay you dead thirty thousand pounds-worth of officers in one room—set the council, assembly and governor, by the ears, and transfer the seat of government from Spanish-Town to Kingston —hop up amongst the Blue Mountains, infect young King Cudjoe with rebellion, and give the Island to the Negroes.

SQUIBB.

Captain Noah, fie!

CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, SQUIBB—a rare fellow! He put a fine parcel of money into the pockets of the Proprietors—quite a FILCH! Oh, a blessed Babe of Grace! Did a family refuse to take in the Paper to which he was a Hack, he would make the father a bankrupt, the mother a bawd, the sons swindlers, and the daughters bastards, big with child by the footmen or stable-boys.

SQUIBB.

Such a fellow ought to be hanged, my dear fellow.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

He *did*, SQUIBB—If an author did not advertise in his Paper, he was sure to be loaded with abuse—was a dull hound—a thief:—then, as for scandal, he would invent a vile tale—put it into his paper—get the abused parties about him—"It could not be helped, he had a handsome sum for inserting it. He must *live*—family of children—hard times—Open to all parties—nothing could be fairer; but if an answer were wished, it should be put in." Well, an answer is inserted—he answers the answer with blacker inventions; goes to the house of the scandalized party, sympathises, promises, dines, sups, tries to debauch the wife or daughter, empties their pockets, moves off, and laughs at *them* as fools for not suspecting *him* to be a villain!

SQUIBB.

Is it *possible?*

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Yes, very possible, SQUIBB—It is surprising that JUSTICE COLQUHOUN, who has written so much upon *abuse*, should omit this *Giant* of nuisances, this d-mned plague to society; but he was afraid, afraid, I suppose, of being stung to death by a hornet or two.

SQUIBB.

SQUIBB.

But we are not *all* alike Captain!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

No, no, God forbid! God forbid! some pigeons, and many crows, I presume—My little lovely LUCY LANGUISH, a Song from thy sweet lips! Ladies and Gemmen, MISS LANGUISH's Song—Silence!

THE SHEPHERD's PIPE.

Lo! the Pipe of poor COLIN, mute, mute, how it lies!
No more to be swell'd by his hopes or his sighs!
"Go, leave me!" said he, "since unpriz'd by the Fair."
Then he wistfully flung it away in despair.

Who like COLIN could give it of rapture the sound,
Which the echoes with raptures repeated around?
Or give it, like COLIN, a soul to complain?
And who like the SHEPHERD e'er gave it in vain?

'Twas here, at the peep of the morn, that he stray'd
To soothe with its music the ear of the maid!
'Twas here that he wak'd its sweet voice, to delight
(Not Philomel's sweeter!) her slumber at night.

But vain were his vows, and the voice of his reed;
The heart of poor COLIN was fated to bleed!
See his grave! near yon tree his pale relicks are laid,
'Mid the bow'r that he planted, of silence and shade.

Ah! blame not the NYMPH who was deaf to his tale,
Since her heart was betroth'd to a YOUTH of the Vale.
Come, VIRGINS, we'll gather the flow'rs of the grove,
And strew on the victim of SORROW and LOVE.

CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Poor fellow! poor fellow! terrible disorder, LOVE! I think I see him now, just like PATIENCE on a monument, *smelling* at grief, as the Scotchman said—yes, drooping, sleeping, nodding, like the swallows in winter on the bushes of the Thames, preparing to take a journey under water. Strange! strange! that men and women *only* should die for *Love!* Dogs and cats, and other animals, never feel the passions so sensibly. LADIES and GEMMEN, suppose we *adjourn* the *court* for a handful of minutes, take a peep at MISTRESS MOON, and put a few questions to the weather.

To this proposal we all agreed, CAPTAIN NOAH leading the way up to the deck.

Thus as the FLOCKS amid the valley feed,
Behold! the BELLWEATHER, the Rover,
Like mortals, fickle, takes it in his head
To taste a neighbouring field of clover!
He *dares* th' opposing hedge, he beats it *Hollow*—
Mounts, leaps, and all the tribes of fleeces follow!

ODES

TO

INS AND OUTS.

. . . . . *exulet aula*
Qui volet esse pius: Virtus et summa Potestas
Non coëunt. LUCAN.

He who would gain FAME's good report,
Must have no dealings with a COURT,
VIRTUE and POWER—*fair* and *foul* weather,
Were never known to *pig together.*

ODES

TO INS AND OUTS.

PROLOGUE.

I HATE most COURTIERS, from my soul!
Upon each other how they scowl!
Yet all *politeness*—*wonderful* good nature—
Each tries to get the *first* employ,
By ev'ry engine *to destroy*,
Yet *bows*, and *smiles*, and still persists to *flatter*;
And when his rival he has sent to *hell*,
Kind whispers—"Sir, I hope I see you *well*."

How like old OCEAN the old knave!
This moment placid, smooth, a bright expanse—
The next he thunders, raises every wave,
Roars, riots, tumbles, kicks up *such* a dance,
Booms o'er the ship with *such* a shock,
And heaves her on the fatal rock!

Within a little hour, one little hour,
No more his foamy billows tow'r;
But all so *crouching*, *humble*, *gentle*, rot'em!
With timid motion they advance,
Seem *sorry* for the *sad mischance*,
And, winding round the wreck, they *kiss its bottom*.

Reader, didst ever scald thy mouthwith *custard*?
Then thou hast curs'd it twenty times, or more.
Or, didst thou ever to a *Cat* give *Mustard*?
If so, GRIMALKIN scratch'd, and spit, and swore.

Thus at my rhymes our COURTIERS swear and spit,
Ready to slay me—tear me bit by bit.—

I dearly love to hitch the rogues in *rhyme*,
And tell the world each various crime;
And folly too, ah, often felt and seen!
Indeed the act of many a COURT
Would yield the Nation charming sport,
And chase the gloomy cloud of SPLEEN;
But that this folly mingles with *much harm*—
Aye, there's the rub!—the rub, too, to *alarm*.

But, Sirs, I'll have my thoughts, and speak them too,
In spite of Ministerial chains:
If a Court Scoundrel meet my view,
I'll laugh at penalties and pains;
Smile at the Ribbands that their shoulders deck,
And wish them good tight ropes about their neck.

I'll *have* my thoughts, and *print* them too,
Ev'n should there be an *Imprimatur*;
Sing *what* is *what*, and who is who,
And, *Independent*, scorn to *flatter*.

There may be Ministerial chains
Not only for the tongue, but *brains*:
The time *may* come when Ministerial sway
Makes despotism the order of the day—
Still will I talk and write as I think fit,
Whether MAN *John* be ADDINGTON or PITT.

ODE

ODE II.

TO THE K——.

Written immediately on Mr. PITT's Retreat from Administration.

AN'T please your M——y, I'm very glad,
And so are all of us (of late so sad),
That you have thrown the JONAS overboard.
See! see the drowning cat! he spreads his claws!
Quickly, for God's sake, Sir, chop off his paws!—
He dies, by not a *single sigh* deplor'd.
To DAVY JONES's locker let him go,
And with old NEPTUNE *booze* below—
Bad stuff though, NEPTUNE's *maukish brine!*
He'd rather *touch* DUNDAS's *wine.*

PITT, Sir, has been a shocking steward,
And made us all, poor creatures, chew hard:
We scarce can put a *mouse* into the pot;
And yet he leaves behind, I fear,
Something that will not *touching* bear,
Like powder of a post that has the *rot.*
And FAME each day sings louder, Sir, and louder,
"State-pillars will be made of this same powder."
Now rotten wood, according to my *nouse,*
Is bad material to support a house.

PITT deem'd himself an *Eagle*—what a *flat!*
What *was* he?—a poor wheeling, fluttering *Bat*—
An Imp of Darkness—busy, catching *flies!*
Here, there, up, down, off, on—shriek, shriek—snap,
Snap—
His gaping mouth a very lucky trap,
Quick seizing for his hungry maw—Supplies.

PITT makes, 'tis true, a monst'rous noise—
He who seduc'd must be besotted.
The sound may fright the ears of boys—
A cannon's thunder, but not *shotted*.

No FARMER with more true delight
E'er saw a saucy, soaring KITE
Fetch'd by a leaden messenger to ground,
Than WE, when MAJESTY thought fit,
And *wisely* too, to humble PITT,
Headlong into the gulf profound,
Sunk him to hell—at least *his lowest* hell,
Where PRIDE's prick'd bladder could no longer swell.

No FARMER with a greater glee
Beholds a dying FOX, than WE
Mark'd the last struggles of poor BILLY PITT:
On every visage see a smile!
JOY triumph's through the echoing isle!
Upon his name POSTERITY shall spit.

Poor banished LIBERTY again
To BRITAIN's fair and wide domain,
Shall bring her throne, her sacred throne:
The voice that long has learnt to mourn,
Shall hail with rapture her return,
And change for sounds of joy the hopeless groan.

Well, SIRE, whate'er be th' event,
You do things with the best intent;
Distress'd when FORTUNE mars a patriot plan:
And know, each true-born Briton sings,
"Health and long life to virtuous Kings!
"We love the MASTER, but detest the *Man*."

POSTSCRIPT.

POSTSCRIPT.

SIRE! if your MAJESTY so please,
And, SIRE, it may be done with ease,
I'll make a bargain.—Keep out PITT for ever,
My song shall be the song of praise;
To Kings an *altar* will I raise;
And never tear it down—no, never, never.
And should it please th' ALMIGHTY to take PYE,
SIRE, I'm your *Bard*—your *Laureat*—I—yes, I!

I think this must be *some temptation*,
Considering my *vast* reputation.

ODE

ODE III.

TO LORD H———Y.

SWEET is the MUSE's voice to *me!*
Nothing so clever, nought *more mighty,*
For taking from the heart *ennui,*
The spleen, blue devils, *tædium vitæ.*
Sweet also is the sweet CREMONA's tongue,
Making the hours dance merrily along.

But, ah! not sweet indeed to *me,*
Are sounds in Parliament *from thee:*
Through my whole frame such *torpors* creep—
I stretch, gape, yawn, and fall asleep.

Surely our men of *worship* should be *wise,*
Think deeply, and with speech *surprise:*
But titles only the mad MILLION *hails!*
Just like BIRD-fanciers, heedless of the *song,*
Who ask *what feathers* to the birds belong,
That, Bashaw-like, gain glory by their *tails.*

Thon deem'st thyself a first-rate SHIP of WAR—
Inform one, H—KSB—Y, art thou *mad?*
What says each honest, grinning TAR?
"O, d—n my eyes! this is too bad!"
Then flings his *quid* away, and raves,
"A *goose-feather* upon the waves!"

Now let me own, JACK's *cat* is much too *smart:*
'Mid the loud storm, and on the ocean's swell,
H—KSB—Y, I'll tell thee truly what thou *art*—
A simple COCKLE-SHELL!

Slipp'd

Slipp'd from a stubborn rock into the sea.—
"Ah," thou exclaimest, "*who's* that stubborn rock?
"I wonder *who* that rock can be!"
PITT! PITT!—Lord, thou art stupid as a stock!

H—KSB—Y, amid this boisterous gale,
Since thou art mounted up on high,
On pinion wild with dauntless eye,
Let me instruct thee with a Tale.—
'Tis of an Owl,
A *solemn* fowl,
And very much conceited—much like *thee*:
Excuse this quaker-proneness to be *free*.

AN OWL, a bachelor of no great soul,
Nor intellect, but very, very proud,
The tenant of a little dirty hole,
Wish'd from obscurity to clear the cloud:
Yes, OWL must have his sails unfurl'd,
And mount majestic on the world.

Close to his ivy-house liv'd CROW,
Who on his errands us'd to go.
"CROW," said the OWL, upon a day,
"I'm sick of solitude and gloom:
"A bird of my deep sense and Plume
"Should *mount* amid the blaze of day.
"In short, dear CROW, I wish to *wed*,
"And, mind me, take unto my bed
"A BIRD of *birth*, the EAGLE's daughter,
"MISS EAGLET."—"Ah," replied the CROW,
Ready to split his sides with laughter,
"Indeed! and are things really *so?*
"Right, Sir, to alter your condition—
"O Lord there's nothing like *ambition!*"

"Well, CROW, you'll quickly seek the realms above,
"With my proposals to the BIRD of JOVE."
CROW takes his leave, ascends the skies,
And to the EAGLE's palace flies

The

The black AMBASSADOR from OWL;
  Delivers his credentials to his GRACE,
  With AUCKLAND's diplomatic face,
Conceiving, like a *penetrating* fowl,
  How politics would go *above;*
  What answer leave the BIRD of JOVE.

  Thus spake the Royal Bird:—"SIR CROW,
  "To my LORD OWL be pleas'd to go,
"And tell him that I like the match:
  "I'm much oblig'd to him, indeed,
"For honouring the Eagle breed:
"I've been a good while on the watch
  "To throw a *little lustre* round my house:
  "Commend me to the THUNDERBOLT of MOUSE.

"MISS EAGLET is at his command—
  "Shall join his LORDSHIP in the straw;
"Who such alliance cannot well withstand;
  "Happy to take him by the *claw.*
"Bid him ascend *sans cérémonie—free,*
"And *pick his mouse* to-day with *me.*"

  Off flew at once the sable fowl,
  And quickly reached the house of OWL,
And told him all that he had seen and heard.
  OWL instant comb'd, and wash'd his face,
  Cut all his claws to *such* a grace,
Trimm'd all his feathers nicely—clipp'd his beard;
  Bid to his humble hole good-night,
  And rose amid the realms of light.

  Mounted a mile or two, behold,
  The sun's bright blaze of burnish'd gold,
Flash'd on the OWL's poor weak and watering eyes:
  Just like a paper kite, whose string
  Deserting, leaves him on the wing,
To totter, dip, mount, fall again, and rise;

So

So shuffled Owl, lost, reeling blind,
The sport of every gust of wind,
Till down he fell with phiz of woe,
The jest of every bird below.

Now, H—ksb—y, tell the Man of Rhyme,
How feelest thou *thy* flight sublime!
Thy weak eyes seem already *winking*.
Poor Bird! I fear 'tis quickly over!
Yes, yes, already I discover
Symptoms of *sinking*.

Pitt's mouth may make a little blast—
The Paper-kite comes down *at last*,
And sharply watching are we all;
And when laid flat upon the ground,
Thy *paper-stuff* we shall surround,
And make us merry at thy fall!

Remember *Icarus*'s height—
Perhaps the observation *stings*;
Thou should'st have ask'd, before thy flight,
Dame Wisdom *for a pair of wings*.

ODE IV.

TO THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Pray Mister Addington, *go out*,
Your *change* on madness seems to border.
You're a good School-mistress no doubt,
To keep the *noisy Brats* in order.
But to be *Minister*!—God bless ye!
Why, what the Devil could possess ye?

Pray,

Pray, MISTER ADDINGTON, *go out,*
And let some *abler* man come in—
Such child's play!—what are you about!
The NATION's really in a grin;
And yet it ought *to cry,* Heav'n knows!
So nearly going to the CROWS.

Good MISTER ADDINGTON, *go out,*
Go calmly out, nor make a pudder;
And don't like GRENVILLE push your snout
Beneath the good old STATE-Cow's udder.
Poor BEAST! *she* can't thy thirst supply!
PITT's *famished Calves* have suck'd her *dry.*

And hear me, Sir—learn some small wit—
Don't be the dirty tool of PITT:
Think on a tale—the MONKEY and the CAT.
Chesnuts were roasting in the fire;
JACK's jaws both water'd with desire;
He begs MISS PUSS to lend her pretty pat;
Then handy, as the handiest stroker,
He makes her velvet paw a *poker*—
And stirs away at *such a rate!*
PUSS squalls—but what is that to PUG?
He holds poor MISS GRIMALKIN *snug,*
And gets the chesnuts from the grate:
JACK grins—indulges his rogue jaws.—
PUSS goes in mourning for her claws.

Now MISTER CHANCELLOR will say I *squint;*
That as to my surmise there's nothing in't:
Now MISTER CHANCELLOR, I call no names;
But lo! the FATHER of REFORM
Will take you by persuasion, or by storm,
And put your pretty fingers in the *flames.*

He wants *that organ* in your mouth call'd *Tongue;*
And, like an *organ* in the House of GOD,
With deep'd-ton'd energy, divinely strong,
That fills with holy awe the dread abode:

He

He wishes your's to stun SAINT STEPHEN's sphere,
And get him some ten thousand-pounds a year!

Yes, you must thunder for a pension!
For services of *high pretension;*
For HIM who, lab'ring with the happiest pains,
Sav'd ENGLAND's life by *dashing out her brains.*

ODE V.

TO GEORGE ROSE, ESQ.

FORC'D from affairs of State, GEORGE ROSE,
With pretty treasury pickings, goes;
In humble hut, on SCOTIA's plains,
To feast upon his *honest* gains.

Thus with a dainty heap of apples,
With teeth and claws, a HEDGE-HOG grapples,
The epicure, and eats his fill:
Yet on the heap behold him roll,
And loaded steal into his hole,
A golden pippin on each quill.—
Thus loaded into Scotland goes
Ex-Secrétaire GEORGE HEDGE-HOG ROSE.

Fed like a horse in a King's stable,
GEORGE didst thou happy rise from table,
As Horace says, "*Uti conviva satur?*"
I really think 'twas no such matter.
Forc'd from the ven'son of the State;
Forc'd to desert a well-cramm'd plate;

Forc'd from the trifles, and the jelly;
Forc'd from a thousand sweet *nick-nackeries*,
Prettily made by State-Cook quackeries,
To fill each crevice of thy bloated belly—
Looking a downright foot-ball by its tumour,
I think thou gottest up in a bad humour—
Yes, GEORGE, thy stomach it is such,
It thinks it cannot have *too much*.

Yet, why art thou not dubb'd a LORD,
To rise with *lustre* from the Board,
As *title* much the vulgar world bewitches!
Then may'st thou seek the barren heath,
Or dell, where first thou drewest breath,
And blaze the JACK-O'-LANTERN of the ditches!

JOAN JENKINSON, and MADGE, and BET,
And PEG, and NAN, a *sav'ry* SET,
Have ris'n to *Ladyship* in this kind reign:
They ride to Court, obtain a smile,
Make dips and curtsies all *in style*,
And carry off kind *nods* from Q— and K—.
Now this was all old JENKY's doing,
By dint of labour and Court-wooing.

Hast thou not too some poor relations.
Wishing to change their ragged stations,
And on the bright Court hemisphere be *stars*?
If *favour* will not gain it—*buy*,
And hoist thy COUSIN JOANS on high,
Upon the *virtuous* plunder of our wars.

Sure, thou mayst do all this with ease,
As honours are as thick as fleas,
Pitching on *this* man's shoulders, now on *that*.
As HERALDRY has wond'rous charms,
HEARD shall *invent* a court of arms,
And to a TYGER turn a *mangy* cat.

ODE

ODE VI.

WHEN PITT was out of office push'd,
What horror smote the LEVEE MOB!
Mad into Street of Downing rush'd
His minions, always ready for a *job:*

A most obsequious *stud* of hacks,
Who bore him on their humble backs
Through *dirty lanes*, through thick and thin:
No matter what the object, no;
When PITT *commands—it must be so;*
Whether to *clothe* the naked Realm, or *skin.*

MUSE, would it be too harsh to say,
The tumult on that kick-out day
Was mob-like at a house on fire;
Where *friends*, amid the conflagration,
With a kind thief-acceleration,
Whip off the goods they guarded by *desire.*

Unfeeling as a stone, or harder,
In rush'd Lord G——— to the Larder,
Caught up a goose for self and wife:
In ran DUNDAS with hungry paunch,
Snatch'd up a turbot and a haunch:
In bounc'd CHARLES LONG, and, with his butcher's knife,
(For in the plunder *he* must also join)
And cut off slices from a fat *sirloin.*

In scamper'd WYNDHAM—"Where's *my* share?
"I *must* be partner in the spoils:"
Then up he caught an old jack hare,
A *proper* present for his toils.

"*I* must have something," CANNING cries,
And fastens on some rich mince pies,

As dext'rous as the rest to rifle:
Ecod! and he must something do
For *Mother* and for *Sisters* too,
So steals some syllabubs and *trifle*.

But where was JUSTICE all the while,
That things were going off in *style*?
Poor Gentlewoman! she was gagg'd and bound;
Her even scales, alas! abhorr'd,
In pieces broken with her sword;
Nor were the fasces to be found.

Such were the *Guardians* of the State,
Just like a shoal of sharks who swam in,
With maws as wide as the park gate,
To save (by eating us) from *famine*!

ODE VII.

POSSESS but *faith*, 'twill move a mountain:
Thus says the Bible, the great fountain,
The sacred fountain of immortal truth.
There are who say that BILLY PITT
In this dear war has shown his wit—
Lord! what a statesman!—what a clever youth!
Keen as the keenest eagle's view,
There's *nothing* that he cannot do.

Some syllabubs and trifle.] With a ministerial fortune by matrimony; with *Sinecures*, &c. to a large amount, squeezed from the vitals of the Nation; this *modest* and *generous Youth* could not *afford* to yield his poor *Mother*, MISTRESS HUNN, *alias* MISTRESS REDDISH, *alias* MISTRESS CANNING, a *pittance*.---No! the Kingdom must be *saddled* with Five Hundred Pounds a year for her *support*. *Such* is the *laudable* distribution of public treasure! such are the DEPOSITARIES of the national confidence! and of *such* we are *ordered* not to *complain*, for fear of the imputation of *Jacobinism*!!!

Yes,

Yes, have a portion of credulity,
And claw a pyramid, you'll pull it t'ye.

Credulity's a pretty sand
To blind the people of the land:
O yes, it blinds weak women, and weak men,
Much like the sand that boys, in fun,
Fire from an engine called a *gun*,
To knock down a poor humming-bird, or wren.

THE DOCTORS;

A TALE.

A FELLOW troubled with the itch
(Like Courtier-men) of getting rich,
And learning that a doctor, (not a *Quack*)
By means of a most potent pill,
Did verily and truly fill
Full many a time with gold his sack—
Resolv'd, by pill, to make a fortune too,
So set about it without more ado.
Hoist but the standard, folks will come,
With heads as empty as the *drum*.
The Quacks puffs off his pill—none doubt him,
And numbers quickly flock'd about him:
A BUMPKIN came among the rest.
And thus the Man of Pill addrest:
"*Zur*, hearing what is come to pass,
"That your fine pill hath cur'd the KING,
"And able to do every thing,
"D'ye think, *Zur*, that t'will make me vind my Ass?
"I've lost my ass, *Zur*, zo should like to try it:
"If this be your opinion, *Zur*, I'll buy it."

"Undoubtedly!" the Quack replied,
"Yes, MASTER HOB, it should be tried:"
Then down HOB's gullet, cure or kill,
The grand Impostor push'd the pill.
HOB paid his fee, and off he went;
And trav'lling on about an hour,
His bowels sore with pains were rent;
Such was the pill's *surprising* pow'r.

No longer able to contain,
HOB, in a hurry, left the lane:
How decent!—what can decency surpass?
And sought the grove—where HOB's two eyes,
Wide staring, saw with huge surprise
His long-ear'd servant JACK, his Ass!
Ye Gods! how happy was the meeting!
HOB kissing Jack, and Jack, HOB greeting.

"Adzooks! a lucky pill!" quoth HOB!
"Yes, yes, the pill hath done the job."
PILL grew the subject of the village tattle:
At last it gain'd a heap of fame;
Not only good for *blind* and *lame*,
But good, too, for recovering all *stray'd cattle*.

Now ponder well, ye Parents dear—
PITT's no *Catholicon*, I fear:
PITT is a violent *cathartic*,
Creating very grievous gripes
(In butcher phrase) among our *tripes*,
Making the stomach, head, and heart sick:

Producing much evacuation
Unto a poor consumptive NATION,
That wants *restoratives* call'd *Pounds*,
To give her strength, and heal her wounds.

Though *clever* in his Treasury *rostrum*,
PITT never yet possess'd a *nostrum*.

For

For bringing *all stray'd Millions* back again:
The Guineas he sent out, we find,
Were like so many beetles, blind,
Rambling the Lord knows where, like show'rs of rain,
Making the German regions smile,
Instead of ALBION's famish'd Isle.

THE HEDGE-HOGS:

A FABLE.

THE Hedge-hogs in a war most fatal,
A war commenc'd with the Dog-Nation;
Like us, unlucky, losing each land-battle,
And trembling all for their salvation,
Agreed to furnish contribution,
With patriotic resolution,
As much as every Hedge-hog could afford:
One of the tribe, no Hedge-hog subtler,
An ELWES or a Sir JOHN CUTLER,
And master of a comfortable hoard,
Affected to be scarcely worth a crown,
Therefore unable to *come down*.

The Hedge-hog Council sent to let him know
The *tide* could never be so *low:*

"Enter my house, and be convinc'd," quoth *he,*
The Messengers stepp'd in, and pry'd about:
Appearances left not a doubt—
Of wealth a vestige not a soul could see;
In full conviction then they left the door,
"'SQUIRE HEDGE-HOG certainly is very poor."

As from the door, the humble door
Of our 'SQUIRE HEDGE-HOG all *so poor,*

Fully

Fully convinc'd, they pass'd along;
A hillock of fresh earth appear'd,
Seeming but very lately rear'd:
This hatch'd suspicions somewhat strong.

With teeth and claws they op'd the mound—
Where *such* a treasure soon was found!
Forth trots the *poverty-struck* 'Squire,
Begging and praying beyond measure,
They would not take away his treasure:
" Was sorry he had been so great a liar;

" Was ready with his *quota* to the State,
" T' assist the war and give the Dogs their sate."
But, no—it was against the laws: they found
He could not have it—no such thing,
As treasure *under ground*
Belong'd of *right* unto the *King*.
Thus was 'SQUIRE HEDGE-HOG very fairly bit,
Now to apply this fable to 'SQUIRE PITT:

PITT, canst thou say with a good grace,
That thine is not a *hedge-hog case?*
Believe me, thou'rt not *poor in purse*,
However thou mayst be in *spirit:*
Thine *income*, for the NATION'S curse,
Is much, I fear, beyond thy *merit*.

The Cinque Ports, with a few *remunerations*,
Prove to JOHN BULL some *trifling* obligations,
Which WYNDHAM, *cheese parings* might call;
Which *cheese-parings*, if in *my pow'r*,
Should, in the space of half an hour,
Return to where they started, like a *ball*.

Had JUSTICE nicely weigh'd thy *true* desert,
What had she giv'n?—I'll tell thee *what*—
The DAME had giv'n to please thy *lofty* heart,
Just *half enough* to feed a *Rat:*

An

An animal of vicious nature,
Who, after breakfasting and dining,
And supping in a house, and undermining,
Leaves it a prey to *fire* and *water*,
(As soon as all the plunder ceases)
To tear it in a thousand pieces.

ODE VIII.

TO PITT.

" BLESSED are those who nought expect,
" For they shall not be disappointed ;"
But thou didst hope a *grand effect*—
Great sighings from the LORD'S ANOINTED.

Strong was thy hope that MAJESTY would send
Of terror full, to his *good friend*
Of DOWNING STREET poste-haste away,
Petitioning—" PITT, all is over,
" The FRENCH will quickly land at Dover,
" And no one to oppose and slay :
" Of strength thou art a mighty tow'r :
" Come, come, and all thy thunder pour!
" Without *thee*, England meets her fate—
" Haste, haste, and save a sinking State!"

Such were a very flattering sound!
How had the echoes rung around!
But no such voice, alas! was ever heard!
No thunder roll'd, no tempest blew ;
But easy quite as an *old shoe*,
SAINT JAMES'S for thy loss appear'd.
Soft as a cat's, indeed, was thy retreat,
That moves *down stairs* upon her velvet feet.

But

But prithee swallow, PITT, a question,
That mayn't agree with thy digestion:
Where was the blush, the blush of *shame*
When, to exalt the *blind* and *lame*,
Thou gav'st of eloquence *that* dainty dish?
Yet people will in answer say,
"'Tis the world's way—
"We never hear a man cry, 'STINKING FISH!'"

TO PITT, IN CONTINUATION.

'TIS whisper'd thou wert turn'd to door,
Most *Job-like*, very, very poor.
Poor man! poor man! ah, what a pity!
Farewell to dinners in the city!
Farewell to GROCERS *ev'ry one*—
OTHELLO's occupation's gone!
Yet greater men than thee have fall'n from glory:
Witness the following little story:

THE SULTAN AND HIS DOG.

A MIGHTY SULTAN of the East,
On every dainty us'd to feast:
(How different from the beggar and his bone!)
Who drank, too, Burgundy, I ween:
For every thing *in style* was seen,
Becoming one who sat upon a *throne*.

STINKING FISH.]—A few of his fellow-labourers in the political vineyard, that remained after his expulsion. Mr. PITT's *eulogium* on those rags of his Administration produced a universal smile even from his *own party*.

It chanc'd that WAR, all powerful war,
So apt the wisest schemes to mar,
And change the master to the humble *slave*,
Fix'd on the SULTAN his steel claws,
Clapp'd an embargo on his jaws,
And *words*, *hard words*, instead of victuals, gave.

The KING was *beat*—to prison sent, in short—
Coarse was his fare, the coarsest sort:
A jug of milk was sent to him for dinner:
Enter a dog, who, while the KING
Was musing on some *lofty thing*,
Stole slily to the milk, the thievish sinner;
Forc'd in his head, and lapp'd *each drop*, no doubt,
But could not get his head felonious *out*.

So off, with his jugg'd jowl, the rascal ran.
The Monarch, smiling, mark'd the theft,
And of his dinner though bereft,
With much good humour thus began:

"FORTUNE's a *fickle* DAME: but *yesterday*
"An HUNDRED CAMELS scarce could bear
"My *quantities* of kitchen ware,
"And now a *Cur* can carry it away!"

Oh, with a disposition soft as silk,
So *humble*, *affable*, and *mild*;
Art *thou* reduc'd, too, to a *jug of milk*,
Sweet NATURE's CHILD?
Speak—Did the *famish'd wolves*, alas!
Eat *all* the flesh of the dead Ass,
And leave thee nothing but the bones?
Say, hadst thou not the face to mump
One steak, from the poor NATION's *rump*,
To calm gaunt FAMINE's hollow moans?

Ah, me! we all are very poor;
Tax'd to the very eyes, I'm sure!

Where

Where is the *article* that pays no *duty?*
Nought scapes!—not WOMAN'S *fascinating beauty!*

Lo, many a little charming PHILLIS,
For vending roses sweet, and lilies,
And love-inspiring, luscious, balmy kisses;
Although the growth of *their own cheek;*
Although the growth of *their own neck;*
Although the growth of *their own lip,* sweet MISSES;
Are forc'd to BRIDEWELL'S horrid fare,
For dealing in *unlicens'd* ware—
Spoil'd all their pretty hops, and skips, and *glee,*
Because the JUSTICE had not got his *fee.*

ODE XI.

TO PITT AGAIN.

SAY, PITT, dost thou so easy part
With pow'r the idol of thy heart,
And, philosophic, yield to thy disgrace;
Leave Downing-Street and stately rooms,
For secresy and spectre glooms
Of solitary, poor PARK PLACE;
To live within a little hole,
As melancholy as a mole?

Thou thoughtest we should all wear mourning,
Black, weeping all for thy returning—
All with white handkerchiefs to catch wet sorrow:
Ah, know there are not ten who care
Five farthings were they now to hear
That thou wert in a jail to-morrow.

PITT,

PITT, thou hast been in office long enough:
Yes, thou hast had a *handsome swing;*
Thy hide, too, like a bull-hide tough,
Has met, indeed, with many a *sting,*
Or *dart,* that must have kill'd all but the man
Whose *modesty* not only took our flour
(The *conscientious Miller* of the hour),
But made its bow, too, to the *bran:*
Nay ready, too, upon its back,
To carry off the very *sack!*

Suspended on a bit of steel,
Employ'd in *sniggling,*
A large and slippery EEL,
The world seems glad to see thee wriggling.

How hast thou work'd for life and soul,
To slip again into thy hole!
Aye, gape, and writhe, and spread thy fin,
Poor MASTER FISH, you won't get in.

A bungling Chemist, thou hast manag'd badly;
Manag'd the State-alembic sadly,
With all thy cunning and thy pains:
The finer parts are off! in *air!*
Howe'er thine ignorance may stare,
And nought but *caput mortuum* remains.

So much, PITT, for our *sublimed* constitution,
The subject of thy fierce and ceaseless fires!
And, lo, by dint of time and resolution.
Thou hast well *crucibled* thy COUNTRY 'SQUIRES;
And MOTHER BANK, the blindest of old CRONES,
Extracting heaps of gold from STOCKS and STONES.

When ye began this *righteous* war,
Where was your tutelary star?

Ye never dreamt of danger till *too late.*
" A war with FRANCE! oh, that's soon o'er,
" A fox-chase, fox-chase, nothing more;
" Fun, fun—just coursing a poor hare, or cat."

Such was your speech: but, Sir, it *doth appear,*
That same cat is now become a *Bear,*
Whose claws have lately held you *snug,*
And giv'n a cursed *Cornish hug.*

ODE X.

TO HENRY DUNDAS, ESQ.

FOR a great empire fast undoing,
Something indeed should have been *brewing,*
Better than brandy and strong beer:
Something was wanting, to my humble thinking,
Besides good eating and hard drinking,
To keep the leaky ship from *foundering* clear:
Yet 'tis well known that e'er the VESSEL's sunk,
The sailors commonly *get drunk.*

Now thou art off, I long to see,
In thine own language, " *Wha wants me?*"
It will not be at all surprising
To catch thee, HARRY, *advertising.*
If mad to face a *second storm*
Take an Advertisement *in form.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

A *steady* MAN, near sixty years of age,
Would very willingly engage
As *Butler* to a MINISTER of STATE,
And overlook the *Plate.*

But

But should the Plate *by chance* be carried off,
And not a hogshead or a bottle left;
He begs to say, he won't be fool enough
To *answer* for the *leakage*, or the *theft*.

If *wanted* he can have, by God's good grace,
An *exc'lent character* from his LAST PLACE.
Please to direct to MISTER H. DUNDAS,
At the *old Sign*—the BOTTLE and the GLASS.

A MORAL CONCLUSION.

IN this world's wild, uncertain chase,
What strange events at times take place!
Some bright with *joy*, some black with *sorrow!*
Omnium est rerum vicissitudo!
To *day* what wonders *I* and *you* do,
That happen not again *to-morrow!*

HAWKSB'RY and WYNDHAM, CANNING, LONG,
Were *under-strappers* to WILL PITT;
Forerunners, oft they gave their tongue,
Before the GREAT MAN pour'd his wit.

Thus PAUL's four small clock-quarters ('prentice boys)
Instruct their mighty Master when to sound:
PAUL solemn listens to the tinkling noise,
Then breaks in thunder to the world around!

But Herald Understrappers now no more,
PITT out of office, the broad farce is o'er;
Flung from his pedestal amid the rabble,
Deep thundering PITT is—poor old GOODY GABBLE.

Ah me! *sic transit gloria mundi*—
Such things will *be* 'till moon and sun die,

And EARTH our ashes, our pale embers cover;
And really, when we sum up *all*,
What's life?—A blast—a little squawl.—
DEATH's calm must come at last, and all *is over*—
All in our tombs in peace—not *one*
To read "*Hic jacet*" on the *stone!*

JULIA,

JULIA,

OR,

THE VICTIM OF LOVE;

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

Illa mihi sancta est; illius dona sepulchro,
Et madefacta mers, serta feram lacrymis.

TIBULLUS.

From mem'ry, nought shall force her form away,
For ever sacred and for ever dear:
I'll seek her tomb at morn and closing day,
And wet each flow'r I offer with a *tear.*

JULIA,

OR,

THE VICTIM OF LOVE;

SHE is dead, who gave life to the groves,
And covers our valley with gloom!
She who led all the Pleasures and Loves,
Now joins the pale band of the tomb.

She whose beauty commanded the heart,
So prais'd, so ador'd, so desir'd;
Sunk, the innocent victim of art,
And the passion her beauty inspir'd.

Yet silent was she on the Swain
Whose cruelty doom'd her to mourn;
In secret her soul would complain,
In secret her anguish would burn.

Tho' faint was the blush on her cheek,
And deep in her bosom the thorn;
A smile 'midst her sorrows would break,
Like a ray through the clouds of the morn.

She would sit near yon willow and sigh,
And pant in the shade of the trees:
"Sweet ZEPHYR, bring health," she would cry;
But HEALTH never came with the breeze.

And oft she would drink of the brook,
But HEALTH never came with the rill;
Then around on the heights she would look,
But HEALTH never came to the hill.

On

On her Dog she look'd down with a tear,
And sigh'd as she patted his head,
"Poor FIDELLE! thou wilt suffer, I fear,
"When thy Mistress, who loves thee, is dead.

"*Thou* hast ever been constant and kind;
"*My* fondness ne'er met with a *slight*:
"In *thee* a firm friendship I find;
"How unhappy when out of my sight!

"When with speed I could travel the plain,
"With thy mistress to sport was thy pride;
"And now I am weak and in pain,
"Thou art heartless and dull by my side.

"When I'm gone, thou, poor fellow, wilt pine,
"And seek me, uneasy, around;
"Beseeching the swains, with a whine,
"To tell where thy Friend may be found.

"Shouldst thou find my cold dwelling at last,
"Near my sod thou wilt mope the long day:
"Nor the night, nor the rain, nor the blast,
Nay, nor hunger will force thee away."

Thus she spoke to her Fav'rite, whose eye
Was fix'd upon those of the MAID:
Then he lick'd her fond hand at her sigh,
As if conscious of all she had said!

Sweet Nymph! what a sudden decay!
Now her limbs she could scarcely sustain;
Now her head would sink feebly away,
Like the lily press'd down by the rain.

At length on her pillow she fell;
In silence we watch'd her last breath:
When she bade us for ever farewell,
How divine, tho' the whisper of Death!

No

No struggle in dying she knew,
  Life pass'd with such sweetness away!
So calm from the world she withdrew,
  Her last sigh seem'd the zephyr of May.

Beneath a *plain* stone she is laid,
  For needless of *praise* is the tale;
Since the virtues that shone in the MAID,
  May be seen in the tears of the VALE.

TO THE READER.

THE unfortunate subject of this ELEGIAC BALLAD was a young LADY, possess'd of uncommon beauty, united with a highly-cultivated intellect, and the most fascinating manners. A *tender* attachment, terminating in disappointment, so affected her spirits as to occasion a fatal decline. Her LOVER, from whose professions of regard she expected every happiness, deserted her almost in the hour of leading her to the Hymenæal altar: deluded by the idea of immense riches, he gave his hand to another; thus sacrificing peace, honour, and humanity, at the tinsel shrine of Fortune. His marriage, as might be expected, commencing with infamy, terminated in sorrow, and shortened a life, that seemed to possess a claim to longevity. His last hours were those of repentance and horrror: before his death he frequently visited the grave of his beloved but deserted JULIA, and strewed flowers, mingled with sighs, on her sod; and if a long and unfeigned contrition might be allowed to *atone* for the insanity of a moment, his tears must have obliterated his offences. Naturally of a poetical turn, he wrote a number of what he modestly called his *love trifles,* and sent occasionally to his Mistress during the paroxysm of his passion, some of which we have subjoined, that seem to breathe a spirit of sincerity, whose foundation one would imagine could never have been shaken by the feeble arm of a puerile ambition.

ELEGY

ELEGY I.

He despairs of obtaining the smiles of his Mistress.

WHAT are the thunders of the ruthless wind?
And what the billows that tumultuous roll?
Calms to the raging tempest of my mind,—
Rills to the restless surges of my soul.

Intent to please, I vainly urge my toil;
No hopes, alas! the VIRGIN's looks impart:
O tell me, JULIA, what can win thy smile!
O speak, and heave the *mountain* from my heart.

What can I do to win a cruel maid?
The front of DANGER willing would I brave:
No coward terror can this heart invade,
Whose chiefest glory is to be thy *slave*.

FATE holds no horror while I please my FAIR;
Then, JULIA, bid me my fond passion *prove*:
All, all thy rigour can command I dare,
But lose thine image, and forget to love.

ELEGY II.

Instead of composing for fame, he resolves to write the praises of JULIA.

NO more I'll idly pour the line for praise:
Far loftier hopes my glowing fancy move;
I ask the MUSES for their sweetest lays,
To tell a beauteous MAID how much I *love*.

Vain

Vain are our vows to Fame! alas, how vain!
She waits to see us on the mournful bier;
Before she yields of eulogy the strain,
What cruel mockery to the lifeless ear!

To JULIA's hand I own my wish aspires:
Mean are *my* merits—*her's* how far above!
Yet can I boast what only *she* requires,
A heart to guard her, and a soul to love.

Tho' Courts admir'd, the modest JULIA chose
The silent shade, remote from public view:
How like the berry that in secret glows,
And hides beneath a leaf its blushful hue!

Few are the wishes of the constant PAIR:
What tho' no gold their humble cot displays?
CONTENT, their guest, thus cries with careless air,
"Go, leave us, WEALTH, and palaces emblaze."

In *rural* bowers CONTENT delights to dwell;
To cull the sweets of NATURE's simple vale;
To join the *hermit* in the mossy cell,
And join the *nymphs* and *shepherds* of the dale.

To FORTUNE's tinsel shrine let *others* bow,
And to their wishes rear the golden pile;
To one fair VIRGIN while I breathe *my* vow,
And let *my* only treasure be *her smile.*

ELEGY III.

He complains of JULIA's *not keeping her appointment to meet him.*

WHAT demons keep my soul's delight away,
And cruel thus my fondest wish invade?
Alas! I tremble at the setting ray!
Pale EVENING waves around an envious shade!

How

How expectation loads th' important hour!
Impatience wilder with each moment grows!
Thou loit'ring FAIR ONE, bless th' appointed bow'r,
And snatch thy lover from a thousand woes.

From vale to vale my eager gaze I strain;
From glade to glade with wild emotion move:
Now turn and sigh, now move and turn again,
Devour each sound, and chide my ling'ring love.

Desponding, now upon the ground I lie,
And, anxious, murmur to the desert air;
Now call on slumber to my closing eye:
But slumber lights not on the lids of care.

Dark as the bosom of the stormy deep,
Wild as its waves my thoughts succeeding roll:
Cool reason vainly soothes the wretch to sleep—
Oh! what is reason to the love-sick soul?

Ye sweet companions of my lonely bow'r,
Whose simple melodies my shades inspire:
Oh, that my bosom felt your happy hour!
Oh, that my voice could join your cheerful choir!

Light as your wing that skims the midway sky,
From joy to joy my heart so lately flew:
With me my moments never left a sigh,
Nor bath'd my lids in sorrow's baleful dew.

Hate to the nymph I vow, and cold disdain;
Yet at each idle sound alarm'd, I start;
To meet her, panting, every nerve I strain,
And show too plain her triumph o'er my heart.

Where is my love? alas! my transports die:
My cheek, that redden'd with despair, turns pale;
With disappointment drops my clouded eye,
Each pining feature tells a mournful tale.

See, see, the sun descends beneath the deep;
Behold the melancholy bird of night!—
In vain along the winding gloom I weep,
And wish in vain to stay the parting light.

ELEGY IV.

Disappointed at not meeting JULIA, *he accuses her of inconstancy.*

FAINT as the lustre of a lonely star,
That sheds through night's abyss his distant fire,
HOPE feebly glimmer'd on my heart's despair:
Behold, behold, at length her lamp expire!

Know, lovely VIRGIN, thy deluding art
Hath lodg'd a thousand scorpions in my breast,
Oh, say what happier rival wins thy heart?
Say, am I there no more a welcome guest?

To a *false* FAIR-ONE have I told my tale?
For a *false* FAIR-ONE fondly sigh'd so long?
Why, dear deceiver, did thy charms prevail?
Thy charms the subject of my ev'ry song.

Ye swains who heard so oft my raptur'd lays,
False is the damsel that your wonder drew;
Ye nymphs who listen'd to the lavish'd praise,
My soul's soft idol proves at length untrue.

NYMPHS of the vale, for *me* your pity spare:
Let not my fate, ye SWAINS, your pity draw:
Alas! for faithless beauty drop the tear,
And grieve so fair a diamond holds a flaw.

Can

Can FALSEHOOD's stain that dove-like heart defile?
Ah, see the tear by blushing HONOUR shed!
Lurks perfidy beneath that heavenly smile?
See LOVE with horror mark the guilty maid!

Yet, yet the tyrant of my breast she reigns:
Restless for *her* it heaves with constant sighs;
My wounded heart of *cruelty* complains,
Yet softly pleads her pardon while it dies.

ELEGY V.

He condemns the licentiousness of the age.

TO false delights the YOUTH of BRITAIN fly,
Who court for happiness the WANTON's arms;
Who darts on *all* the fond inflaming eye,
And *choiceless* yields to *all*, for gold, her charms.

When in the SYREN's fond embrace you sigh,
And on her lips impress the burning kiss,
Doth FRIENDSHIP mingle with th' unhallow'd joy,
Or LOVE's pure spirit swell the surge of bliss?

When droops enjoyment, what is then the Fair?
A *flow'r* that blooms, but quickly doom'd to fade;
A *sun* that pours a momentary glare,
And 'mid the tempest sinks o'erwhelm'd in shade.

O swains, to MODESTY's fair daughters turn;
By *mental* beauty let your hearts be led:
Bid by your flight the venal FAIR-ONE mourn,
And press in tears her solitary bed.

When round your neck her fondling arms she glues,
And, bent to please, exhausts each winning art;
With false delights she shamefully subdues,
And leads the PASSIONS captive, not the *heart*.

Their midnight orgies, whilst they madly hold,
I of a tender MAID shall be possest:
What bliss her tender beauties to enfold,
And soothe my slumbers on her faithful breast.

TIME from her bosom all its snows may steal,
His iron hand her cheek's pure blush invade;
Still to my JULIA will I fondly kneel,
And love her most when all her roses fade.

Who spurns the weeping FAIR-ONE from his breast,
Hard is his heart—in ev'ry virtue poor:
Hard is his heart to wound the fair DISTREST,
Who sighs that she can charm his eye no more.

Cruel to bid with grief her bosom heave,
Because her cheeks no longer glowing warm:
Base, to forget the joys her beauty gave—
And oh, forget it *faded in his arms!*

SONG.

FROM her, whose every smile is love,
I haste to some far distant cell:
My sighs too weak the maid to move,
I bid the flatterer HOPE farewell.

Yet, as I quit her vale, my sighs
At ev'ry step for JULIA mourn;
My anxious heart within me dies,
And, panting, whispers, "*O return.*"

Deluded

Deluded heart! thy folly know,
Nor fondly nurse a fatal flame:
By absence thou wilt lose thy woe,
And only *flutter* at her name.

SONG.

O SUMMER, thy presence gives warmth to the vale:
The song of the warbler enlivens the groves;
The pipe of the shepherd too gladdens the gale:
Alas! but I hear not the voice of my love.

The lilies appear in their fairest array;
To the vallies the woodbines a fragrance impart;
The roses the pride of their blushes display;
Alas! but I meet not the nymph of my heart.

Go, shepherds, and bring the sweet wanderer here,
The boast of her sex, and delight of the swains;
Go, zephyr, and whisper this truth in her ear,
That the PLEASURES with JULIA are fled from the plains.

If thus to the maid thou my wishes declare,
To the cot she has left she will quickly return;
Too soft is her bosom to give us despair,
That sooner would sigh than *another*'s should mourn.

SONG.

ON JULIA.

ERE 'witching love my heart possest
And bade my sighs the nymph pursue;
Calm as the infant's smiling rest,
No anxious hope nor fear it knew.

But doom'd, ah! doom'd at last to mourn,
What tumults in that heart arose!
An ocean tumbling wild, and torn
By tempests from its deep ropose.

Yet let me not the virgin blame,
As though *she* wish'd my heart despair;
How could the maid suspect a flame,
Who never knew that she was *fair?*

TO JULIA.

FROM her whom every heart must love,
And ev'ry eye with wonder see;
My sad, my lifeless steps remove—
Ah! were she fair alone for *me!*

In vain to solitudes I fly,
To bid her form from mem'ry part;
That form still dwells on mem'ry's *eye*,
And roots it's beauties in my heart.

In ev'ry rose that decks the vales,
I see her cheek's pure blush appear:
And when the lark the morning hails,
'Tis JULIA's voice salutes my ear.

Thus let me rove the world around,
Whatever beauty's charm can boast,
Or soothe the soul with sweetest sound,
Must paint the idol I have lost.

SONG.

SONG.

BY JULIA.

WHEN love hath charm'd the virgin's ear,
She hides the tender thought in vain;
How oft a blush, a sigh, a tear,
Betrays the sweetly-anxious pain!

Dear youth! a mutual flame I own:
The sorrows of thy breast are mine;
Thy virtues all my heart have won,
That boasts a passion pure as thine.

No more shalt thou my coldness mourn—
I trust the drop that dims thine eye;
I see fair *Truth* thy lips adorn,
And hear her voice in ev'ry *sigh*.

TO JULIA.

WRITTEN NEAR HER GRAVE.

MUCH-injur'd MAID, who liest pale below,
To *thee* a PILGRIM sad I steal away;
In mournful silence steal, o'erpower'd with woe,
To bathe with floods of penitence thy clay.

Oh! can thy gentle ghost the *wretch* forgive,
Who seeks thy sod at this lone hour of night—
A wretch, whose greatest hardship is to *live*,
Who, dead to pleasure, sickens at the light?

Oh! if my grief could soothe the sweetest SHADE,
And pardon gain, which JUSTICE must deny,
Near JULIA's ashes should this FORM be laid;
Its crimes forgotten!—then what bliss to die!

Tir'd

Tir'd of the world, my heart no longer prays
(What others covet) for extended years:
For who would madly court a length of days,
To count (alas!) the moments by his tears?

ELEGY.

TO JULIA.

Detained in Italy by contrary winds, he expresses his ardent desire for sailing for England.

FAR from my JULIA's arms I lonely sigh,
And wish to clasp thy beauties, but in vain;
The surly winds my only wish deny,
Yet would I dare the dangers of the MAIN.

Ye winds and waves, how cruel to combine!
O let my pray'rs your rude, rude pity prove;
Think of the gloomy moments that are mine!
Alas! ye know not what it is to *love!*

To stately structures now I urge my way,
And weakly think the minutes to beguile;
But anxious LOVE will not be led astray:
LOVE goads my bosom for the virgin's smile.

Now where the PAINTER shews his mimic art,
I strive to free myself from LOVE's alarms;
Lo, ev'ry VENUS but augments my smart,
And to my view presents thy *brighter* charms.

To MUSIC now fatigu'd I yield my ear,
But MUSIC cannot the dull hours controul;
With cold indifference ev'ry chord I hear,
While not a sound descends into my *soul.*

Oft

Oft as I mark the tribes of air, I cry,
"How with your pinions would I mount the wind!
"Oh! with what rapture lifted, cleave the sky,
"And, turn'd to Britain, leave my cares behind!"

In wishes thus, I daily waste my breath,
Chain'd by the tempest to this hated shore;
When shall I leave, alas! this land of death,
For life and thee, to part, my LOVE, no more?

ELEGY.

To a Friend, describing the horrors of his situation after the death of JULIA.

FRIEND of my bosom, all my joys are o'er—
Peace, gentle Peace, alas! no longer mine:
Since JULIA, once my idol, lives no more,
To gloom and solitude I steal to pine.

There, as I sit upon the sod, and sigh,
I hear reproof from every happy dove;
In fancy's ear they cooing seem to cry,
"We know not of inconstancy in love."

Lo, darkness, tenfold darkness suits my soul!
The haunts of spectres let me court to weep;
The beach where black with fate the billows roll,
And tempests raise the thunders of the DEEP.

Thou tellest me that TIME a balm will bring,
Soothe ev'ry sigh, and calm my keenest woes:
Go, seek in winter's wild the blooms of spring;
Go, whisper to the restless surge, repose!

Love, injur'd LOVE, a sure revenge can boast;
Love hears my groan, and mocks my soul's despair.
"Bleed, VICTIM, bleed," he cries—"thy all is lost;
"Such be their portion who deceive the FAIR!"

I thought

I thought that GRANDEUR with a liberal hand
Could strew my path of life with sweetest flow'rs;
That WEALTH omnipotent could TIME command,
And from his pinions pluck his whitest hours.

Constant in MEM'RY's eye her form appears—
Where'er I tread, a source of woe I find;
In ev'ry rill methink I see her tears,
And hear her sighs in ev'ry passing wind.

What now remains, my horrors to beguile?
Away, ye dreams of grandeur, wealth, away!
Who cannot give my cheek one little smile,
Nor bribe a single moment to be *gay*.

ORSON AND ELLEN;

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

Sequiturque patrem, non passibus æquis.

VIRGIL.

I try t'excel in LEGENDARY TALE,
The LADY, GENTLEMAN, and MISS, of rhyme;
In vain, alas! my creeping efforts fail!
Far, far unequal to *their* MARCH SUBLIME.

ORSON AND ELLEN.

CANTO I.

"TURN, FARMER, turn thy horse's head,
"And taste my ale so bright,"
Cry'd BONIFACE, whose sign display'd
The LION in his might.

Yet how unlike the ROYAL BEAST,
Who for his phiz ne'er sat?
Wherefore deriding tongues did call
The sign, the OLD red CAT!

Yea, much unlike indeed was *it!*
JOVE's Eagle and a Gander,
MATTHIAS and the tuneful POPE,
Lord ROLLE and ALEXANDER.

"Who boasts such ale?" quoth BONIFACE;
"No Landlord that draws breath.
"A gallon I could fairly drink,
"Ev'n in the pangs of death!"

Young ORSON from his horse leap'd off,
And shook the Landlord's hand,
Then sought a room to taste this ALE,
The best in all the land.

The Landlord had a red round face,
Which some folks said, in fun,
Resembled his Red Lion's phiz;
And some, the rising sun.

Large slices from his cheeks and chin,
Like beef-steaks, one might cut;
And then his paunch, for goodly size,
Beat any brewer's butt.

This Landlord was a boozer stout,
A snuff-taker and smoker;
And 'twixt his eyes a nose did shine
Bright as a red-hot poker.

Were gunpowder put on his snout,
Nor flint it would require,
And steel, to make the sable grains
Flash off in sudden fire.

Thus when we see a nose so red,
It is as day-light clear,
That ruby nose is not maintain'd
On water or small beer.

Young ORSON was a comely youth,
Stout as an oaken tree;
A farm he had in TAUNTON VALE,
And money, too, had HE!

Whene'er he spy'd a buxom LASS,
His chops began to water;
And as the kites on pigeons pounce,
The Rogue was sure to pat her.

But he his neck to Wedlock's yoke
Would not consent to bow;
Quoth he, "The man who milk can buy,
"Should never keep a cow!"

Of lovely Maids at least a score
Did rue his wanton tricks!
A mournful band! a sable list!
Like moles between cleft sticks!

Now

Now at the table BONIFACE
And ORSON sat them both;
While 'twixt the twain a pewter-pot,
Did mantling foam with froth.

Now ORSON rais'd the pewter-pot,
And blew the froth away!
And having drank, he smack'd his lips,
And cheerily did say;

"OLD BONIFACE, thou'rt in the right!
"Thy taste is sound enough;
"I wish my cellar now could boast
"A *tun* of such rare stuff!"

Sweet ELLEN gave the pot with hands,
That might with thousands vie!
Her face, like veal, was white and red,
And sparkling was her eye.

Her shape the poplar's easy form,
Her neck the lily's white,
Soft heaving like the summer wave,
And lifting rich delight.

And o'er this neck of globe-like mould,
In ringlets wav'd her hair;
Ah, what sweet contrast for the eye,
The jetty and the fair!

Her lips like cherries moist with dew,
So pretty, plump, and pleasing!
And like the juicy cherry, too,
Did *seem* to ask for *squeezing*.

Yet ELLEN modest was withal,
And kept her charms in order;
For BEAUTY is a dangerous gift,
And apt to breed disorder.

Yet what is Beauty's use, alack!
To market can it go?
Say, will it buy a loin of veal,
Or rump of Beef? No, no.

Will Butchers say, "Choose what you please,
Miss NANCY and Miss BETTY?"
Or Gard'ners, "Take my beans and peas,
"Because ye are so pretty?"

Too oft, alas! a DAUGHTER's charms
Increase a PARENT's cares;
For daughters and *dead fish*, we find,
Were never *keeping* wares.

Yet spotless was this virgin's heart—
Quite spotless, too, her fame!
And if a swain but kiss'd her neck,
It show'd the blush of shame!

For once a saucy Oxford youth
Dar'd kiss it to a glow—
How like the modest blush of morn
Upon a hill of snow!

Yet blushes are exceeding scarce;
The GREAT FOLK scorn to name 'em,
Since FASHION, ruling with strong sway,
Has bid all COURTS disclaim 'em.

Yes, yes! a blush is vastly scarce!
O fie, O fie upon't!
And when it glows, lo! FASHION calls
The VIRTUE, *mauvaise honte!*

Oh! can the GREAT for MODESTY
Not care a single rush!
Ah! never be a BRITISH MAID
A stranger to a *blush!*

Ah!

Ah! who can pierce the simple heart,
Give modesty a fear—
Raise with rude hands the burning blush,
And force the pearly tear?

Yet there are *Demons* who delight
Her panting heart to wound,
Darken with sorrow's cloud her eye,
And force the groan profound.

Ah! wanton FASHION, thou loose *Dame*,
Who biddest ev'ry Man see
The charms which darkness should conceal,
And Man should only *fancy*.

The ancle, nay, the knee and thigh,
Are secrets now no more;
God bless us! every day, of each
A man may see a *score!*

The BISHOP was not in the wrong,
But really in the right,
Who at the Opera saw *such things*
As shock'd his holy sight.

Yet some have said, yea, loudly said,
With many a scornful jeer—
"A poor old wither'd blinking fool,
"What business had he there?

"If bishops and their WIVES will leave
"Their CHURCH for wanton places;
"'Tis rank hypocrisy to make
"A set of prudish faces."

Now ORSON's eyes forsook the pot,
And mark'd the Maid with fire,
For ELLEN's fair and artless look
Did kindle high desire.

For BEAUTY doth possess the charm
To pull abroad men's eyes,
And wake the wishes of the soul,
And bid the PASSIONS *rise*.

For why? Because 'tis NATURE's plan
The world should be supported;
Therefore, wherever BEAUTY smiles,
It will be press'd and courted.

Thus amber doth attract the straws,
The loadstone draws the needle;
And drawn, too, are the female heels
By tabor, pipe, and fiddle.

Now ORSON whisper'd to himself,
"Gad's bob! if things go right,
"With that nice GIRL who gave the pot
"I'll sleep this very night!"

O monstrous thought! O wicked wish!
O soul destroying sin!
Yet for his soul (O graceless youth!)
He did not care one pin.

Thus on the dolphin's beauteous scale
The shark he opes his jaw!
Poor fish! who, ere he danger feels,
Is in the tyrant's maw.

Thus SPIDERS when they see a FLY,
How bailiff-like they watch it!
And ere, poor imp, he thinks of harm,
The grimly rascals catch it.

CANTO II.

FAIR ELLEN liv'd with BONIFACE,
Nor scorn'd her humble sphere;
And with unsullied fame she drew
Her customers their beer.

How neat was ELLEN in her dress!
As neat as a new pin!
By this she brought full many a pound
To BONIFACE's inn.

Thus goldfinches, in fields well plac'd
The distant birds engage,
And by their dainty forms and voice
Invite them to their cage.

And thus the PASTRY-COOKS should do,
To sell their tarts and pies;
Put to their shop some pretty LASS,
To hook in passing eyes.

For many a man, whose appetite
Desires nor pie nor tart,
May like to squeeze a charming girl,
And ogle for her heart.

Nay, MILLINERS should do the same,
For custom if they hope;
And many a trade beside should *keep*
A nice TIT in the shop.

And let me own, in times of yore,
When love was seldom quiet,
But quicken'd night and day my blood,
And bred a constant riot;

I bought

I bought my garters and my gloves,
Wherever *beauty shone;*
When UGLINESS was in a shop,
I let that shop alone.

For beauty may be well compar'd,
I think, unto a hook:
Which, baited with a lady-bird,
Draws fishes from the brook.

ELLEN was chaste as new-fall'n snow,
And modest in her air;
Unlike some lasses, common known
As is a BARBER's chair.

Of goodly parents she was born,
But in disguise did rove,
Because a YOUTH to her was false—
She left her vale for love.

Six years she pass'd in servitude,
At last forgot the sigh;
Her Lover's image forc'd no more
The pearl-drops from her eye.

Yet many a month she ceas'd to smile,
And droop'd the languid head;
And many a lonely walk she took,
The secret tear to shed.

"Ah! happy birds," she oft would sigh
"Amid the tuneful grove—
"You bear no guile within your hearts,
"You break no vows of love.

"Alas, 'tis *Man* alone deceives:
"*He* wins the witless heart;
"Then meanly treads it in the dust,
"And triumphs in his art."

Thus

Thus in her solitary walk
Would ELLEN say and sigh;
And then sweet ditties she would sing,
Of MAIDS, for love that *die*.

For SORROW listens with fond ear
To MUSIC's plaintive flow;
Devours the sweetly-dying strain,
And feeds on tales of woe.

The PARISH 'SQUIRE, though wedded He
Unto a LADY fair,
Hath often at the LION stopp'd,
On ELLEN's charms to stare.

For married eyes, if not well watch'd,
Are very apt to stray;
For which some ladies give their lords
A lesson night and day.

And very properly, I wot;
For eyes of married men
Should only on *one* object look,
Whereas they stare on *ten*.

A married man should winkers wear,
Like coach-horses and cart;
To rule the eyes, those squinting pimps,
That oft seduce the heart.

For so deprav'd our sex, I've known
A man deep read in books,
Who had a jewel of a wife,
Yet kiss'd his greasy cooks.

And what did make it ten times worse,
T' increase his lady's woes;
He kept the bastards of those cooks
All underneath her nose;

Who if she dar'd to speak or weep,
He instantly would kick her;
And oft (to use a Devonshire phrase)
The gentleman would *lick* her.

Ah! MATRIMONY, thou art like
To JEREMIAH'S figs;
The good were *very good*, the *bad*
Too sour to give the pigs.

Now to fair ELLEN to return—
The PARSON of the parish,
Although his *mouth* was most devout,
His *eyes* were oft vagarish.

For oft on BONIFACE he call'd,
The news to ask or tell;
Hoping his ale was fresh and good,
And that his hogs were well.

And was fair ELLEN in the way,
He catechis'd the MAID;
"Hoping she always went to church,
"And like a christian pray'd."

And gently would he squeeze her hand
When nobody was near;
And kindly pat her rosy cheek,
With many a holy leer.

And when the PARSON took a draught,
He did persuade the LASS
To wet her lovely lips, and leave
A kiss within the glass.

For ev'n the gravest of DIVINES
To BEAUTY'S empire yield;
And spite of all their zeal and grace,
OLD NICK hath won the field.

Lo!

Lo! BISHOP KEPPEL felt the charm,
And waver'd from his duty:
Confirming once a nice young MAID,
He gave up GOD for BEAUTY;

So press'd her head with *amorous* hand,
When lo, two large black pins,
That slily lurk'd within her hair,
Attack'd him for his sins.

Deep in his flesh they urg'd their way:
When, starting, the DIVINE
Exclaim'd "G—d d—mn the head! I think
"The girl's a *porcupine.*"

OLD SNUFFLE too, the Parish Clerk,
Did sometimes call for ale;
And knew not (when the MAID was near)
If *mild* it was, or *stale.*

Of spectacles that rode his nose,
He wink'd through each horn'd glass;
And goat-like, lick'd his watering lips,
That long'd to buss the lass.

Then o'er his Bible in the pew,
Of pounds I would lay ten,
Old SNUFFLE would much rather say,
O'er ELLEN's lips, *amen.*

The dullest eye can beauty see,
'Tis lightning on the sight;
Indeed it is a general bait,
The man, the fish, will bite.

Now BONIFACE talk'd of LORD ROLLE,
A Lord in fright so frisky;
Who made an old DAME* prisoner,
And took away her whisky.

*Actually in IRELAND, where his Lordship performed prodigies of valour.

And

And eke on trav'lling corpses seiz'd,
As fierce as any shark;
And bullied like a thunder-storm
The Parson and the Clerk.

And now they talked of SUNDAY SCHOOLS,
Once deem'd a glorious thing;
Prais'd and supported by the GREAT,
Admir'd by QUEEN and KING.

But now 'gainst Sunday schools, alack,
The great folk turn their faces;
For fear the Poor, by learning, should
Grow wiser than their *Graces*.

For no *great man* indeed can bear
That *man* of *low degree*
Should read and write, since that poor man
May be as wise as HE.

There is a lofty Dame call'd PRIDE,
With corns upon her toes;
On which the *mob* is apt to tread,
And very oft, God knows.

Now this high Dame companion is
Of Lords, and Dukes, and Kings;
And Duchesses, and eke of Queens,
Indeed, and such like things.

And lo! she whispers to the GREAT
To keep themselves aloof;
Nay, crush the poor like some sad worm
Beneath a horse's hoof.

And lo! the GREAT her counsel take,
And ears of poor folks crap;
Nay, flog the poor at times, poor souls!
As schoolboys flog a top.

Now

Now of a Princess sweet they talk'd,
And pitied her hard fate!
"O Lord! O Lord!" said BONIFACE,
"Heav'n keep me from high state!"

"Poor LADY!" ORSON pitying said,
"I've seen her many a time;
"And seen the BABY too with tears,
"And ask'd about her crime.

"However people may invent,
"Whatever folks shall say,
"I won't believe—but think her still
"A JEWEL flung away."

"Such sweetness never could offend—
"Then what's her guilt?" I cry'd;
"But folks seem'd all afraid to speak,
"And shook the head, and sigh'd."

Then ELLEN said, "I would not be
"A PRINCESS, for the world."—
"Thou'rt more," quoth ORSON, "or may I
"To Old Nick's house be hurl'd!"

"Thou art a QUEEN," exclaims the youth;
And for a kiss he starts—
"Who! I?" rejoin'd th' astonish'd MAID—
"Yes, *thou*—the *queen* of *hearts*."

The MAID receiv'd the YOUTH's salute
With such a modest air,
As though from MISTRESS STEVENSON's,*
The EMPRESS of Queen's square.

Now, gentle Reader, with thy leave,
I'll rest my tuneful tongue;
And shun of nightingales the fate,
Who die by too much song.

* A lady who keeps a boarding-school.

CANTO III.

AND now they talk'd of good great men,
Who by their merits rise;
When BISHOP PORTEUS was the theme;—
Great, though of little size:

Who, though before the CHANCELLOR
He humbly bore the mace,
Did at the *last* a mitre wear;
Such friends are FAITH and GRACE.

Now BONIFACE did loud exclaim,
For wond'rous proud was he:
"D'ye know that this same BISHOP's wife
"No better was than *me?*

"No better, though the lofty wife
"Of this most grand DIVINE!
"Her father did an alehouse keep,
"No better, man, than *mine!*

"There Madam PORTEUS, a young maid,
"Did draw the ale and beer;
"And drew good customers, 'tis said,
"Indeed from far and near.

"When PARSON PORTEUS trudg'd that way—
"Now see how things may hap!
"And, sweating, took a pint of *stout*
"From this young MAIDEN's tap.

"Now LOVE within the pewter pot,
"So wond'rous is his art,
"Lurk'd sly, and as the PARSON swill'd,
"Slipp'd down into his *heart*.

"At

"At once he glow'd with furious flame,
"And ey'd the comely SHE;
"And very soon he squeez'd her hand,
"For wounded much was HE.

"Thus, when the linnet flies to drink
"To some fair crystal spring,
"By lime-twigs quickly is he caught,
"And cannot move a wing.

"Now soon as the young girl's PAPA
"The courtship did explore,
"He took them by the shoulders both,
"And shov'd them both to door.

"As ADAM and his dearest EVE
"Left Eden with a tear;
"So PORTEUS with his sweetheart left
"The tap-room and the beer.

"Forth wander'd they in homely plight,
"Griev'd that their plan miscarried;
"But soon in spite of poverty,
"The loving pair were married.

"Nor proud is MISTRESS PORTEUS now,
"Though lofty is her lot;
"For glad is she old friends to see,
"And *eke* a pewter pot."

Thus ended BONIFACE; and now
They talk'd of HANNAH MORE,
Whose fame the Bishop's trumpet sounds,
That makes a mighty roar.

Then on each other they did wink,
Which thus might be translated;
Some people may a mitre wear,
And yet be *shallow-pated*.

And now they prais'd the BISHOP's care,
Who makes it all his pride
To see the CLERGY *well* behave,
And on their CURES reside.

For, lo! the BISHOP finds it hard
Unto their Cures to pull 'em;
Tho' he, *good* man, for reasons *wise*,
Doth seldom preach at FULHAM.

"I fear some Bishop's are in fault,"
Quoth BONIFACE, and sigh'd—
"They are a proud and haughty set."
"Too true," the youth replied.

"Over poor Curates' backs, alas,
"How Jehu-like they drive!
"And, Lord! how these old drones will suck
"The honey of the hive!"

Of Dame RELIGION now they talk'd,
Belov'd by each DIVINE;
Who thinks their wealthy Patroness
All in a deep decline.

To bring her back to health again,
Of *recipes* a score
Good Doctor PORTEUS jointly wrote
With *Parson* HANNAH MORE.

For, lo! the DAME with those great *folk*
Has always been in favour;
For which they both for her would fight,
And risk their all to save her.

Most grossly she was us'd in FRANCE;
Most cruelly, alack!
Her pockets pick'd, and her best clothes
All pilfered from her back.

The

The FRENCH swore she a bastard was
Of some old canting FRIAR;
And from her childhood known to be
A hypocrite and liar.

Her rings they robb'd, and di'monds too;
Her gold they stole by tuns;
With which they shot and powder bought,
Swords, muskets, and great guns.

Not only this, indeed, was done
By this same rabble rout;
They broke the bones of SAINTS, and kick'd
The SAINTESSES about.

Such was their treatment by the mob,
Such rage did Hell inspire;
If *gold*, they coin'd them; and if *wood*,
They put them in the fire.

Old jawbones of the sainted tribes,
Old teeth, old nails, old noses,
Old toes, old shoes, that wonders work'd,
As every one supposes.

Old wigs, and night-caps, gowns, and rags,
Spoon, trencher, knife and fork,
Pap-spoon, and frying-pan, and spit,
That many a marvel work.

"RELIGION was a gentle maid,"
Quoth BONIFACE agen—
"In the year *one;* but *since* she's spoil'd
"By wicked artful men.

"The BISHOPS taught her to be proud,
"And heap of wealth a store;
"To paint her cheeks, and wear the garb
"Of some sad tawdry w———.

" I think she is too well dress'd out
" By ev'ry great Divine."—
" Indeed," quoth ORSON with a sigh,
" I think she goes too fine."

Of PETER PINDAR now they talk'd,
Who so *divinely* sings;
Renown'd from pole to pole for ODES,
And *compliments* to KINGS.

Then, raptur'd, on his works they dwelt,
And on his high pretension;
Lamenting much he had not got
From MAJESTY a pension.

While PARASITES, and PIMPS to Lords,
Enjoy'd their wealth and state;
While he, poor soul, did make wry mouths
Upon an empty plate.

On which they sagely did remark,
That slight was Merit's meed;
And that the SUN, for *one* fair *flow'r*,
Did foster many a *weed*.

" I have his works," quoth BONIFACE,
" This moment in my house;
" Pray, FARMER, did you ever read
" His POEM on a LOUSE?

" And APPLE DUMPLINGS, and choak'd SHEEP,
" The PILGRIMS and the PEAS;
" The BRICK-KILN, BREWHOUSE, PARSON YOUNG,
" And SONGS that Ladies please?"

" This GREAT MAN's Poems I have read;
" Yes, over, Sir, and over,"
Quoth ORSON with a wink and smile
That pleasure did discover.

" But

" But then," said he, and gave a shrug,
" *Some* ALDERMEN and MAY'R
" Swore that his impudence is such,
" It bristled up their hair:

" Said that he grins too much at COURTS,
" And never would refrain;
" And in respect of titled folk,
" Was wicked as TOM PAYNE.

" They call'd him ev'ry name that's bad,
" Turk, Infidel, and Jew;
" And wanted, when they burnt his books,
" To burn the *Author too.*"

" O shameful ALDERMEN and MAY'R,
" To burn so sweet a bard!"
Cry'd BONIFACE—" alas! alas!
" 'Twas very, very hard.

" The JUSTICE too, I do suppose,
" Did hate him from his marrow;
" And with as much good-will would shoot
" The *Poet* as a *sparrow.*

" I hope this wond'rous man of verse
" Is steel'd with resolution;
" As virtuous people, in all times,
" Have suffered persecution."

And now they talk'd of one GEORGE ROSE,
Who, born in low estate,
Did mount to worship and to wealth—
So very blind is FATE.

Of GEORGE's *Mother* then they talk'd,
Her hut, and dirty geer;
And said that GEORGE allow'd his DAM
But thirty pounds a year.

Poor

Poor CRONE, who swore she would have more,
Or, lo! his pride to sting,
She'd run to London in her rags,
And show them to the KING.

But GEORGE disliketh much to hear
About his Scottish home;
Thus *scabby heads*, the proverb says,
For ever hate a *comb*.

And now of HAWKESBURY they talk'd
Who wrote in *Mags* for hire:
Whose works, till in the chimney put,
Ne'er felt one spark of *fire*.

Of *taxes* now they talk'd, and curs'd
The EMPEROR o'er and o'er;
And then on PAUL they pour'd some gall,
And very loudly swore.

"The GAME LAWS too," quoth BONIFACE,
"Provoke me to the quick;
"We must not knock a pheasant down,
"Although 'tis with a *stick*.

"Curse on the JUSTICES, the thieves,
"That send a man to jail,
"For touching, with an inch of gun,
"A partridge or a quail:

"Who threat my *licence* too to take,
"And *ding*, and huff, and vapour,
"Because I won't be *hunm'd*, and buy
"GEORGE ROSE's stupid PAPER!"*

* *Which* of the two Papers is meant by BONIFACE, we cannot ascertain; as the SUN was accustomed to *lick up* the *leavings* of the poor dead or *dying* TRUE BRITON, and disgorge for the *benefit* of the PUBLIC; either of those Newspapers, therefore, may be alluded to by the Landlord, as their respective merits are rather *beneath the dignity of criticism*. We must say, indeed, that every exertion has

Now talk'd they of the PRINCESSES
ELIZABETH and MARY,
Whose taste in all the polish'd arts
Is most extraordinary.

Then of the sweetness of their looks,
Their manners all so mild;
That win, where'er they pass, the heart
Of man, and maid, and child.

And let me also join *my* praise,
Before I further sing;
The MUSE with rapture oft hath mark'd
The daughters of the KING.

And if *her* voice could pour a strain,
To yield their hearts delight;
Lo! all PARNASSUS with their names
Should ring from morn to night.

CANTO IV.

NOW NEGRESS NIGHT came solemn down
To put to roost the fowls;
To bid her bats a hunting go,
And likewise all her owls.

has been made, particularly by the POST-OFFICE, to *cram* their trash down the throats of the nauseating PEOPLE of ENGLAND. A newspaper is made the *test* of our political principles.—Is the MORNING POST, or the COURIER, or the MORNING CHRONICLE called for, the man is branded with the odious name of *Jacobin*. Yet who reads of a *defeat* in these Ministerial hirelings? *Pæans* are for ever sung: *British Laurels* neither decrease nor fade—all alive and blooming! VICTORY attends the chariot of every *British Mars*—and the *fool's cap* which the conquering and contemptuous enemy now and then clapped on the heads of some of our Generals, has been, by the *hocus pocus* of a misrepresenting newspaper, converted into a TRIUMPHAL CROWN.

And

And eke she op'd the dreary tombs,
T' enjoy her spectre races;
Unlocking GHOSTS, to frighten folk
With shrouds and mealy faces.

And now amid the hags and owls,
And gliding spectres pale,
Mute SILENCE, with her feet in felt,
Did stalk from vale to vale.

The birds their thatch and bushes sought,
Forsaking trees and springs,
To hide their slumbering heads beneath
Those downy quilts, their wings.

Now DARKNESS, with her pinions black,
All waving wide outspread,
Mov'd solemn, and with HORROR join'd,
Did wrap the world in shade.

Now THEFT and MURDER sly stole forth
From caves of DREAD and DEATH,
In quest of damned deeds, to roam
The wild and spectred heath;

To meet some WANDERER of the shade,
And make his life their food;
To seize his throat with ruffian grasp,
And plunge their knives in blood.

And now amid the London streets,
Poor outcasts from their home,
The female bands, ah! lost to fame,
(Sweet BEAUTY's wrecks!) did roam.

For *these*, let PITY heave the sigh,
And PRUDENCE stay her rage;
And rather curse seducing *pimps*,
The G—FF—DS of the age:

Who

Who prowl where INNOCENCE appears,
And watch for BEAUTY's smile;
To tear the rose-bud from its bed,
Then *stamp* it in the soil.

Now artfully, with rueful face,
Did ORSON, cunning spark,
Step to the door, and cry, "It rains—
"And, Lord! how dismal dark!

"And then the wind it is so high,
"That I can scarcely stand;
"And then the sky's like murder black,
"I cannot see my hand."

"Sleep here, my friend," the LANDLORD said:
"A bed, but not of flocks,
"Is thine—of feathers nice and soft,
"Pick'd all from hens and cocks.

"Fine too the sheets—like lilies white,
"And warm too is the rug;
"And trust me that it has not got
"A single flea or bug.

"A little supper we will have;
"And, if I'm not mistaken,
"Thou likest *meat*—now what dost say,
"My friend, to eggs and bacon?"

To which the smiling YOUTH reply'd,
"I'm vastly fond of hog;
"And when 'tis fry'd with eggs, I vow
"I know no prettier prog."

Now ELLEN, with a knife so keen,
To slice the flesh began;
And then she broke twelve new-laid eggs,
And put them in the pan.

But

But growing warm against the hog,
The eggs unpleasant *mutter'd*;
While, waxing hotter 'gainst the eggs,
The hog with fury *sputter'd*.

Alas! how much like man and wife!
What pity such things be!
Who at each other fiercely spit,
And often disagree.

The eggs and bacon soon were fry'd,
And plac'd upon the table;
When ORSON and the LANDLORD eat
As much as they were able.

And now the merry mug went round,
And many a tale they told;
And many a wanton joke they crack'd,
Some new, and others old.

While ELLEN, busy at her work,
Seem'd not one word to hear;
But not a serious word or joke
Escap'd the MAIDEN's ear.

For where is she, the MAID, I wot,
'Mongst high or humble folk,
That liketh not a merry tale,
Nor yet a wanton joke!

Now BONIFACE to ORSON said,
"As we no longer munch,
"Suppose, my friend, with this our ale,
"We take a glass of punch?"

To which the YOUTH did answer make,
"Dear friend with all my heart;
"And ELLEN shall the lemons squeeze,
And likewise take a part.

"And

" And ELLEN too with *us* shall sit,
" And take her cheerful glass;
" For what is meat, and drink, and life,
" Without a charming lass?"

Now ELLEN did the lemons squeeze,
The sugar put, and rum in;
And made what e'en a *King* would call
A bowl of liquor *humming*.

" LANDLORD," quoth ORSON, " with your leave,
" And ELLEN's *too*, I mean,
" I'll take a kiss from her nice lips,
" That would adorn a QUEEN."

" Aye," cry'd the LANDLORD, " kiss her, man,
" She's sweeter than the rose;
" A kiss can do no mighty harm;
" So, GIRL, hold up thy nose."

Then from those cherries of delight
He kisses took a score;
And, but for decency, the rogue
Had ravish'd twenty more.

For kisses are the food of love,
Well known in every nation;
And such a dainty dish, indeed,
Will ne'er be out of fashion.

And ladies lips the *out-works* I
To ladies hearts may call;
Soon as the *first* are storm'd, the *last*
Most nat'rally will fall.

" Now sing a song," said BONIFACE,
" Thy best, and do not grudge it."
" Yes, that I will," the YOUTH reply'd,
" I've many in my budget."

Then ORSON, op'd his throat, and sang,
Both loud, and sweet, and clear,
A song that much the LANDLORD charm'd,
And *caught* fair ELLEN's ear.

SONG,

BY ORSON.

I OWN I am fickle: to PHILLIDA's ear
I first told the story of Love;
Kiss'd her hand, press'd her lip with what ardour sincere!
And declar'd that I never would rove.

But my sighs were scarce breath'd when CHLOE tripp'd by:
The NYMPH was no longer my boast;
From PHILLIDA's beauty away went the sigh,
And my heart to sweet CHLOE was lost.

Could I dream of a change, when CHLOE was mine?
"No, no," I a thousand times swore;
"My heart cannot rove from a girl so divine;
"No, no, it will wander no more."

But FATE, who delighted to laugh at the SWAIN,
Presented a damsel more fair;
My heart! the sad rogue, turn'd inconstant again,
And sigh'd to CORINNA his pray'r.

With CORINNA I swore, "Ev'ry hour *must* be blest;
"These eyes shall no other pursue;"
When agen, to alarm with new tumults my breast,
Thou, SYLVIA, beam'st full on my view.

But

But, SYLVIA, I'm sure thou hast *nothing* to fear,
That my heart for another can pine;
Since, to make it a traitor, a GIRL must appear
Whose beauty is *equal* to *thine*.

"Now sing thy song," the lark-like YOUTH
To BONIFACE did say;
When BONIFACE most loudly sung
This merry roundelay.

SONG,

BY BONIFACE.

TOPER, drink and help the house—
Drink to every honest fellow;
Life was never worth a louse
To the man who ne'er was mellow.

How it sparkles! here it goes!
Ale can make a blockhead shine;
Toper, torch-like may thy nose
Light thy face up, just like mine!

See old SOL, I like his notion,
With his whiskers all so red;
Sipping, drinking from the ocean,
Boozing till he goes to bed.

Yet poor beverage to regale!
Simple stuff to help his race—
Could he turn the sea to ale,
How 'twould make him mend his pace!

Now BONIFACE to ELLEN said,
"Now for thy roundelay;"
The DAMSEL blush'd, and hemm'd, and blush'd,
And then she sung away.

SONG,

BY ELLEN.

ADIEU to the grotto and glade!
Adieu to the song of the grove!
Since COLIN is gone from the shade,
Adieu to the valley of LOVE!

When a garland he wove for my hair,
When he gave me his hand at the stile,
How buxom and sweet was the air!
How the fields were all cloath'd with a smile!

But NATURE seems chang'd to my mind—
The fields are all dark on my eye;
Each song is a dirge on the wind,
And the flowers seem all drooping to die.

All alone must I wander at morn,
And lonely at eve a poor ghost;
While each object around me forlorn,
Will pity the peace I have lost.

Then ask me not, virgins, to stay;
With a sigh seems the zephyr to blow;
And the runlet that murmurs away,
To wind with a *murmur* of woe.

O ye virgins! O shepherds! farewell!
I wander in secret to pine;
May content be the guest of *your* cell,
Who has long been a stranger to *mine!*

The

The YOUTH upon her tuneful lips
Did full of rapture glote;
And seem'd so pleas'd as though he could
Have gallop'd down her throat.

He look'd and sigh'd, and sigh'd and look'd
With longing wishful eye;
And felt his heart all flutt'ring beat,
And *guess'd* the reason why.

For who can see the lovely MAID,
And feel not sweet desire?
With *him* may LIFE's fair prospects fade,
And HOPE itself expire!

The CLOCK, the cryer shrill of time,
That tick'd behind the door,
Now with his hammer struck the bell
Twelve times, and lo! no more.

And now the fire was all put out,
Which BONIFACE did water;
For fear a spark might burn the house,
And make a serious matter!

For fire, permitted once to rule,
Consumeth all it handles;
Ev'n from the palaces of kings,
Down to a pound of candles.

The cat amid the ashes purr'd,
(For purs to cats belong;)
While chimney-minstrels, *crickets* call'd,
Did join GRIMALKIN's song.

O gentle CRICKETS, to your airs
I've listen'd o'er and o'er,
O lucky IMPS, where'er ye dwell,
That house is never poor.

Old TOWZER too lay stretch'd along,
And yelping much did keep;
And with his trembling joints did chase
The rabbits in his sleep;

Eager he seem'd to hunt indeed
The nibblers to their holes:
Thus *dogs* can dream like *gentlemen*,
Although they have no souls.

Now BONIFACE said, "Sir, good night,"
And shook young ORSON's fist.
"Good night," agen young ORSON said,
And then he ELLEN kiss'd;

And on her pouting lip he left
A thousand wanton wishes:
"Good night," quoth he, "fair MAID, whose eyes
Eclipse thy pewter dishes."

Yes, 'twas a kiss!—a kiss indeed!
A very *wanton* kiss;
Which seem'd upon her mouth to say,
I long for *higher* bliss.

CANTO V.

NOW all was mute as death, and still,
As still as any mouse;
Save the red nose of BONIFACE,
That echo'd through the house.

Lo, noses are on various scales,
Some long, and others short;
Those silent letting in the air,
While those as loudly snort.

Now

Now all, I say, was *hush*, except
Old BONIFACE's nose;
When ORSON, softly, left his bed—
With keen desires he rose.

For youth and health too oft, alas!
A lawless love suggest:
His pulse beat high and quick, his heart
Did bump against his breast.

Now ORSON, soft as mousing cats,
To ELLEN's room did steal;
All in his shirt he stole, and found
His mouse—a lovely meal.

Much like a gliding ghost he look'd,
That nightly mortal scares;
Or parson, with his surplice on,
Beginning to say prayers.

Miss MOON, as though on purpose, rose,
Resolv'd to make him blest;
And through the casement bright did shine
On ELLEN and her nest.

Her bosom, like the lily fair,
Within her linen white,
Heav'd up and down like gentle waves
Amid the silver'd night.

Her cheek was like the rose in dew!
Her lip with moisture glow'd;
And o'er her iv'ry neck her hair
In ringlets easy flow'd.

Calm as the cradled infant's breath,
Her breath the DAMSEL drew;
While dreams unto her sleeping eye
Presented swains to view.

Through

Through country scenes she seem'd to walk,
And now she cross'd a stile;
And to her LOVER stretch'd her hand,
And gave it with a smile;

When suddenly she drew it back,
And wak'd with dread and fear;
And cry'd, in sweet astonish'd tone,
"O gemini! what's here?"

"My dearest GIRL," then ORSON said,
And clasp'd her in his arms;
"No harm, my Love," and then he clasp'd,
And clasp'd agen her charms.

And then she lost her strength, poor MAID;
Her struggles soon were o'er;
Her voice too, sinking, died, and lo,
She word spake never more!

Hiatus maximè deflendus * * * * *

Thus TARQUIN stole, in dead of night,
To fair LUCRETIA's arms;
And, to her vast astonishment,
Did rifle all her charms.

In vain the struggling DAME preferr'd
Her chastity to death;
The TYRANT still rush'd on, and, lo,
With kisses stopp'd her breath.

What VIRTUE well could do, she did
Amid this wild love-storm;
But sweet TEMPTATION swell'd *his* lust,
For BEAUTY stamp'd *her* form.

Thus was LUCRETIA's lustre lost,
The DAME indeed undone;
And thus, a *simile* to use,
A *cloud* eclips'd the *sun*.

Yet

Yet Beauty is a 'witching thing,
And mocks the wisest plan;
The PASSIONS, lo, wild horses too,
That gallop off with man.

Man is a cock-boat in a storm,
When OCEAN makes a pudder;
Toss'd like a cockle-shell about,
That cannot rule its rudder.

But soon ADULTERY * shall die,
For soon the law begins;
And FORNICATION too, 'tis hop'd,
Will suffer for her sins.

And MODESTY, a banish'd lass,
Despised by nine in ten,
Shall leave her flocks and humble vale,
To visit courts again.

Now to fair ELLEN to return,
Who now sèt up in bed,
And, sighing sweet, on ORSON's breast
Did lean her blushing head:—

"O cruel, cruel, cruel Youth,"
The gentle ELLEN cry'd;
"My virgin treasures ere you robb'd,
"I wish that I had dy'd.

"Ah! to what SWEETHEART can I say,
"Should I e'er chance to wed,
"I come unspotted to thy arms,
"A *virgin* to thy bed?

* Here I reckoned without mine host, LORD AUCKLAND's *pious* endeavours having miscarried. The BISHOPS, however, full of zeal and good works, since the expulsion of the *sacred* ORDER from France, still vow vengeance on *horns*.

"Can

" Can I, with guilt within my heart,
" To his caresses turn;
" Receive his love who thinks me *pure*,
" And kiss for kiss return?

" Avaunt, Deception? come, DESPAIR!
" My innocence is gone!
" And thou, my SPOILER, leave to tears
" And sighs a wretch undone.

" O! had the YOUTH that once I lov'd
" Within these arms been prest;
" Then should I have no cause to mourn,
" For then had I been blest.

" O dearest YOUTH! farewell, farewell!
" Ah! woe, ah! woe is me!
" I never now can be thy bride,
" And far am I from *thee!*"

Now tears did trickle down her cheek—
" Adieu," quoth she, " adieu;
" Though *thou* inconstant was to *me*,
" To *thee* I prov'd most true."

Then ORSON said, " What YOUTH is this,
" For whom thou sighest now?"
" A YOUTH," said she " who lives afar,
" Who love to me did vow.

" But riches forc'd me from his arms,
" And men do wealth adore;
" And thus he left my heart to pine,
" For I was very poor.

" A DAMSEL richer far than me
" Did win his heart away;
" At which I left my native vale,
" For there I could not stay.

" For

"For who can bear the scoffs and jeers,
"That bitter flow like gall?
"So, when I lost my SWEETHEART's love,
"Alas! I lost my all.

"Yet was I *pure*, unlike the girls
"Who, long before they wed,
"Submitting to a LOVER's pray'r,
"Consent to go to bed.

"Where now he is, God only knows:
"Five years it is, and more,
"That here in HAMPSHIRE I have dwelt,
"And here my love deplore.

"Methought that when the mug of beer
"This very night I drew,
"The YOUTH I fondly thought my own,
"Did much resemble *you*.

"Did ORSON know but *half* my soul,
"He sure would pity give;
"But I am ruin'd now, alas!
"And am not fit to live."

"My ELLEN sweet," the YOUTH reply'd,
And hugg'd her to his heart;
"Behold the ORSON thou hast lost,
"And we will never part.

"I am not married—no, my dear,—
"To wed I now am free;
"And I have search'd half England through,
"Again to look on *thee*.

"But thou wer't gone the Lord knows where,
"And wer't not to be found;
"But all the neighbours said with sighs,
"That surely thou wer't drown'd."

"O ORSON

"O ORSON dear! (the MAID reply'd)
"And am I in *thine* arms?"—
"Thou art, thou art!" rejoin'd the YOUTH,
And closely press'd her charms.

"How was't I knew thee not?" quoth she—
Quoth he, "I wasn't so big;
"For *now* thou seest I wear my hair,
"And *then* I wore a *wig*."

"Ah me! I recollect," she said,
"Full well thy natty bob;
"And then I only wore my hair,
"But *since* I've worn a *mob*."

"Ah! ELLEN," cry'd the raptur'd YOUTH,
"The reason now is plain;
"The *mob* and *ribbon* were the cause
"I knew thee not again."

Now in each other's warm embrace,
They kiss'd with fond delight:
For, lo, the greatest bliss on earth
Is LOVE's delicious rite!

Now MORNING peep'd upon the house;
And now, with cheerful ray,
Upon the window blaz'd the sun,
And all the world was gay.

The chirping sparrows came in flocks,
And linnets with a tune,
And round the house in gambols flew,
To hail the honeymoon.

The wrens delighted cock'd their tails,
And twitter'd many an air;
And robins trilling, through the panes
Peep'd in upon the pair.

The cocks and hens display'd their flames;
And ev'ry duck and drake,
And goose and gander, on the morn
Did love delicious make:

And *eke* the pigeons, birds of love,
Did wanton on the thatch;
And coo'd and bill'd, and flapp'd their wings,
In honour of the match.

And lo! as though they knew th' affair,
All frisky was the lambs;
And dancing, full of life, the ews
Made merry with the rams.

And now of love they took their fill,
Nor for the Parson tarried;
But lo, next day they went to church,
And *decently* were married.

NEW-OLD BALLADS.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

THE following Ballads were composed several years ago, in imitation of Authors of the Reigns of HARRY *the* EIGHTH, ELIZABETH, *and* JAMES, *and sent to some of my literary friends as innocent deceptions.*

P. P.

NEW-OLD BALLADS.

Written bye QUEEN ELIZABETH, *during her Imprisonment at Woodstock.*

AH! woe is mee, who sighe forlorne,
Sithe woe has fixed depe his thorne
In thys poor harte!
The milkmaids songe when morne doeth smyle,
And Phebus gildeth fielde and style,
Doth greefe emparte.

I envy birdes that cleave the skye:
Ye live in freedom, imps! I sighe,
Then droppe a teare:
An eke I cast an envious looke
Upon the little babbling brooke
That runneth neare.

Like the swete brook I wish to flee
From fielde to fielde in merry glee;
But my poore harte doth pant in vayne
To join the milkmayde on the plaine,
Who seems so blest!
Dispayre approaches, and thus cryes:
"To FREEDOM cease to turn thy eyes,
"Sith I'm thy guest."
O drear companion! ah, most drear!
Whose voice is horror to mine ear!

TO THE GLASS.

GIVE me the glasse that felt her lippe,
And happy, happy shall I sippe:
And when is fled the daintie wyne,
Something remaineth still divyne.

Heaven's dews that on the flower doe falle,
Make them to smyle and fayre withal;
And thus the dewe of her sweet kisse
Doth bathe my heart with balmy blisse:

But dewes to vapoure fly awaye,
While her rich fragrance lasts for aye.

J. D.

TO THE DAISIE.

O MODEST flower! thou tellest of the Springe!
Welcome unto this little fielde of myne!
With joy I see thee from the green earth springe,
And smiling in thy silvery vesture shine!

Ah! nought disturbeth thy fayre tender frame;
Zephyrus kisseth thee, and tastes thy sweet:
Thou dost not chide the wanton rogue—no blame,
Nor biddest him sighe lowly at thy feet.

Agayne he whispereth love; and now agayne
He tasteth of thy honey'd leaves, and sighs!
And though he wantons, thou dost not complayne;
Thy little snowy bosom nought denies.

O gentle

O gentle Daisie! speak to her I love
When she doth come, and casteth looks on thee;
Persuade her my pure passion to approve,
And not with coldness from her shepheard flee:

But imitate thy ways, and learn thy smyle,
When I, like Zephyrus, doe press her cheke;
Then may no tempest rude thy form defyle,
And of thy snowy beauties make a wreck!

A PRAISE OF FAYRE GERALDINE,

BY LORD SURREY.

I SIGHE mournfulle for GERALDINE,
For lovelie GERALDINE I playne;
And oft I wish her harte was mine;
But vaine are sighes, and teares are vaine.

But she perchaunce mote cruel be,
And slighten of Cupid the bande,
Because she may not fynde a he
That meriteth her lilied hande.

Ah me! sith none but *such* may wooe,
And turn to her with hope his eyes;
Far hence fayre GERALDINE must goe,
And seek a lover in the skyes.

BALLADE OF LOVE.

THOU art the loadsterre of my love,
Which love doth many tempests fynde;
But thou canst all the stormes remove,
And whisper calme unto my mynde.
Thy balme breathe can fille the sayle,
And bless me with a prosperous gale.

But, no—for this I may not hope;
On rocks thou doomest me to mourne:
My vessel without maste or rope,
All on the black rock piece-meal torne:
And there I wis without a sighe,
Thou lettest my poor vessel lye.

But if thy smile would fix on me,
A safe porte then my shippe may fynde;
Then Phœbus' beams break out, I see,
And leave the tossing waves behinde.
With jocund heart then I do prove,
Thou art the loadsterre of my love.

BALLADE OF GRIEF.

I KNOW not joy, when far from thee,
For thou art all the world to me:
Then come away.
Though thou art farre, yet Love's swift darte,
For ever flying, wounds my hearte,
From day to day.

I seeke to slepe away the hours,
But thy image my calme devours,

And

And keeps me waking:
And when, alack! I close myne eye,
I starte, and with keene anguish sighe,
"*Thour't me forsaking!*"

Then come, fayre Mayde, and with thee bringe
In thy twin cheeks the blossom'd Springe,
And Sommer's gold
In thy twin eyes, that I may find
The Sommer's beam within my mind,
Not Winter's cold.

THE PETITION OF THE LOVER.

AH! say not "No," unto my prayer,
For I have loved thee full long;
To these twin eyes thou art most fayre,
Surpassing praise of sweetest song.
Then say not "No" unto my prayer,
But be so kynde as thou art fayre.

Why art thou with rare beauty blest?
Only to bless mankynde, I wiss;
Not for to robbe the harte of rest,
But fill it with a sea of blisse.
Then say not "No" unto my prayer,
But be so kynde as thou art fayre.

The sunne was made to warm the harte,
And plenty make, and kepe off blite;
So should thy beauty's sunne give birthe
To our souls harvest of delyte.
Then say not "No" unto my prayer,
But be so kynde as thou art fayre.

ON

ON AN INCONSTANT.

THOSE peerless lips are both forsworne;
Those lips that roses blooms adorn,
Ah, too deceiving fayre!
I thought no guile upon thy tongue,
I thought that mouth could say no wrong,
Nor lay for hearts a snare.

But now I see thy vaine, vaine mind,
And now thy cruelty I find
That taketh pride in woe;
In every sigh thy guile I hear,
And see my wrongs in ev'ry tear
Which Sorrow bids to flow.

Where'er I go, I hear thy name,
And hear fierce Anger cry out "Shame!"
On beauty so renown'd,
Know, beauty was design'd for joy,
Which thou dost so cruelly employ
To give the world a wound.

THE LOVER's PITYE.

MY lute, who makedst sweetest sound,
Awake thee now, alack! to playne;
Sith my poore harte doth feel a wound,
And never may rejoice again!
Oh, let thy sounds with my sighs flow,
For her who lies in deth below!

O lute! how jocund was thy voice
When she did make thy chords rejoice,

When

When roses blushed on her cheek!
But now that she in deth lies pale,
Thy voice must tell a doleful tale,
And every harte with sorrow breake!

My lute, thou must no more be gladde,
But tune to dying straines and sadde,
And think no more of *jouissance.*
Griefe openeth of myne eyes the springes,
And oft my tearcs will wet thy stringes,
And make thee mourne our dread mischance.
Then list to me, my favourite lute—
Be sadde, or lye for ever mute!

TO A FLY,

BY THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH, IN PRISON.

THOU little animal, I wiss,
Thou seemest me a child of bliss,
And runnest, fleest here and there
Withoute a pang, and eke a tear;
While, borne to thinke of scepters, I
Do envy thee, thou little Fly!

Fortune doth make small giftes to me,
But what is mine I give to thee:
The bread, the wine upon my boarde,
I yield to thee with much accorde.
Come when thou list, and to thy mynde
Thou something to thy taste shalt fynde.

Though gladde thou friskest to and fro,
Thy life, poor worme, is shorte, I know:
A little while thy legs outspread,
I see thee on the table ded;
And, while thou art at peace, I wail,
And think on thy life's little tale.

But

But while thou canst my crumbs enjoy,
Thou here may hum withoute annoy;
Runne here and there, and spread thy wing,
And with thy own companions sing.
Though man be cruel unto me,
My hand shall give delyte to thee.

ON THE FAYRE GERALDYNE.

GOE, Muse, to HUNSDON, and espye
What giveth to myne harte a sighe;
And yet to every other harte
Bright floodes of joyance doeth emparte.

There may thou see a sunne that cloude
Didde never yet with darkness shroude;
And straunge, no mortals on that sunne
Withouten hurte may looke uponne.

Now, Ladye Muse, should it be so,
Thou doest not this my loadsterre knowe,
Goe unto HUNSDON, caste thyne eien
On all the world's fayre GERALDYNE.

THE BRENNED MOTH.

A BALLADE.

AH! silly Moth, what hast thou done?
To such mishap why didst thou runne?
Brent be thy legges, and eke thy wings,
And fate doth pierce thee with his stings.

What

What folly could thy mynde perswade
To leave thy fields of dew and shade,
Where glow-worms light with lanterns sheen
The little elves that praunce the green?

There mightest thou on pennons light
Enjoy the silence of mute nighte,
And flicker hill and vale around,
Withoute a foe—withoute a wound.

Poor fly!—but why thy folly blame?
We, wiser mortals, act the same!
On mad ambitious fires we gaze,
And, doating, perish in the blaze.

WYATT

TO BRYAN, FROM HIS PRISON.

THE summer of my hope is ded,
Whyche made my daies so passing fayre:
Now HOPE no more may lift her hed,
Sore chilled by wynter of despayre.

But, BRYAN, my dark prison doore
Doeth boast of lyght when thou dost come;
Syth FRENDSHIPP's sun hath beames a store,
To make a palace of a tombe.

Then come and FRENDSHIPP's beame y spred,
And I'll forget that HOPE is ded.

WYATT

TO POINS, IN PRAISE OF LIBERTY.

TO crawle in courtes is bondage harde!
For who y chooseth chaines I wot?
Yet some, for pleasures of rewarde,
Wi flatter—and blow colde and hot.

But Liberty will I emplore,
Though Poverty knock at my doore.

What be our wants?—some thinges, not all.
Contentment lieth not in heaps;
Who hath a little field, though small,
It grete is, if enough he reaps.

Then Liberty will I emplore,
Though Poverty knock at my doore.

SIR T. WYATT.

Retired to the Country, to ARLINGTON, *where he passed a life of tranquility: he despised* HARRY *the* EIGHTH'S *Court.*—WYATT *boasts of his liberty.*

FREE am I nowe—I courtes do follow not,
But myne own pleasure dayly I persue;
I ask aboute no courtiers—no, God wot,
Sith I to courtes have bidden longe adieu:
For when at Courtes, on hands and knees they crawl,
Like whipped dogs, and be for aye inthrall.

When

When morne doth glister, oft bayte I myne hook,
And forthe I go the rivers banke besyde;
And there I privilye do searche the brooke,
And trye if fish unneath the surface glyde.
And often do I bring them to the lande,
And then unhooke them with a happy hande.

She whoame I love doth sumtime straye,
And sees me dragge the pris'ner from the floude;
And that it is most cruelle, she doth saye,
To spille of little fishe the harmlesse bloode.
"Eche little fish," she telleth with a teare,
"Which thou dost kille, perchaunce hath got his dere."

And oft she pulleth a fish from my hande,
And putteth him agayne into the brooke;
Sayinge, "Go, fishe, thyne liberty commande,
"And learne t'avoide, poore foole, the hyden hooke."
And then she smylinge doth a moral fynde,
And lykeneth fishe betray'd to woman-kynde.

A BALLADE OF PRAYER,

By Sir James Melville.

Addressed to QUEEN ELIZABETH, *on his presuming to listen privately to Her Majesty while she played on the Virginals.*

DELIVERED BY LORD HUNSDON.

OH! in your gracious goodnesse deigne
To pardon mee, most mighty Queen,
Who dared (not to be forgeven)
To heare on erth the songes of heaven!

I stroke to flye from soche swete sounde,
But nail'd was I unto the grounde;
My feet, entraunced, could not move,
And all my mynde was lost in love.

What punishment your gracious sense
Ordaineth for my rude offence,
Yet be it grate, and life destroye,
It may not equal my *past joye*.

If you would more than cruel be,
Deth must not be devis'd for me;
But take my ears quick sense away,
When you, greate QUEENE, shall singe and playe.

BALLADE,

BY VERE, EARL OF OXFORD.

WHERE is the MAYDE that erst was myne,
Who did with love myne harte begile?
No more on me doeth beauty shine,
No more I proudly boaste her smile.

The roses of her cheek so bright,
Her lippe of berries purple hue,
No more for me may blush delyte;
To them may Fansie say adieu.

When I did first her looks beholde,
Me seemes 'twas summer in her eye;
Me seemes I mark'd two sunnes of golde,
Upon her face's smiling skye.

Me

Me seemes that on her roseate cheeke
I spyed the season of the SPRINGE;
And when that she did courteous speke,
The feather'd minstrels seem'd to singe.

But all is past and gone, I weene:
From her I meet with icy cold:
I marke no more her eyes bright sheen,
Nor marke her sunnes of brightest gòlde.

Sadde is the chaunge sith she's unkynde:
Now cloudes all mirkie darke, my daye;
For ZEPHYRUS blow wynter wyndes,
And frost hath kill'd the gentle MAY.

BALLADE.

COULDST thou looke into myne harte,
Thou wouldst see a mansion drear;
Some old haunted tower aparte,
Where the spectre bands appear:
Sighing, gliding, ghostly forms,
'Mid the ruin shook by storms.

Yet my harte, whiche Love doth slighte,
Was a palace passing fair;
Which did hold thyne image bright,
Thee the QUEEN of BEAUTY rare;
Which the laughing Pleasures fill'd,
And fair Fortune's sunne did gild.

When shall my poore harte, alas,
PLEASURE's palace be againe?
That, sweete MAYDE, may come to pass,
When thou ceasest thy disdaine:
For thy smiles, like beams of day,
Banish spectre forms away.

A BALLADE.

THE maid who pants for lover's sighs,
Doth lay for her own peace a snare;
She rues the conquests of her eyes,
And mourns that she was ever fair:

Then, lasses, mind the proverb well,
"Too oft the pitcher went to well."

Where BEAUTY doth display its rose,
In tribes the busy swains are found;
And where the richest nect'rine grows,
The hungry flies will buzz around:

Then, lasses, mind the proverb well,
"Too oft the pitcher went to well."

THE THREAT OF OBERON THE FAIRY.

MAIDENS fair, attend to me:
Constant to your shepherds be:
If ye break your vows of love,
Ye my rage will sorely prove.

I know all your dreams by night;
Therefore fear, O MAIDS, my spite:
All your secret thoughts I know;
Fear then my sharp anger's blow.

And, O MEN! I pray, beware;
Do not harm the MAIDENS fair;
Sigh not love, and then betray,
If ye wish my rage away.

By

By the moon's pure beam I swear,
If I mark a virgin tear,
I will give the SHEPHERD dread,
And will tear him from his bed.

If I hear a SHEPHERD sigh,
MAIDS, in jeopardy ye lye;
Spoil'd will be the dimple sleek,
Breast of snow, and rosy cheek.

LOVE our Fairy train delights,
While we sport in moony nights;
Eke our elfin KING and QUEENE,
As they gambol on the greene.

LOVE was sent to soften woe,
Sent to bless the world below;
Full of smile, with roses crown'd:
Why should LOVE then feel a wound?

A BALLADE OF WYNTER.

LOUD blowe the wyndes with blustering breath,
And snows fall cold upon the heath,
And hill and vale looke drear;
The torrents foam with headlong roar,
And trees their chilly loads deplore,
And droppe the icy tear.

The little birdes, with wishfull eye,
For almes unto my cottage flye,
Sith they can boaste no hoarde:
Sharpe in myne house the pilgrims peep,
But Robin will not distance keepe,
So percheth on my boarde.

Now

Now on the cradle doth he hye,
And kenneth down, with connying eye,
Upon my babe below;
And finding comfort in my cote,
He tweedles forth a simple note,
And shakes his wings of snow.

Come in, ye little minstrels sweete,
And from your feathers shake the sleete,
And warme your freezing bloode:
No cat shall touch a single plume;
Come in, sweet choir—nay, fill my room,
And take of grain a treat.

Then flicker gay about my beams,
And hoppe and doe what pleasaunt seemes,
And be a joyfull throng,
Till Spring cloath the naked grove;
Then go and build your nests, and love,
And thank me with a song.

TO HER MAJESTY,

On her vouchsafing to reward her humblest of Servants,
EDWARD FAIRFAX.

BRIGHT SUN of ENGLAND, nay, a SUN
That hath so bright a cercle run,
And on far realms doth spread a blaze!
The humblest servant of your isle
Doth thank your beauty for the smile
That graceth me with golden rays.

Though homely be my Muse's speeche
And poore, your praise can make it rich,

Such

Such is the power of your high name.
What you, greet QUEEN, may deign to praise,
Altho' a dwarf you to a giant can it raise,
Sith your voice is the voice of FAME.

With a Gyfte of a GLOW-WORM *to the fayre* GERALDINE *in the Country.*

FAYRE GERALDINE, behold, I bring
This elfin IMP that gildeth night;
So beauteous was it 'mid the shade,
So calm, so mild its lonely light,
The insects of the dew-dropp'd fielde
To its pure beame did homage yielde.

When first I didde this worm espye,
Aloude I said, and with a sighe,
"Oh, little IMP of night, I see
"Semblance of GERALDINE in thee."
Amid the shade as it doth shyne,
So fares it with fayre GERALDINE.

This worm beneath the leaf doth hyde,
Desyring not to be espied;
Natheless it yieldeth all so brighte
A Jewel to emblazon night;
And thus on this dark worlde do shyne
The wit and charmes of GERALDINE.

BALLADE ON THE VIOLET.

SWEETE infant of the fielde, myne eye
Doth joye thy modest form to meet,
For thou goode news doth say;
How WYNTER, with his horrid yell,
Hath bid at laste his road farewell,
And borne his blasts away.

While

While WYNTER his wilde rule did spread,
Thou couldst not show thy tender head,
But from his rage didst hide;
And golden cup, and primrose pale,
Did peeping tremble in their vale,
And eke the daise pied.

The surly wight your robes had torne,
And on his wings of tempest borne,
And scatter'd through the skies;
But now the gentle Zephyr's breath
Doth whisper, "There's no dread of death,"
And bids you fearless rise.

Sweet is thy lot, O little flower!
Like man thou dost not life devour,
Well pleas'd on *dews* to dine—
Of heaven's pure balm to make thy fayre:
What pity 'tis we cannot share
An innocence like thine!

BALLADE.

TO A FISH OF THE BROOKE.

WHY flyest thou away, with fear?
Trust me, there's nought of danger near,
I have no wicked hooke,
All cover'd with a snaring bait,
Alas! to tempt thee to thy fate,
And dragge thee from the brooke.

O harmless tenant of the flood,
I do not wish to spill thy blood;

For

For nature unto thee
Perchance hath given a tender wife,
And children dear, to charme thy life,
As she hath done for me.

Enjoy thy streame, O harmless fish;
And when an angler, for his dish,
Through gluttony's vile sin,
Attempts, a wretch, to pull thee *out*,
God give thee strength, O gentle trout,
To pull the rascal *in!*

TO THE LARK.

O LITTLE harbinger of day,
Who welcomest the blushing light!
With glee I list thy cheerful lay,
Sweet recompence for dreary night.

O'er fair ASTRÆA's rosy bow'r,
Go, tuneful sprite, and wave thy wing;
Go, charm ASTRÆA's morning hour,
To *her* thy choicest ditties sing.
For, if thou please that peerless Queen,
Thrice lucky were thy little voice;
For when ASTRÆA gladde is seen
Her smile doth all the *world* rejoice.

ANCIENT SIMPLICITY.

FOLK be too fond of mounting FORTUNE's wheel;
And though she humbleth thousands in the muck,
Ambition's flame their brenning bosoms feel,
Pardie! they must crawl up, and try their luck.

But

But when *aloft*—themselves they scarcely know,
Despiteful squinting on the world below;
But when they tremble, none lament their thrall,
But grin, and point their finger to their fall.

To shew that I am now not uttering lies,
I'll tell a little tale in Æsop guise.

THE YOUNG CROWS AND THE YOUNG WRENS.

A TALE.

A Crow upon a lofty tree
Did build her sticky nest;
And younglings did she bring to light,
In number five at least.

One morning, on a summer's day,
Did peep eche youngling Crow,
And spied upon a brambling bush
Some youngling Wrens below.

These simple Wrens in happy glee
Did spread their little wing;
And lightsome, hopp'd from bush to bush,
And merrily did sing.

"Poor humble creatures," cry'd the Crows,
"Eche is a beggar wight;
"Look up to *us*, and see our state,
"Our houses lofty hight;

"*We* look into the beamy skies,
"While you through hedges wade;
"*We* gaze upon the morning sun,
"While *ye* are lost in shade.

"Poor

"Poor imps, departe, nor here offend;
"Take off eche selie face;
"This hill was only made for *crows*,
"Then do not us disgrace.

"If you do not this region quit,
"We'll dung upon you soon."
The smiling Wrens made answer none,
But trill'd their little tune.

Short time had pass'd, when suddenly
Grim BOREAS 'gan to howl;
The thunder crack'd, the lightning flash'd,
And frighted man and fowl.

While thus the dredefull thunder crack'd,
And lightning broad did flash;
The limb whereon the Crows were perch'd
Did give a sudden crash.

Down came the limb, and with it down
Did tumble eche young Crow;
Some broke their legs, and some their wings,
And doleful look'd below.

'Twas now the time for Wrens to jeer;
So forth did fly the train,
And, twittering, saw with smiles the Crows
All sprawling on the plain.

Then taunting an arch Wren began:
"Sir CROWS, of *high* renowne,
"Ye came, by this your dirty trim,
"All in a *hurry* down.

"And by the looke of all your limbs,
"And feathers sous'd with rain,
"It will be some small time before
"Your Graces mount again.

"Proud fooles, how selie ye descend
"From skies to *dirty feus!*
"Thank Heaven, with *hedges* we're content,
"And happy to be *Wrens*.

To AUTHORS *that indite on the passion of* LOVE.

YE who do songs of love indite,
Knoweth not well of that ye write,
Sith ye nere with passion strove;
Go moan, and hide in groves, and sighe,
Adore her name, and wish to dye,
And then ye well may wryte of love.

But ye may answer make, and cry,
"Where is the object for our sigh?
"Who is the mayde may make hearts pine?"
Ah, did ye never marke a mayde
That wandereth in WINDSOR shade,
Then larne—it is fayre GERALDINE.

SURRY.

BALLADE.

WHEN SUMMER's bloome did paynte my cheeke,
I thought of FRIENDSHIP's tye;
Of friendship I could onely speke,
Unweting so was I.

But now I find this grievous truthe,
That friendship is the dream of *youthe*.

Although

Although I lov'd the fayrest MAYDE,
My ladye I would yield,
To give a friend a hand of aid,
And be that friend's bold shield.

But now I fynde, etc.

Alas, I meet with no return,
For love I mete with hate;
Instead of smyle myne eyes do mourne
With early tears and late!

But now I fynde, etc.

FRIENDSHIP's a sunne, I whilom sayd,
That warmeth every harte;
But now that hartes of ice are made,
Whiche winter's colds emparte;

But now I fynde, etc.

FRIENDSHIP, sayd I, a forme doth boast,
A gyant's forme, I ween;
But now I see him, a poore ghost,
With pale and dreary mien.

But now I fynde, etc.

Then let no MYNSTRELL, in his song,
Of FRIENDSHIP take the parte;
Syth 'tis a vertue of the *tongue*,
But never of the *harte*.

But now I fynde, etc.

ODES, &c.

ODES, &c.

TO CYNTHIA IN TOWN.

CYNTHIA, the DRYADS are in tears,
Because thou visit'st not their groves;
The GRACES grieve, and CUPID swears,
And very sullen look the LOVES.

The NAIADS through the vales declare,
No rill of theirs shall purl away;
The LARK too scorns to mount in air,
And vows to keep his nest all day.

The SUN resolves to hide his head,
And blot his lustre from the skies;
Yet that were little loss indeed,
While we possess'd that pair of eyes.

Well then, to *pique* thee, from each lay,
From all my lines I'll blot thy *name*.
"Aye, do," I hear thee smiling say,
"And blot what only gives them *fame*."

ODE.

The POET *describeth the former and present state of his wishes.*

Tempora mutantur.

COURTIERS are just so many goats—that leap
From rock to rock, upon the cloud-capp'd steep,
That overhangs a sea that foams around;
Slip but a foot! *souse!* down they are, and drown'd:
Yet how folks scramble, one and all,
To mount the ridge, and get a fall!

I own'd

I own'd I've listen'd to AMBITION's tales,
Sigh'd for LIFE's *mountains*, and disdain'd its *vales*;
My youngling ears most greedy drank her story!
With KINGS and QUEENS, Lord! how was I in love!
Tried to make wings, (alas! I *vainly* strove)
Poor fly! to buzz within their orbs of glory.

Yes, vain were my endeavours all,
And still am I ordain'd to *crawl!*
Although so lofty in my rhyme.
Heavens! how my fibres felt the rack,
When PYE obtain'd the royal sack,
And PARSONS smooth'd the ODE with *chime!*

Thus can't I to the PALACE go, alack!
All the COURT CRAWLERS would be on my *back*;
Biting and scratching, nibbling, swarming—
A circumstance, alas! alarming.

There would be LIVERPOOL, I do suppose,
And CARDIGAN, and SALISB'RY, and ROSE,
Making a diabolic rout:
"Off with him—turn the fellow out!"

Cut off from CÆSAR and his WIFE,
I pass of solitude a life;
To CYNTHIA's beauty tune the willing lyre;
And while I gain *her* lovely smile,
(The sweetest that adorns our isle!)
I feel for COURTS no more a fierce desire:

So little raptur'd with a *royal mien*,
I would not give *one pin* to kiss a *Queen*.

ODE

ODE

ON THE ANCIENTS.

"ALL has been said—the world has nought to yield:
"Alas! there's nothing new beneath the SUN:
"The ANCIENTS with their hooks have reap'd the field;
"All that can be imagin'd has been done.
"The ANCIENTS for the MODERNS were too stout;
"Yes! the deep mine of knowledge is work'd out."

So cries the world! but who are these that speak?
Men of no *nouse*, most wonderfully weak!
If things are *so*, why, what a fate is mine!
Lord help the MUSE! she never penn'd a line.

Reap the whole field! not *half on't*, I'll be sworn:
They've only taken a few sheaves of corn.
The mine exhausted! Poh! I'll hear no more—
They've only gather'd a few grains of ore.

Appear but GENIUS, GENIUS soon will find
New matter to improve and charm mankind;
Teach on the wildest heath the rose to blow:
GENIUS, the rod of MOSES at the rock,
Shall, by a magical and happy stroke,
Bid the rich stream of wit and wisdom flow.

The brains of men, in general, are a *pool*,
Wrapp'd in death-stillness, comfortably dull;
Like motionless poor LETHE, void of spirit.
But now and then (like MILTON, for example,
Or SHAKESPEARE, each indeed a beauteous sample,)
Into existence pops a WIGHT of merit;
An OCEAN, lo, his brave ideas rise,
That mounts, and with its thunders shakes the *skies!*

ODE

ODE

TO, AN UNFORTUNATE PRINCESS.

SHALL VIRTUE feel the cruel blow,
Her tears to earth unheeded flow,
Her soul unheard complain?
Say, will no MUSE proclaim the wrong?
Why sleeps the thunder of her song,
While PITY mourns in vain?

With every beauty to inspire
Of LOVE the soft and chaste desire,
And bless the nuptial tie;
With every gentler charm of mind,
Can FATE, to peerless worth unkind,
Condemn thy heart to sigh?

Without a friend, in soothing strain,
To steal thy bosom from its pain,
I hear thy plaintive voice;
And hear the snakes of ENVY hiss,
While, happy at thy vanish'd bliss,
The imps of HELL rejoice.

Yet through the cloud that hides thy head,
By CALUMNY's foul venom spread,
I mark a golden ray;
TIME on his wing, (for JUSTICE reigns)
To calm thy life's tempestuous scenes,
Shall waft the smiles of MAY.

Hark! to suppress the swelling tear,
A voice prophetic hails thine ear:
"Thy BABE shall rule ador'd;
"On BRITAIN's throne, to crown her fame,
"The shouts of millions shall proclaim
"ELIZA's reign restor'd."

ODE

ODE TO ST. CECILIA.

O GODDESS of the tuneful quire,
Upon my knees I must desire
You'll give your INSTRUMENT a smart jobation:
Happy am I a BAND to meet,
To give my ears a pretty treat,
And fill my heart with sweetest animation.

I like an OVERTURE, I needs must own—
Of music 'tis a very noble dish:
But here's the devil—while *some* with solemn groan,
Bawl *flesh*, lo, *others* are exclaiming *fish*;
Bending with sounds of BABEL our poor ears,
Much like the noises of the BULLS and BEARS.*

Proud on his nimbler neighbour to advance,
Like elephants that fain would learn to dance,
The DOUBLE BASS attempts his aukward jigs,
Grunting and snuffling like a sow and pigs.

Ambitious, this most lab'ring BASS
Gives to the VIOLINCELLO chace,
Who on the TENOR presses like the wind,
Who presses closely on the SECOND FIDDLE,
Who presses sharply on FIRST TWEEDLE TWEEDLE,
Who leaps the *bridge*, and leaves them all *behind*.

Alas! are these the *modes* to melt the soul,
Soothe ev'ry sigh, and ev'ry care controul?
If *this* be music, let me leave the riot,
And be the *world of quavers* ever quiet!

* At the Stock Exchange.

PETER's

PETER's TRIUMPH.

TO THE MUSE.

MUSE, we have finish'd now our ODES,
And verily the songs of GODS:
  But let me tell thee, MUSE, and much it pains,
That those great traffickers in *words*,
Those high and mighty pompous LORDS,
  The BOOKSELLERS, will barely give me *grains*,
"*Hogs' wash* is good enough"—they cry:
Thus can I neither roast nor fry.

'Tis hard that my poor mental mill
Is never suffer'd to lie still;
  Such, such indeed the avarice of the clan:
Forc'd, ev'ry minute of the hour,
To grind, forsooth, for them the *flour*,
  And feed myself, alas! upon the *bran*.

Hard is their bridle—Lord! with pains I shrink;
  Too hard upon my bleeding jaws they pull!
What shame that they, the lazy imps, should drink
  Claret and Burgundy from my poor skull;
And, with a saucy mortifying sneer,
Bid me be happy upon dead small beer!

I boast *one* consolation, I allow—
  My name will never be forgotten:
When to POSTERITY I make my bow,
  Those rogues are in oblivion rotten.

A POETICAL

A

POETICAL EPISTLE

TO

BENJAMIN COUNT RUMFORD,

KNIGHT OF THE WHITE EAGLE, &c.

Muse, at the sound of Rumford, *raise* thy voice
And bid our kitchen furniture rejoice!
Though scant our store, a hempen string, alack!
(The simple substitute for spit and jack)
A knife and fork, a dish, a spoon, and platter,
Shall *stir their stumps*, and make a jovial clatter;
The broom shall hop, as merry as a *grig*;
And pleas'd, the dainty dishclout dance a jig.

EPISTLE

TO

COUNT RUMFORD.

THE BARD whose harp immortaliz'd the *louse*
For which he ne'er receiv'd a *single* souse;
Prais'd MADAM SCHWELLENBERG in lofty style,
For which he never gain'd a *single* smile;
Gave to eternity the SHAVEN GROUP,
Yet never saw a ladlefull of soup;
Prais'd thankless Lords besides, and Knight and Squire—
Now to a YANKEY tunes the willing lyre:
Spite of th' ingratitude of COOKS and . . . .
Strikes to COUNT RUMFORD's *tuneful* name the strings,

Prais'd MADAM SCHWELLENBERG.]—Though I have here accused this Lady of *ingratitude*; perhaps, if her last Will and Testament were to be *seen*, I might alter my opinion.—*Where is* this WILL, I wonder?—Why does it not appear at Doctors' Commons?—Is it *ashamed to shew its face?* What has it done with the pearls and diamonds, presents from the persecuted family of the HASTINGS?—Is it with the TAYLOR in PIMLICO, to whom her poor body was sent about an hour or two after the soul had forsaken its tenement?—Should not this Will be publicly advertised?—Am I certain that it doth not contain some handsome bequest; at least a *tender* memorial to *me*, who (she very well knew must lose *much* by her *death?*—Is this an unreasonable conjecture? I know the Will has been *read*, and I know *parts* of it.—O ye *poor* relations of MADAM SCHWELLENBERG, now crawling in piteous plight in obscure holes in GERMANY, must ye *forfeit* the little pittance bequeathed, if ye *dare* approach GREAT BRITAIN? Such was a cruel clause of the Will!—Had ye *enough to purchase mourning*, O ye poor disappointed relations of MADAM SCHWELLENBERG? Perhaps ye might have been *troublesome*, had ye come to England—if so, things are best as they are.

Who from his fav'rite little RUMFORD came,
To build on *smoke* his fortune, and his fame.

MUSE, at the sound of RUMFORD *raise* thy voice,
And bid our kitchen furniture rejoice!
Tho' scant our store, a hempen string, alack!
(The simple substitute for spit and jack)
A knife and fork, a dish, a spoon, and platter,
Shall *stir their stumps*, and make a jovial clatter;
The broom shall hop, as merry as a *grig*;
And, pleas'd, the dainty dishclout dance a jig;
Expressing thus in gratitude their souls
To HIM whose wisdom saves us *pecks* of coals;
And means (for PITT's d-mn'd taxes this require)
To teach us soon to roast *without a fire.*
Friend to thy fame (and may it last thee long!)
Though G— and BANKS grow jealous of the SONG;
Howe'er its praise may wound *some* COURTLY FOLK,
That song shall thunder to the MAN of SMOKE!

KNIGHT of the DISHCLOUT, wheresoe'er I walk
I hear thee, RUMFORD, all the *kitchen talk:*
Note of melodious cadence on the ear,
Loud echoes RUMFORD *here* and RUMFORD *there!*
Lo, ev'ry parlour, drawing-room I see,
Boasts of thy stoves, and talks of *nought* but *thee.*
Yet, not *alone* my LADY and young MISSES,
The *Cooks themselves* could smother thee with kisses!
Yes! MISTRESS COOK would spoil a goose, or steak,
To twine her greasy arms around thy neck.
Through newspaper, through magazine, review,
Happy mine eyes thy splendid track pursue—
Thy sage opinion in each journal read—
A vein of silver 'midst a load of lead!

His favourite little Rumford.]—*Once* an obscure village, in North America, but fortunately illuminated by the nativity of the COUNT, who indeed drew his first breath there, and afterwards, in quality of a pedagogue, immortalized it by his *Abecedarian* power, teaching little children to read, spell, and write, with the most consummate ability.

High

High o'er the wondering world VANBUTCHELL tow'rs,
And on the *ruptur'd* mob his trusses pours:—
High mounted KATERFELTO and his CAT,
Proud of the voice of FAME, in glory sat:—
High o'er the world the mighty MERLIN sits,
Though much of gall his jealous mouth emits!
Endeavouring, lo, thy name's bright beam to shade,
The WIZARD swears that thou hast *stol'n his trade;*
Learn'd from *his* matchless art to conjure up,
From shades below, a *shilling's worth of soup;*
And mean'st on *other tricks* to put thy *pats;*
Plunder chair-yelping curs, and squawling cats;
With all their love-songs of sweet execution,
To please and *lull* the ROYAL INSTITUTION.—

High o'er the world SIR JOSEPH soars sublime,
The great and fertile subject of my rhyme:—
Yet higher *thou* shalt mount, whose angry toe
Kick'd from thy shop the HERO of SOHO;
And aiming, too, at GARNET's luckless crown,
Didst, with thy *leaden* journal knock him down:
For *who* with *sage opinion;* dares appear,
While RUMFORD's mouth of oracles is near?
Behold th' ELECTOR bowing to his merit!
BAVARIA owns his beggar-hunting spirit;
Who, when poor MUNICH trembled, almost lost,
With god-like ardour pierc'd th' EGYPTIAN HOST,
And seiz'd (which history must ever note)
And seiz'd!—a daring GIPSEY by the throat;

And

Stol'n his trade.]—Indeed MR. MERLIN has *seemingly* just cause of complaint: but as the *minds* of those GREAT MEN are surprisingly *similar*, why may not a coincidence of thought occasionally take place, and produce *similar discoveries?*

Kick'd from thy shop.]—Sir J. BANKS is *bonâ fide* ousted; and poor GARNET, a most ingenious chymist, was attacked for a difference in opinion.

A GIPSEY *by the throat.*]—Here I must beg pardon of my readers for violating history.—The COUNT slightly says, that at the head of the ELECTOR's troops he made but *one* Gipsey

And *gave* him (what such bravery can reward!)
And *gave* him!—to the SERJEANT of the GUARD—
For which th' ELECTOR deck'd the MAN of STOVE,
With *true blue* RIBBONS, and the BIRD of JOVE!

his prisoner, and that he only *tapped* him on the shoulder.—Such is the COUNT'S *modesty*.—A HERO is the last man in the world to speak of his own *exploits*; but let me quote the COUNT'S own words, who, like *Cæsar*, can *write* as well as *fight*.

"NEW-YEAR'S DAY (says the COUNT in his history) having from *time immemorial* been considered in Bavaria as a day peculiarly set apart for giving ALMS, and the BEGGARS never failing to be *all out* on that occasion; I *chose that moment as being the most favourable* to MY OPERATIONS. Early in the morning of the *first* of *January*, One THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED and NINETY, the OFFICERS and NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS of the three regiments of INFANTRY in garrison were stationed in the different streets, where they were *directed* to *wait for further orders*.

"Having in the mean time assembled at my LODGINGS the FIELD OFFICERS and all CHIEF MAGISTRATES of the town, I made them acquainted with my intention, to proceed *that very morning* to the *execution* of a PLAN I had *formed*, for *taking up the* Beggars, and asked their *immediate assistance*.

"To show the PUBLIC that it was not my wish to carry this measure into *execution* by *military force alone* (which might have rendered the measure odious,) but that *I was disposed* to show all *becoming deference* to the CIVIL AUTHORITY, I begged the MAGISTRATES to accompany me, and the FIELD OFFICERS of the garrison, in the *execution* of the *first* and most difficult part of the UNDERTAKING, that of arresting the BEGGARS. This they most readily consented to, and we *immediately sallied* out into the street, MYSELF accompanied by the CHIEF MAGISTRATE of the town, and each of the FIELD OFFICERS by an INFERIOR MAGISTRATE. We were hardly got into the street, when we were accosted by a BEGGAR, who asked us for ALMS. I *went up to him*, and laying my hand *gently* on his shoulder, told him, from henceforwards *begging* would not be *permitted* in MUNICH. I then *delivered* him over to the ORDERLY SERJEANT: and then turning to the OFFICERS and MAGISTRATES who accompanied me, I begged they would *take notice* that I had MYSELF, WITH MY OWN HANDS, arrested the first Beggar," &c. &c. *Vide* the COUNT'S ESSAYS, Vol. I. p. 41, third Edition.

Such is the COUNT'S elegant and nervous narrative of that glorious day which emancipated MUNICH from the *Tyranny* of the BEGGARS! With the Hero of Antiquity, the COUNT RUMFORD may not only say, *Veni, vidi, vici*, but moreover add SCRIPSI, to encrease the catalogue of his *wonders*.

GREAT

GREAT MAN! whose pow'r inventive daily rakes
Balm from a bog, and dinners from a J—kes;—
GREAT MAN! whose fertile genius could contrive
To soften rocks and *flay* the flints *alive;*

Balm from a bog.]—His first and grand object being to complete the sum total of human happiness, by a prudent attention to economy, he shows how from the { *recre* / *excre* } mentitious parts of human food and fuel, as well as from many hitherto shamefully neglected *natural productions*, to derive a wholesome and pleasing and nutritious diet.—There is a filthy old proverb (that I cannot repeat) instructing people how to grow rich;—and which proverb, though treated as ludicrous by our ancestors, will be soon pronounced a serious economical maxim. After many laborious days and sleepless nights, the COUNT has at last succeeded in the detection of that grand *desideratum*, *before* and *since* the days of the great MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS, viz. the extraction of *sunbeams* from *cucumbers*; so that any gentleman may store up *heat* and *light* for the winter, in the same way *ice* is preserved for the summer. This fortunate discovery (it will be observed) supersedes all his former methods of saving fuel, and consequently precludes all further researches in the *consolidation* of *smoke* and the *conversion* of *soot* into *sea coal*.

Flay the flints alive.]—With a machine which the Count invented on the Continent, he *flays* flints, and by an *Alkali sui generis* converts them into palatable soups and jellies; and he is now carrying on a process for preparing their skins to make purses for such as have money, and tobacco-pouches for such as have none.

The PHILOSOPHICAL TINKERS and BELLOWS-MENDERS, *whose ideas he has generously* adopted, make kettles, saucepans, frying-pans, salamanders, skillets, stewers, roasters, toasters, &c. &c. of the most astonishing and unheard-of powers; some of these utensils rendering shoe-leather as masticable as beef-steaks, and the toughest horse-hide as tender as the best veal in Leadenhall Market. By a little higher charge of heat; bones, hair, horns, hoof, shells and claws, are reduced to a jelly; and chopped straw, bean-husks, potatoe skins, &c. are turned into palatable spoon-meat. The extensive use and application of these inventions, especially in the present times of famine, must be obvious to the intelligent.—Already the workmen are so far reconciled to this new *species* of food, that they begin to make themselves comfortable messes of their old aprons and leather breeches. In short, the COUNT is not without hopes of introducing the animal food of the ancient and modern SCYTHEANS, and the more cooling vegetable diet of KING NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

And

And make (though ENVY unbelieving grins)
Pouches, and handsome purses of their *skins*;
Nay *more* (but yet, methinks a *dangerous hint*),
To perfect jelly turn the hardest flint;
For, hence an *inconvenience* may arise—
To this discovery ROGUES will turn their eyes:
The FELONS dread, for robbery, murder, rape,
Will *eat* their *various dwellings*, and *escape*;
Taught by thine art of turning *stones* to *jellies*,
Fly with the walls of NEWGATE in their *bellies*.

GREAT MAN! whose TINKERS form, from various metals,
Grillers and broilers, salamanders, kettles!
Steamers and bakers, frying-pans and stewers,
Skillets and saucepans, roasters, toasters, brewers,
Some, blest indeed with such stupendous pow'r,
Shall change old *shoes* to *beef* in half an hour;
And turn, amidst the wonders of the shop,
The *Tinker's apron* to a *mutton-chop*.
Bones, oyster-shells, and hair, and hoofs, and claws,
Shall form, too, jellies for the *nicest* jaws:
Thus shall the *cuckold*, who his *honours* scorns,
Bless his dear wife, and fatten on his *horns!*

GREAT KING of FIRE, who know'st the pow'rs of meat,
And know'st how necessary 'tis to *eat*;
And yet, not only eat, but eat with *pleasure*,
Without one bit of bolting—quite at *leisure!*
By which slow movement in the mastication,
Millions may soon be sav'd to this Poor Nation!
What gratitude, what thanks, to thee are due,
Instructing a great empire how to *chew!*
In work-houses, where ignorance abounds,
And all the Poor, voracious, feed like hounds,
Sharp *Overseers* shall at the table stand,
And give the *word*, with *Serjeant-like* command:
Thus will their crackling jaws in concert chime,
And, like a fiddler's elbow, move in *time*.

Oh!

Oh! if I, too, might cater for the belly,
Old fiddle-strings should make us *vermicelli;*
Cockchaffers, with a very trifling art,
Compose a pie—at least a pretty tart;
Soap-suds to syllabubs and trifles change,
And bullocks lights and livers to bla'mange;
And sheeps dung, without quantites of studying,
Glean'd from the field, produce a fine plum-pudding.
A wool-stuff'd pin-cushion would make a *puff*,
And tripe start forth from breeches of old buff;
And with SIR JOSEPH's leave, with fish might pass
His *fleas*, his *fav'rite fleas*, for *lobster-sauce*.
But what an insolence in *me* to prate!
Pretend to *him* to open WISDOM's gate,
Who spurns advice, like weeds, where'er it springs,
Disdaining counsel, though it comes from *Kings*.
Yet say, why PHYSIC from thy house exclude?
On PHYSIC, ponder—what a public good!
HYGEIA weeps, poor NYMPH, to be neglected—
Shame on thee! let the FAIR-ONE be protected.—
Of PHYSIC didst thou never own the skill?
Say, did thy *purity* ne'er need a *pill*?
Go, go! harangue the MEMBERS—goad 'em, goad 'em!
And make them send away for DOCTOR BRODUM;

Oh! if I, too, &c.]—The EXPERIMENTAL DINNERS promised by the COUNT, are expected by the Members of the R. I. with great avidity,—Grass broth, flint soup, fricassed leather-breeches, stewed old shoes, &c. &c. will soon be forth coming, set on the table too by AUTOMATICAL WAITERS, to the vast surprise and instruction of all BEHOLDERS!!!

Disdaining counsel.]—Here I must beg leave to *quarrel* with the COUNT.—Although a man may, like the COUNT, possess *extraordinary intellect*, and although a man may be the *best judge* of *himself*, nevertheless it is *indecorous* to treat the opinions of *others* with contempt.—The COUNT's constant assertion is, "I never was yet in the wrong.—I know *every thing*." Granting this to be true, the declaration is nevertheless *arrogant and suspicious*.

Yet say, why Physic.]—"All discussion relative to Religion and Medicine will be carefully avoided."—*Journal of the Royal Institution of Great Britain*.

Or

Or DOCTOR MEYRSBACH, who with sapience sees
A mighty Empire fall by *toasted Cheese*:
Or doughty DOCTOR SOLOMON invite,
Who cuts the *talons* of DISEASE, the KITE,
That hovering, threat'ning, spread abroad, prepare
To lug us *Goslings* to the *fields of Air*.
And why DIVINITY be banish'd, pray?
Souls are of *some importance*, let me say.
In GOD's name, send a card to ROWLAND HILL,
Who to a tittle knows his MAKER's will:
The film of darkness banish'd from his eyes,
He kens the darkest secrets of the skies;
Of CHERUBIM and SERAPHIM the Host,
As though they wrote th' PARSON ev'ry post.
HILL knows what SATAN *does*, and *means* to do;
Knows all the plottings of th' infernal CREW;
The tools, the tortures for a sinful soul;
And what the fire to roast it—*wood* or *coal!*
Oh, while MECHANICS hold with thee a sway,
And Blacksmiths, Tinkers, hammer it away—
While such obtain thy smile, a lucky lot,
Let not *ingenious* ARTS be forgot!
To shine a *worthy member*, ARTS sighs—
Aloft his *Excellency* lifts his eyes:
PITT's bosom friend, O grant him then his pray'r,
Whose *gags* and *hand-cuffs*, wond'rous worth declare;
Whose *whips* of thong, to radiant wire allied,
Tickled with neatest touch the human hide.
With rapture have I visited thy HOUSE,
And marvell'd at thy vast extent of *house*:
Thanks to thy care that, midst its ample round,
Soup, tea and toast, and coffee may be found,

And

Soup, tea and toast, &c.]—"To render the House of the Institution more pleasant and agreeable to such Proprietors and Subscribers as frequent it, an additional room has been lately set apart for their private and exclusive use:—this has been called the *Conversation Room*, and is distinguished by an inscription over the door. As conversation in the Reading Rooms could not fail to interrupt those

And wine, and punch, and porter, fresh'ning draught,
Mending the monstrous *wear* and *tear* of thought.—
Thus a *new birth* shall RUMFORD'S glory tell,
And from its bowels spring a GRAND HOTEL!

Yet 'mid thine HOUSE'S philosophic glooms,
Since CONVERSATION has its *private* rooms,
Extend the thought by love delicious led;
And give of GRAHAM the *celestial Bed!*
In would subscriptions like a torrent pour!
NYMPHS of *delight* would leave each CYPRIAN BOWER,
The BOND-STREET LOUNGERS to thy call repair,
And form, like SMITHFIELD, a perpetual Fair,
Say, canst thou make (whose brains have not their *fellows*)
Fire blow itself without a pair of bellows?
Soon shall we see a HAUNCH, with equal wit,
Turn round and roast itself without a spit;
Fish without frying-pans come hot and hot,
And dumplings boil themselves without a pot;
Nay more, *Automata* shall rise!—I see
A pin pursue, and pierce the nimble flea;
Now in the bedstead old, or in the rug,
Pluck from its lurking hole the wounded bug;—
Untouch'd, the handkerchief shall wrap the nose;
Untouch'd, the penknife, cut the corn clad-toes;
Untouch'd, the comb the vermin tribe assail,
And scissars opening clip the finger nail—
The soap unaided the rich suds shall spread,
And razors trimly shave the beard and head:

those who read, the Managers are confident, that all those who frequent the House will be so sensible of the reasonableness of the regulation, as to abstain from conversation in the Reading Rooms when any person engaged in reading is present.

"To render the Conversation Room still more useful and agreeable, it will be furnished with a collection of good Maps; and, as soon as some necessary previous arrangements (which are now actually making) shall be finished, those who frequent this Room will be furnished, at the most reasonable prices, from the Housekeeper's Room below, with Soups of various kinds, Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, and other refreshments."—*Vide the Count's Journal.*

Formal

Formal as PITT the Treasury Bench shall rise,
And bowing ope the budget for *supplies*;
The Church's *desk* put forth its pious pray'rs,
And LINCOLN'S PULPIT preach like PARSON NARES.
Great Man! the culinary tactics studying,
Instructing *worlds* to *eat* HASTY PUDDING—
To thee poor Poets shall their offerings bring,
Who roast, like *me*, their victuals by a *string*,
All struggling with a laudable intention,
Who best shall praise thee for thy *vast invention*.
And since thy skill (believe me not in joke)
Contriveth *traps* to catch our London smoke;
Soon, very soon, may'st thou proclaim aloud,
(Rare news for Farmers) *traps* to catch a *cloud*—
Quick on his *pris'ner* HOB will lay his hands,
And tap his watery belly for the lands;
And thus our Parsons will be sav'd the *pain*
Of putting Heaven *in mind* to *send down* rain.

Preach like PARSON NARES.]—A staunch stickling PARSON for *preferment*, the salvation of souls and the State.—Newspapers, pamphlets, magazines, reviews, ballads, &c. proclaim the merits of our LINCOLN'S-INN PREACHER.—The pulpit itself is a weekly witness of his various enthusiasm.—He does not yet deem himself *properly* remunerated.—Is there nothing more for the poor gaping Priest?

HASTY PUDDING.]—"The HASTY PUDDING being *spread out equally* on a *plate*, while hot, an EXCAVATION is made in the *middle of it*, with a SPOON; into WHICH EXCAVATION a piece of BUTTER, as large as a NUTMEG, is put; and UPON IT, a SPOONFUL of BROWN SUGAR, or, *more commonly* MELASSES. The BUTTER being soon *melted* by the *heat* of the PUDDING, mixes with the SUGAR, or MELASSES, and forms a SAUCE; *which* being *confined* in the EXCAVATION made for it, OCCUPIES the MIDDLE of the PLATE. The PUDDING is then *eaten* with—a SPOON, each SPOONFUL of it being *dipt* into the SAUCE, before it is *carried* to the MOUTH; *care being had*, *in taking it up*, to *begin* on the OUTSIDE, or *near* the BRIM of the PLATE; and to APPROACH the CENTRE by regular ADVANCES, in *order* not to *demolish* too soon the EXCAVATION which forms the RESERVOIR for the SAUCE."

Such are the COUNT'S culinary tactics in regard to the *siege* of a HASTY PUDDING. Nobler Generalship perhaps was never exhibited by MARLBOROUGH, TURENNE, or even BONAPARTE himself.

O why

O why will SCANDAL thus let loose her tongue,
And call the voice of KNOWLEDGE, FOLLY's song?
Great are the beauties of *association!*
What charming union, *soup* and *conversation!*
Assisting each the other with delight;
Thus BABES are pleased their *alphabet* to *bite;*
And thus, without the harmless fraud discerning,
With *gingerbread* the urchins swallow *learning.*—
I know that ENVY turns her head away,
And calls the INSTITUTION puppet play;
But ah! in censure people should be *mild;*
PHILOSOPHY *herself* was *once* a *child:*
Yet still those rude sounds stab mine ear's poor drum;
"A *bite—palaver—nonsense, fudge,* a *hum.*"
In vain WITS call the (blasting thy machines)
"A *walking bundle* of old *Magazines.*"
Believe me, immortality is sure:
Long as thy chimneys shall thy praise endure;
OBLIVION ne'er shall swallow RUMFORD's name,
Aloft ascending, lo, thy *radiant Fame,*
With thy own curling clouds of smoke shall rise,
And *sun-like* give them *lustre* on the skies!
I know they mock thee, (in their laughter loose)
Because thou sweep'st a chimney with a *goose;*
I know the world a jealous spirit fosters,
And christens thee the weakest of *Impostors;*
'Stead of a war-horse, one of FOLLY's *hacks;*
The *Prince* the *King,* the *Emp'ror* of the *Quacks.*"
Sir JOSEPH of thy journals makes his sport;
Laughs at thy DINNERS, keeps thee from our COURT,

Sweeps a chimney with a goose.]—The COUNT certainly lays claim to the invention of sweeping chimnies with a goose, by forcing down the animal alive, with a string about its neck, from the top of the chimney; when the poor creature, by flapping its wings, as it is pulled up and down, sends the soot about its business; but it is really an Irish discovery, used also to extinguish fires in chimnies, by which means the goose becomes roasted at no expence. No bad hint this, for the COUNT's economical system!

Laughs at thy Dinners.]—Take, Gentle Reader, the COUNT's own words from his *own Journal,* on the subject of what he calls EXPERI-

Or long, *long* since hadst thou receiv'd commands
To come and *lounge* at levees, and *kiss hands.*
Yes! to eclipse thy blaze, behold him strain,
And rummage the *dark cole-hole* of his *brain;*
But not *one nob* is in it, do not doubt:
All, long ago, (believe me) *all* burnt out!
Too plain I see him (jealous of thy name,)
Try ev'ry *jockey-trick* to *pass* thy fame:
In vain! the fates against the KNIGHT combine—
Strive as he list, the glorious race is *thine:*
To snap more snakes, SIR JOSEPH means, I know,
And swallow alligators in SOHO:
More tadpoles down his cable gullet pour,
And frogs, and butterflies, a meally show'r:
From hieroglyphics a *new name* he seeks,
And tastes and pores on Babylonian Bricks:
Still, with his SQUIRE, the KNIGHT in *fancy* sees;
Fame in his blankets—lobsters lodg'd in fleas:
And swearing that in future nought shall foil 'em.
Has order'd honest JONAS to *reboil* 'em.

Unrivall'd RUMFORD, ere I close my song,
Hear, hear an oracle from PETER'S tongue:
Great scholarship with *wisdom* link'd are *rare;*
Yet these unite in THEE, I do declare—
For scholars seldom are the most *discerning:*
'Tis true, each PRISCIAN swallows *loads* of learning;
Yet a poor *moth,* (that paper idolizer)
Devouring wit, but not a *whit* the *wiser.*

MENTAL DINNERS.—"In order that the Proprietors and Subscribers may be enabled to judge, from actual experiment, of the merit of any new method of Cooking, or of any new dish that may be proposed,—a *Dining-Room* has been built, and will soon be ready for use, at the house of the Institution, in which the Managers will occasionally order *Experimental Dinners,* to which the Proprietors and Subscribers will be invited, in as far as the accommodation will admit: the expence of such dinners to be defrayed by those who partake of them."

Still with his Squire.]—Honest JONAS DRYANDER, the *sine quo non* of SIR JOSEPH.

O, since

O since, from every corner of our ISLE,
Books court thy hand to gain thy gracious smile;
Regard *my* offer, nor the trifle slight;
Receive a Poet's *solitary mite;*
A *little* incense to embalm thy shrine;
A LIFE exceedingly resembling *thine;*
The HIST'RY of that HERO with a *hunch*—
The *laughable,* the *immortal* MISTER PUNCH.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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